Liberty

NOV. 30, 1946 10c

Book: THROUGH PURPLE GLASS

The gay story of a "man's woman" in Back Bay Boston

BLACK MARKET IN HOUSES

BY MORRIS MARKEY

Cocktail Calendar

for the New Year!

Jan. – Feb.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			1	2	3	4
5	6				10	11
12						
19	2				24	25
26	2				31	
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Gosh, it's awfully cold in Jan.;
Smooth Hot Toddies warm a man!

Mar. – Apr.

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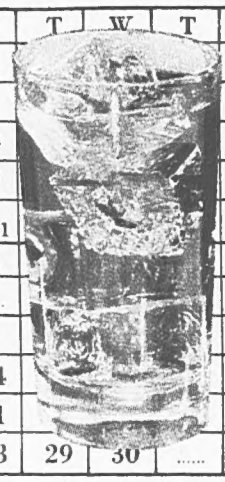

In March, when winds begin to blow,
Kinsey Highballs cheer you so!

May – June

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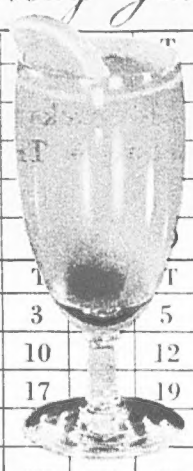

Here's to May and lovely Spring
And Whiskey Sours full of zing!

July – Aug.

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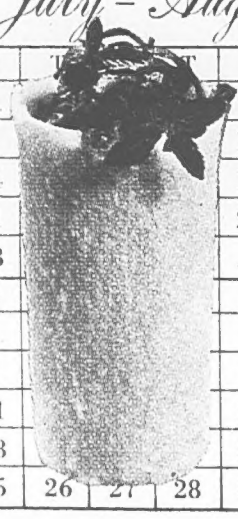

Time goes by—up comes July
When Kinsey Juleps cool a guy!

Sept. – Oct.

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19	20				24	25
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Thirty days all through September
Bring Manhattans you'll remember!

Nov. – Dec.

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7	8				12	13
14	15				19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31	.....	.....	.....

Hang the holly—toast the season
With Old Fashioneds smooth and pleasin'!

In '47 . . . all year through,
Kinsey is the blend for you!

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BLENDED WHISKEY

the unhurried whiskey

for unhurried moments

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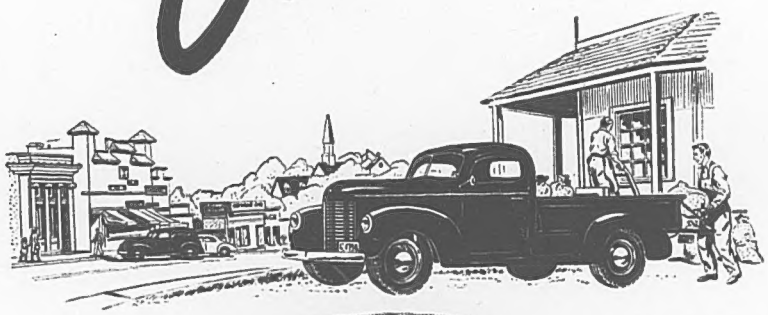

YOU get top performance and economy from a truck only when it's exactly fitted to your needs. And for the same reason — trucks need truck tires.

Yet many owners of light trucks are operating right now on tires that are built for passenger cars. To do a cost-cutting job, the Goodyear Truck Airwheel shown here is recommended to you by the world's largest builder of tires.

Extra strength from RAYON

Pioneered especially for light trucks, the Truck Airwheel has a tread that's wider and thicker than auto tires. It's bodied with *six* or more plies of rayon cord — to give it great strength and heat-resistance — to carry heavier loads safely. Beads are specially reinforced to prevent bead trouble. Inside and out, it's tougher, sturdier — has more cushion — gives extra protection that helps lengthen truck life.

And does it pay off! Though it costs a little more to *buy*, it delivers so much more in hard-cash savings, *it's actually the lowest-cost tire to use.*

Get true economy from *your* light trucks with real truck tires. Buy or specify Goodyear Truck Airwheels — *it pays!*

Made in sizes up to 7.50-16 for all types of light trucks

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1. Wider, thicker tread
2. Six or more plies of heat-resisting RAYON
3. Heavier sidewalls, resist bruising
4. Reinforced beads prevent bead trouble

Doesn't this make sense?

GOODYEAR
TRUCK AIRWHEELS

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MADE BY 6NX PROCESS
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Single Edge
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STAR BLADES
STAR DIVISION, AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CORP., BROOKLYN 1, N. Y.

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KODACHROME BY JOHN RANDOLPH

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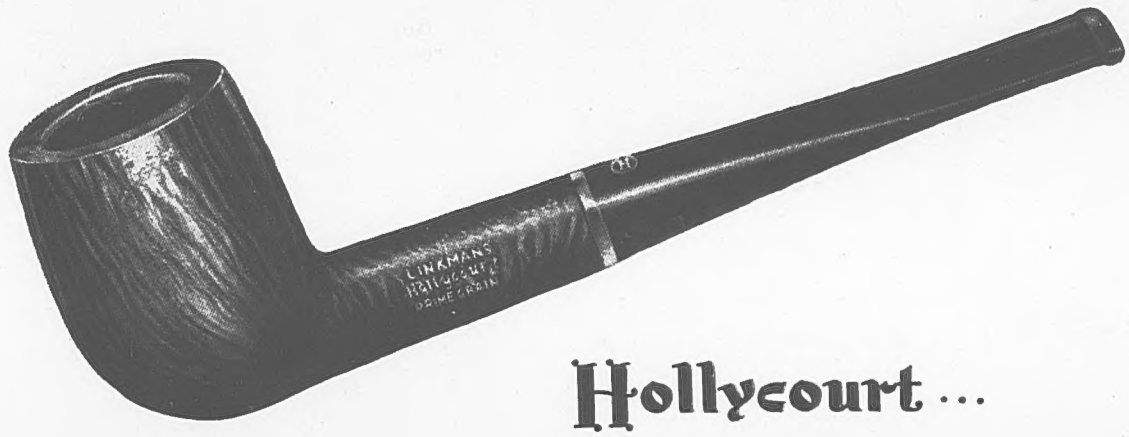

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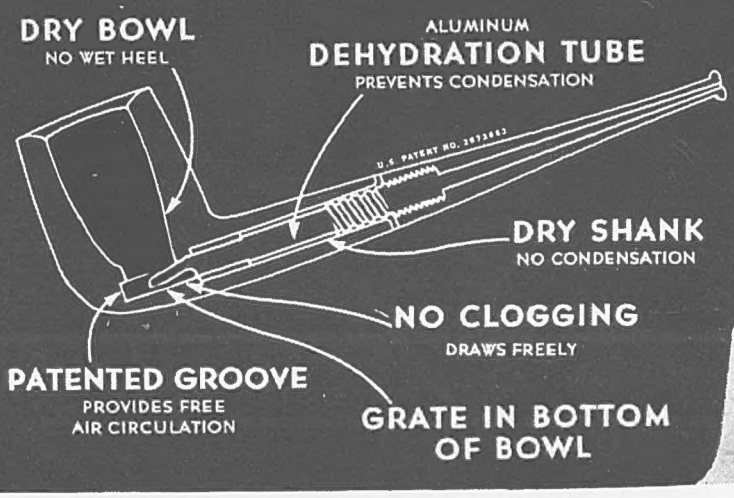

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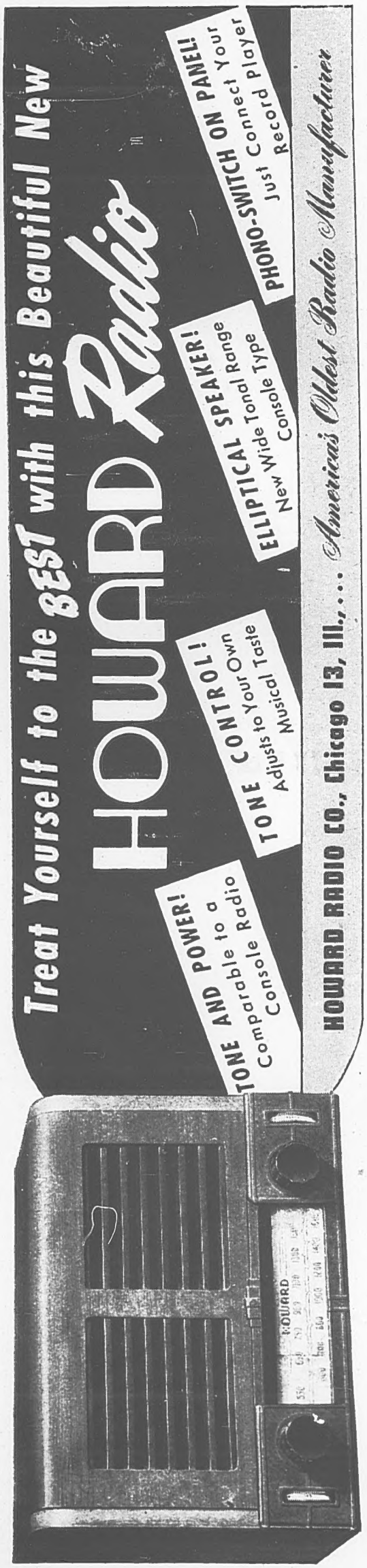
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PHONO-SWITCH ON PANEL! Just Connect Your Record Player
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★ VOX POP ★

"The Voice of the People"

ARE WRITERS LIARS?

ATLANTA, GA.—To Dickson Hartwell, after reading his Are the Veterans Chiseling? (September 28), I would like to say Are Writers Liars? I could title a piece just that, dig up enough facts to make an impressive case against writers in general—just as impressive as Mr. Hartwell's picture of the veterans—and just as false.—*Robert H. Henry.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—As the head of a veterans' organization which has been actively engaged for many years in combating the veterans' pension racket, which is identical in

result with the practices described in Dickson Hartwell's article, Are the Veterans Chiseling? I want to congratulate you on the excellent job you have done. As General Bradley said at the last American Legion Convention, it is to the advantage of the great body of the veterans themselves that the racketeering few should be restrained. It takes courage, however, to put forward such views, and I have no doubt that you will receive more abuse than praise.—*R. B. Luchars, National Commander, the American Veterans Administration, Inc.*

CORRECTION

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—It would be desirable if we could build at the price quoted in Big Little House (September 21). To prevent disappointment it must be realized that construction costs "ain't what they used to be" and the figure quoted does not apply to the actual Watts house, which was an individual job. In fairness to all, we would like this correction to appear in Liberty.—*Campbell & Wong.*

MONDAYS OR HOLIDAYS

BERKELEY, CALIF.—Here's a reverse corollary for Mr. Paul Hunter's editorial, All Holidays on Monday (October 5).

I like it better this way myself: All Mondays should be holidays.

—*Parker Haydon.*

DOWN TO EARTH

RUSSELL, KANS.—Your heart-warming book condensation, Clementine, by Peggy Goodin (October 5), was the most down-to-earth story I have read in months.—*Gladys Schmidt.*

G.I. GRINDS

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—The Professor Forgets His Notes (October 5) paints a very bad picture of veterans attending college. I am attending the University of Pennsylvania under the G.I. Bill, and I have found that, contrary to your article, the veterans are among the best students in the class. Most of them are older than the average prewar college student and are working hard to make up for the years lost in the service.

An article like this makes people think Congress was wrong to approve the G.I. Bill of Rights.—*George E. Gardner.*

Evidently Mr. Gardner did not study The Professor Forgets His Notes very well. It was a *story* and not an article. Moreover, it painted a very flattering picture of veterans at college, portraying them as so intensely eager for learning and scornful of false values that they were the making of one professor.—VOX POP EDITOR.

WHO'S DUMB?

HUNTSVILLE, ALA.—First prize, a dunce cap, to E. C. K. Read for his article, Dumb Animals (October 19). Animals can be taught tricks and are capable of understanding and carrying out orders. In obtaining these results, the master has to be a little more intelligent than the animal.—*Mrs. Loda H. Kelly.*

KALAMAZOO, MICH.—I want to protest against such articles as Dumb Animals, by E. C. K. Read.

Animals are interesting and amusing. More often than not, they are lovely to look at. What more does your critic want? Also, they are often more intelligent than we have a right to expect.—*Carolyn McKay.*

Mr. Read is entitled to his opinion. In the absence of reliable yardsticks, the intelligence of dumb animals must remain a moot question.—VOX POP EDITOR.

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

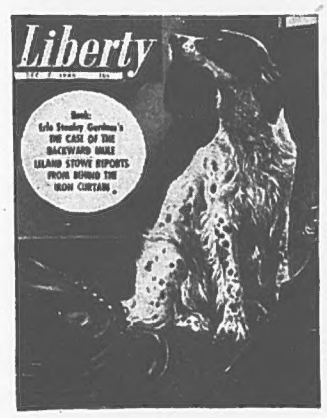
BOOK EDITOR

HELEN GREENWOOD, as a glance at even the accompanying inadequate photo will show, is not at all what you might expect a book editor to look like. Her job of selecting books for condensation in Liberty is one without parallel in the promotion of eyestrain. To pick fifty-two books a year for condensation, Miss Greenwood must read two a day (including Saturdays and Sundays). What does a book editor read for fun? That's easy—the same books she picks for your enjoyment in Liberty! Aside from an overwhelming desire to go to China (which we hope she will resist), our book editor is unabashedly conventional. She is a native of Chicago, a resident of Greenwich Village, and a graduate of Radcliffe. She came to Liberty by way of the Reader's Digest, on which esteemed periodical she also edited book condensations.

BEHIND THE BY-LINE

SYLVIA MARTIN spent six years traveling in South America, and of all the conveyances she used, Rio de Janeiro's streetcars appealed to her the most. RIO BY TROLLEY (page 14) explains why. When she graduated from Northwestern University with highest honors in journalism, classmates labeled her "Most likely to spend her life editing a small-town paper." She is presently in Paris, upsetting this prediction. . . . Betty Etter got her apprenticeship on a country paper in the Middle West. Then came newspaper jobs from Oklahoma to New York, a whirl in the stock market, a short period of teaching fiction writing, and now she's editing a movie magazine and writing articles to buy herself a mink coat. The latest skin is by virtue of SUAVE SENDER (page 30).

NEXT WEEK



WHAT will it mean to Europe if Russia gets control of the Danube? Our ace foreign correspondent, Leland Stowe, suggests some possibilities in his article, BLUE DANUBE—OR RED? . . . Kent Cooper, head of the Associated Press, is probably the best-qualified authority to answer the question: DOES AMERICA HAVE A FREE PRESS? He does so in a searching article. Joseph Harrington tells the awful story of a man's betrayal in FORTY WORDS. . . . Liberty's Book Condensation is a mystery by Erle Stanley Gardner, THE CASE OF THE BACKWARD MULE.

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BECAUSE OF LIQUEUR QUALITY and HIGH PROOF 94.4
DRINKS NEVER TASTE THIN WITH . . .

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ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

Air yacht or transport, the new Grumman Mallard offers luxury, utility, and *safety* . . . How airports compare in being busy

WOULD you like to own an airplane that can land on land airports or on rivers or lakes or seas and has enough range to be able to fly just about anywhere your whims might dictate?

You'll say "Sure," but you'll also ask the purchase price, and probably $115,000 is a little steep for the average pocketbook. But for those individuals and corporations who want luxury transportation that also has more flexibility of routing than a landplane, the Grumman Mallard holds the answer.

The Mallard is an amphibian and is the only plane of its class in the world. Its builder is the Grumman Aircraft Engineering Corporation at Bethpage, Long Island, and its pedigree is a long line of Navy combat airplanes (Wildcats, Avengers, Hellcats, Bearcats, and Tigercats) and a prewar line of smaller amphibians such as the Duck, the Gray Goose, and the Widgeon.

The Navy thinks Grumman is just about absolute tops as an aircraft builder. Quiet, shy, red-haired Leroy Grumman stays out of the limelight, rarely expresses opinions, never seeks publicity—but he is engineering-wise, builds airplanes with his feet on the ground, and has long rated as one of the soundest men in the aircraft industry.

Like many another manufacturer who turned out purely pleasure aircraft before the war, Grumman has built business and commercial utility into the Mallard. It can be an air yacht for sportsmen, but it can also be used for commercial air transportation and has passed the rigid CAA tests for scheduled air-carrier rating. And the Mallard is the only such certificated amphibian in the United States and probably in the world. In many parts of the world it is likely to be used for commercial purposes. In this country it will find its major market among corporations and well-to-do individuals.

One new achievement by Grumman engineers is the tricycle landing gear, no mean feat when performed for an amphibian. For water operations, the Mallard is quite seaworthy and the deep flare in the hull bottom permits smooth water landings and quick take-offs.

For executive use, the Mallard has two spacious compartments, completely upholstered, carpeted, soundproofed, and ventilated by a thermostatically controlled heating and ventilating system. The forward section is like a comfortable den with two full-length divans between cabinets and end tables. The aft section contains four reclining chairs, a dressing room with lavatory, and a large baggage compartment. Seating capacity is eight to ten persons.

The Mallard's top speed is over 200 m.p.h. and the range exceeds 1,000 miles. Two Pratt & Whitney "H" Wasp engines of 600 h.p. each, equipped with two Hamilton hydromatic full-feathering propellers, provide the power. The Mallard has a single-engine ceiling of 10,000 feet.

The wing span is 66 feet 8 inches; wing area, 444 square feet; length, 48 feet 4 inches; height, 19 feet 4 inches. Gross weight is 12,500 pounds, affording a useful load as a transport of 3,280 pounds. Quite a few prewar owners of the smaller Grumman Widgeon amphibian have ordered the new Mallard. Deliveries have already started.

CAA Air-Traffic Box Scores

What is the busiest airport in the United States? It isn't LaGuardia Airport in New York or the municipal airport in Chicago. It's Cleveland Municipal Airport.

A CAA survey showed that in the first six months of 1946 there were 189,895 landings and take-offs at Cleveland, while Atlanta was second with 155,077; Phoenix, Arizona, third with 142,171; St. Louis fourth with 116,223; El Paso, Texas, fifth with 106,693, and LaGuardia Airport sixth with 95,682. Chicago was tenth and Washington eleventh.

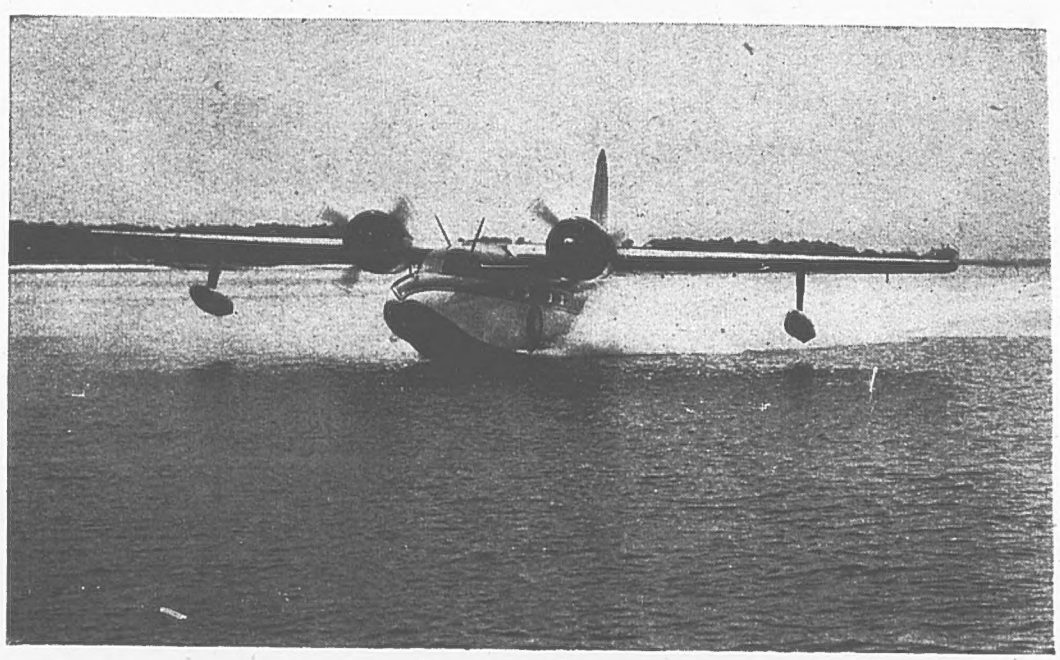
The survey included all traffic in and out of twenty-five leading airports—military, light planes, nonscheduled operators, and air liners. Although Cleveland was eleventh in number of scheduled air-line landings and take-offs, it was far and away the first in total traffic because of the heavy itinerant and local civil use of the field. Cleveland's veteran airport manager, Jack Berry, has been one of the leading airport experts for longer than he cares to remember.

In scheduled air-line traffic, LaGuardia Airport is tops with 69,726 landings and take-offs. Then follow, in order of traffic volume, Chicago, Washington, Miami, Burbank (serving Los Angeles), Detroit, Dallas, Pittsburgh, Kansas City, and San Francisco.

The reason for the high positions of Phoenix and El Paso in total traffic is the large amount of local flying. These cities rank twenty-second and twentieth, respectively, in volume of air-line traffic.

Washington, Dallas, Memphis, and Atlanta had the most military traffic during the six months.

The survey was made as part of a broad study of traffic congestion. Traffic problems are becoming increasingly tough at the big terminals, and the figures showed that air lines account for a relatively small share of the total traffic. What the survey indicates is the need for more airports at metropolitan centers so that personal planes, military planes, and air liners won't be congested into one. For example, with only one airport for the whole city, Atlanta's problem is among the worst. Cleveland could stand several additional airports for noncommercial local traffic.



Where there's neither water nor field, this Mallard can land safely on rough terrain.

WHOSE LEGS ARE THESE?

10 OF HOLLYWOOD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL BRUNETTES ALL HAD MOTIVES FOR MURDER!

Detective George Raft invades fabulous Hollywood glamor spots in search of missing brunette movie star who witnessed the crime.

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GEORGE RAFT
LYNN BARI
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NOCTURNE

with

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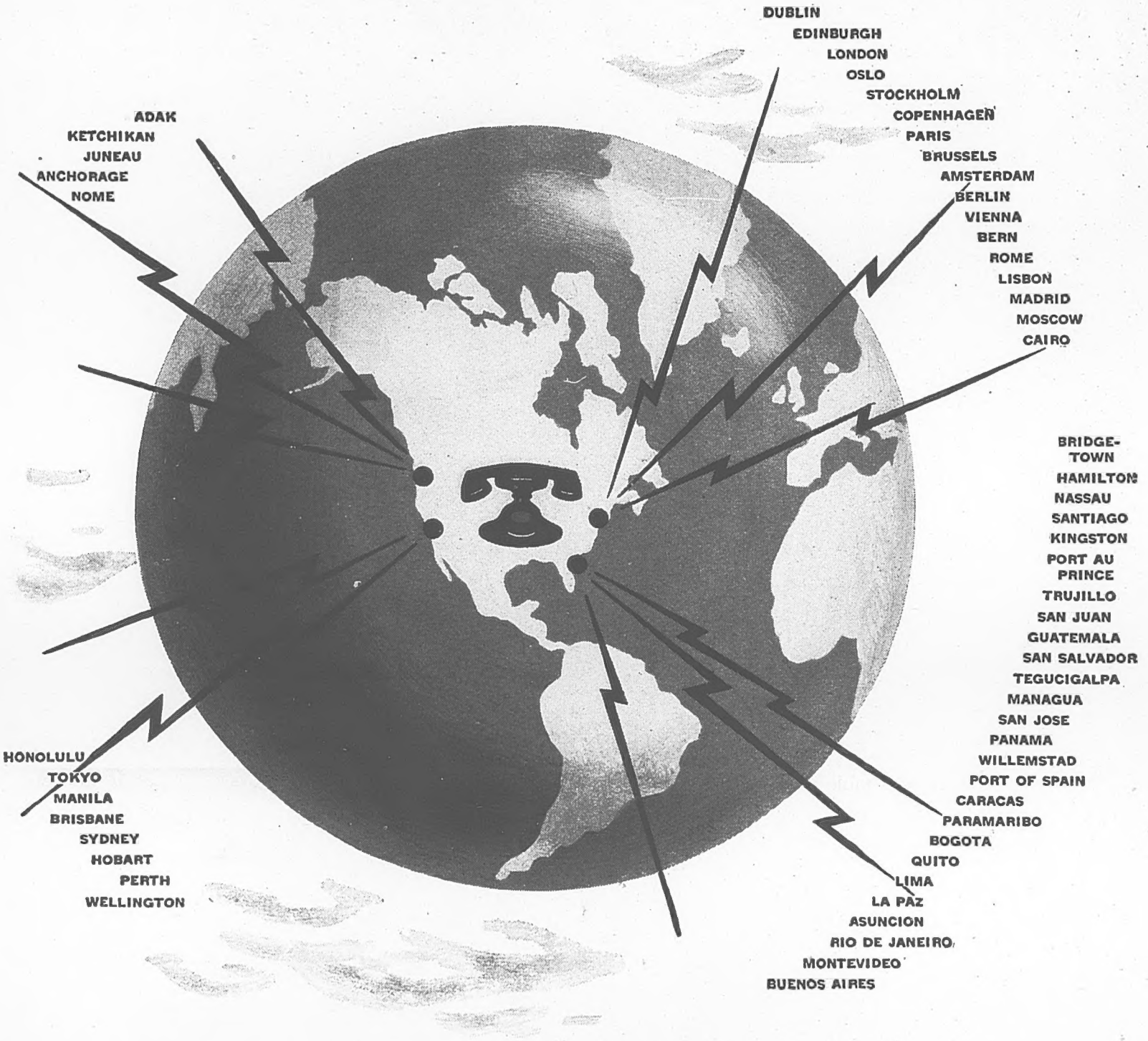
MYRNA DELL

Produced by JOAN HARRISON · Directed by EDWIN L. MARIN

Screen Play by JONATHAN LATIMER

RKO RADIO PICTURES



THE WORLD'S IN REACH AGAIN

Today, nearly all our former radiotelephone circuits—and many new ones—are in operation to Europe, South America, Central America and the Far East.

We have more than twice as many direct circuits operating to overseas areas today as we did in 1939. Through them you can reach some 60 countries, territories and dominions throughout the world.

Rates are lower, too. A three-minute call from any place in the United States to most overseas points—including all of Europe—now costs no more than $12. To many nearby countries it is even less.

BELL SYSTEM OVERSEAS TELEPHONE SERVICE

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

BLACK MARKET IN HOUSES

BY MORRIS MARKEY

A building contractor pulls no punches in telling why he must charge $10,000 for a $6,000 house

ACME PHOTO

A few months after he moved into his new $9,000 home, this veteran discovered a faulty drain pipe flooding his cellar.

THE building contractor and I stood looking at a brand-new little house, gleaming white, with green trim around the windows. A young man with a service button in his lapel was standing in the doorway. We talked to him for a moment or two and then he left to get his wife. They were moving in the next day.

"How much is he paying you for it?" I asked the contractor.

"Ten thousand."

"Whew!"

"But if I were going to make a real profit," the contractor said, "I would have to charge more than that. It's the G.I. limit put on by the government."

An inspection showed that it was a conventional little bungalow. Its newness, of course, made it look rather attractive. There was an 18-by-11½-foot living room. The main bedroom was 11½ by 13. The second bedroom was only 9 by 12. There was a kitchen and a bathroom, and a narrow flight of stairs led to an unfinished attic. We examined the whole layout pretty thoroughly in about 180 seconds.

"I remember houses like this, out here on Long Island too, and only four or five years ago, with signs on them saying '$3,600,'" I said.

"That's just about what this house is worth," the contractor admitted.

"Then why ten thousand?"

He said, "It's very simple. Black market."

"So it's that bad."

"You see this floor? Well, the OPA ceiling price on this flooring is $110 a thousand board feet. You couldn't possibly buy it anywhere at all for that price. On the black market it runs from $350 to $500 a thousand feet. I paid $400 for this particular lot, and figured I was doing all right."

"You mean the G.I. was doing all right."

"Well, we couldn't charge him more than ten grand for the job. When the government puts on a maximum price, do you think anybody's going to charge less? There isn't any competition. Even for a simple little cottage like this you could put the price almost anywhere you wanted to and sell it somewhere. People are desperate for places to live. They only have to put down 10 per cent in cash, and it doesn't look like much of an outlay.

"Take this fellow, for example. He gives me a thousand cash and moves in. The monthly payments on the mortgage don't seem very big to him until he figures how many years he's got to keep on paying them. Of course I discount the mortgage and get my share of the cash all at once.'" (*Continued on page 72*)

3206

Behind the bolted door of a hotel room were the reasons Bess would never return to Singapore

BY JEROME WEIDMAN

The DECISION

"DARLING," Lacey Mead called, pronouncing the word as though it rhymed with Pawling, "you must come and look at these water taps." The high gurgling squeal was her special way of indicating ecstatic delight. "You simply must come and look."

"I know," Bess Hackett replied from her own bathroom. Lacey, who confessed to having a way with men, had charmed the desk clerk into giving them adjoining rooms.

The Tanagra Hotel in Buxton, New York, was a tombstone to the memory of excessively inflated civic pride, one of the more distinguished white elephants of the Atlantic seaboard.

After driving several of its backers to bankruptcy, it had remained boarded up until the hotel shortage called it into service to house the many conventions that, in less frenetic years, used to gather in the vicinity of Times Square and the Atlantic City boardwalk.

"Did you see the brass bolts on the outside of all the doors?" Lacey wailed delightedly. "And the tub? Darling, you must come and look at this tub."

"As soon as I finish unpacking," Bess called. "My door has an outside bolt, too, and my bathroom's got a tub just like yours."

There was a discreet tap on Bess Hackett's hall door. Crossing the room to answer the knock, it occurred to Bess, who was twenty-three, that Lacey Mead, who was forty by even the most charitable computation, would have been wiser to choose a less unsettling sound to indicate ecstasy. Until Lacey walked into Bess Hackett's small New York apartment the day before, Bess had not seen Lacey Mead for nine years. Bess was a trifle uneasy about the eager enthusiasm with which the older woman had renewed a friendship that had never even been remotely that. It was Bess Hackett's uncomfortable recollection that during the thirteen years of her life in Malaya she had not spoken a dozen words to Lacey Mead. It was possible, of course, because so much had happened to everybody since 1937, that Lacey did not remember that she and Bess Hackett had not exactly been chums in the old Singapore days when Bess, a girl in pigtails who lived with her widowed father, had been less than half Lacey's age. Bess opened the door.

"Miss Hackett," the bellhop said, "Dr. Campion asked if you would mind dropping in at his suite any time during the next half hour. He'd like to talk to you before he gives his opening address. He's on the floor below, right under this room, in 2206. It's the bridal suite, just beyond the big green Buddha."

"Thank you," Bess said. "I'll be there in a few minutes."

SHE closed the door and held the knob for a moment. Her uneasiness over attending this convention was not all due to Lacey Mead.

"It won't seem like a Panjang convention without the presence of a Hackett," Dr. Campion had written in the note Bess had received two days ago. Dr. Campion had shared a cubicle in the Japanese internment camp with Dr. Hackett. "We who knew your father so well and worked at his side for so many years," wrote Dr. Campion, who had succeeded to the Panjang presidency after Dr. Hackett died in the prison camp, "know he would have wanted you to represent the family at this important gathering of those who, spurred by his selfless example, helped make Panjang what it was, and who, now that the foul stain of the invader is all but washed away, are planning to return to Malaya and once again write the name of Panjang high in the skies of the Far East."

It was difficult for Bess Hackett to forget that, back in 1942, as soon as the Gripsholm docked, Dr. Campion had come to her small apartment on Eighth Street to give her an account of her father's last hours, even though the executive council which administered the endowments that supported the university and medical mission that had been operating in Malaya for forty years had been waiting impatiently in Washington for Dr. Campion's firsthand report of what had happened since the Japs took over. Because of that, now, in 1946, she felt helpless against his arguments for her going to Buxton.

"I am certain you will welcome this opportunity to renew friendships formed when you were still a little girl and refresh your knowledge of, and enthusiasm for, an enterprise from which the name of Hackett has never been absent since the day of its inception. We could not find hotel accommodations for so large a group in New York, but our convention committee, headed by Mr. Tulcher, assures me that Buxton, which is only an hour from New York by train, is a lovely little town and the Tanagra Hotel is singularly appropriate, for our purposes." Dr. Campion's note concluded, "We are reserving a room for you."

BESS HACKETT looked around the room that had been reserved for her, and saw, standing in the doorway that led to the adjoining room, the final reason that had brought her to Buxton against her will.

Lacey, who had been working in Washington since she came out of Malaya on the exchange ship in 1942, had got the date of the Panjang convention wrong by one day. At any rate, that's what she had told Bess when she called her up in New York the day before to say that she'd just stepped off the Con-

(Continued on page 54)

Bess, listening to the muffled sounds of alcoholic merriment, was stabbed again by the revelation that had come to her a few minutes before.

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT HOLBROOKE

RIO by Trolley

is the biggest tourist bargain in the world

BY SYLVIA MARTIN

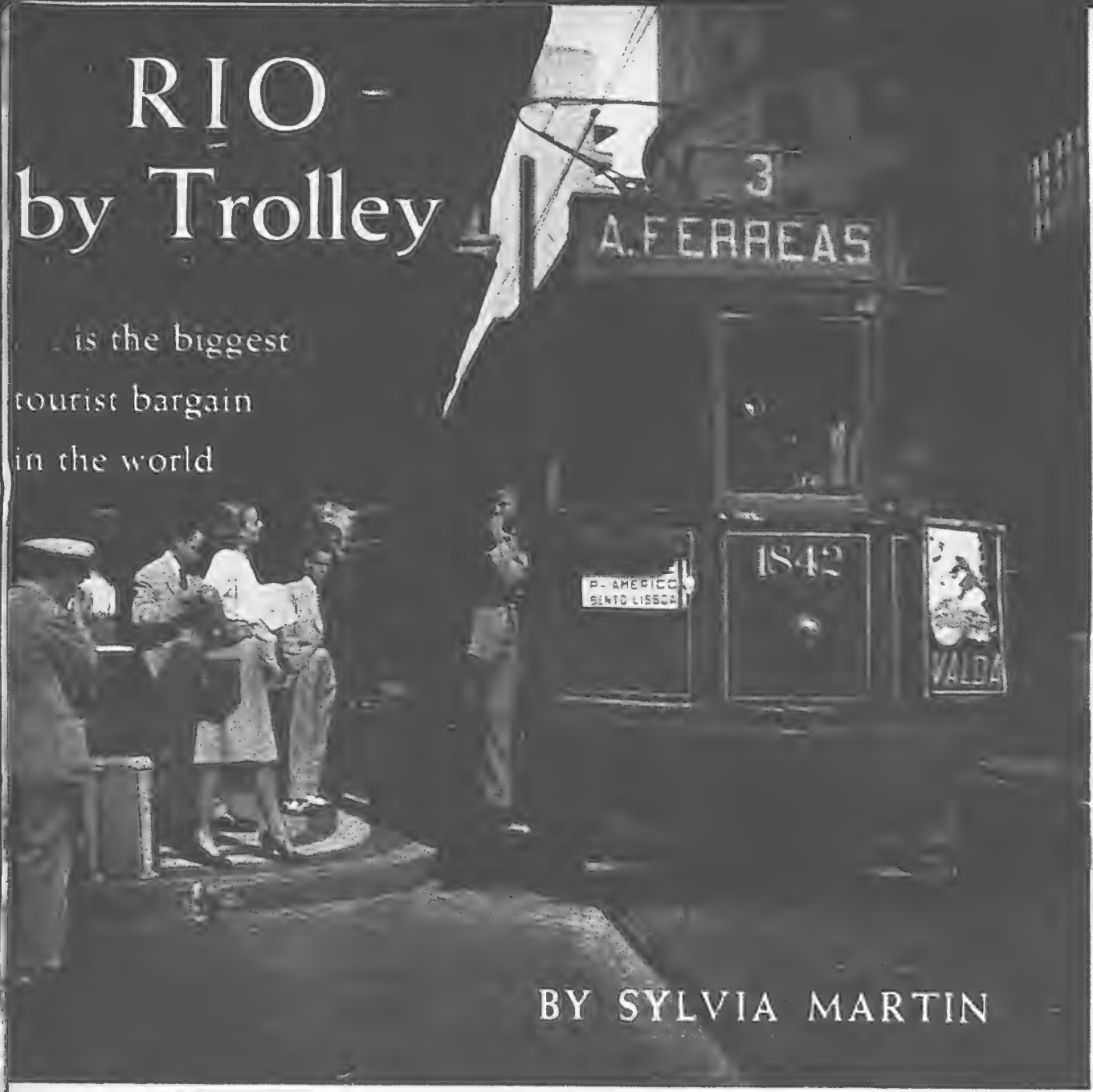


PHOTO BY HOLLYMAN

The cariocas call these trolleys *bondes*, because British owners once defaulted on their bonds.

"THE biggest tourist bargain in the world is Rio," the Brazilian Ambassador told me as I took the plane in Paraguay. "By streetcar," he added.

Streetcar? In the glamor metropolis of South America? The two just didn't seem to go together. But a little later I found out that diplomats do tell blunt truths.

Streetcars not only run everywhere in Rio de Janeiro but they go places where you'd think even a mountain goat couldn't climb. Besides, each rollicking trolley is a theater in itself. For the carioca, as the citizen of Rio is called, is a humorous, uninhibited, and talented character actor in his own right. He has nicknamed his humble tram the *bonde* (bawndee), because the British owners once defaulted on the bonds. The cars, with their trailers, carry a lovable people who are always friendly and gay. Nothing ruffles or irritates them.

The Rio *bonde* is about the only vehicle in which it is fun to ride during the rush-hour crush. Then the cars are jam-packed with a double row of passengers precariously perched on the long step that runs the outside length of the car, and 150 cariocas are sardined into a space meant for forty. Here and there is a man with one shod foot planted on the step, the other bare, dangling. He is keeping within the municipal ordinance providing that all riders must wear shoes.

Everybody helps to run the car, to make the latest arrivals feel at home. But the chief actor is the conductor, who, as he collects the fares, makes wisecracks and is a sort of street-car master of ceremonies. His cheery *"Faiz o obsequio!"* (Make the gesture!) is typically Brazilian for "Fares, please."

For the poor, who in Brazil are very poor indeed, there are second-class *bondes,* one cent a ride, with plenty of room for market baskets, peddlers' kits, and bulky packages. Another type of tram is the *baggageiro,* a flatcar that delivers freight and your furniture on moving day right to the door.

Some streetcar uses defy classification. One day I was having tea in a café in the Duke of Caxias Plaza when the strains of a band playing Anchors Aweigh lifted me from my seat. A line of *bondes* was going by, filled to the last trailer with cariocas in their holiday best. The rear was brought up by a car that carried a military band.

The next day, as I was standing in the Largo Carioca, a busy square in the heart of downtown Rio, a streetcar came down a steep hill, sped around a curve, and disappeared through the front entrance of a tall office building! As I stared, another car came out of what would have been the lobby if the building had been in any other city. After all, I said to myself, why not? The next minute I was bounding across the square. The sign in front of the trolley said "Sylvestre." I didn't know what that was or where it was, and I didn't care. I got aboard and "made the gesture."

Sylvestre turned out to be the car line that winds up Santa Teresa Hill. Santa Teresa is really the introduction to a mountain 3,000 feet high which towers over the city. On its top is the famous giant statue of Christ in concrete. As you ride up the hill, every turn brings a dazzling new view of Rio and its surroundings. Far down and off on the right are the industrial section and the port. On the left you see the curved white beach of Copacabana. Behind is Guanabara Bay, watched over by the Sugar Loaf, and ahead is the mountain.

By the time you have reached the end of a Rio trolley line you have not infrequently made a couple of friends. Thus it was that on the Alta da Boa Vista line I met a woman who later rented me her house, while on the Gavea streetcar I met a young lawyer who later dined me and took me to the ballet on the strength of his having a brother in New York.

Travelers differ as to whether the best Rio tram ride is Sylvestre or Alta da Boa Vista (Beautiful View Heights). I vote Sylvestre myself, not only for its scenic thrills but because the carioca is at his best on that route. About half way from the office building inside which it starts, the Sylvestre car stops to drop two passengers. Papa gets down and holds out his arms for his three-year-old daughter. She disregards him and jumps—into a puddle.

Not only has she dirtied her finery but she has splashed papa's best trousers. But does he slap or scold her? No—for he is a carioca. He wipes the mud from her dress, and in his slow Brazilian drawl says with Lincolnian gentleness, "Ah, my little pig, the most famous little pig in Rio!"

That's the beauty of streetcar riding in Rio: God's best in the way of scenery, enjoyed in company with the most friendly and tolerant of His children.

THE END

Goldfish for the General

When our high-living brass in Tokyo want art treasures, limousines, flowers, dancing girls or apartments, Mr. Davis gets them

BY VICTOR BOESEN

Across the desk of DeMar W. Davis flow dozens of orders a day for such items as beehives, dancing girls, and limousines. His secretary is one of several who help him supply the brass with luxuries.

Tokyo.

WHEN, some time ago, twenty-nine-year-old DeMar W. Davis, then an Army lieutenant, made the flat statement: "I am doing more to destroy Japanese recovery than anybody else in Japan," he was not boasting.

Davis is procurement officer for the Allied powers in the Tokyo area. As such, he is a kind of super-storekeeper, or jobber, dealing in "Supplies, Services, and Facilities" for the occupying forces, with the Japanese as his sources of supply.

The things he procures are those items not stocked by the Army quartermasters, who carry only essentials. It is through Davis, consequently, that the Allied occupants manage to maintain a level of living pleasantly above what they have been accustomed to. This is especially true in the case of high officers, many of whose commandeered homes have, among other features, "one bathroom for every three bedrooms." Davis has procured most of the 1,200 buildings we occupy in Tokyo, and employed the 50,000 Japs who maintain them.

Procurement Demands — "PDs," the Army calls them—contributing to this comfortably upholstered condition, arrive on Davis' desk at the rate of thirty to forty a day. They cover a miscellany ranging from goldfish, firewood, beehives, to paintings and dancing girls.

The cost of these little cushionings of what General MacArthur has termed "pioneer life" is met by the Japanese government, which pays the suppliers at the current inflated rates. Then we pay the Japanese government — that is, we put it on the cuff, to be charged off at prewar rates against reparations when the peace settlement comes. The difference between their cost and what we put on paper for them is about ten to one.

One observer described the arrangement more crudely: "We make the Japanese government loot the people. Then we loot the Japanese government."

He could have gone on to say that then the Japanese government turns around and loots the people again, in taxes to pay for its lootings of the first instance.

The expense to the Japanese of having us aboard has climbed steadily since our arrival, although the size of the occupation forces, taking in all nations on the scene, has dwindled from 500,000 to less than 175,000. By last July the figure had mounted to 100,000,000 yen a month for the Tokyo area alone, 700,000,000 yen monthly for Japan as a whole. Of the government's new budget of fifty-six billion yen for the coming year, nineteen billion, or one third, is for occupation costs.

These figures do not include rent and major maintenance on the public buildings we have taken over, or the cost of interior rearrangement. For example, the Meiji Building has been rebuilt internally three times—first for the Far Eastern Air Force, then for the Fifth Air Force, and then for the Pacific Air Command, U. S. A., its present occupant, which featured a 380,000-yen map room among the alterations it required. Nor do the figures take in the price of the Babylonian verdure which has been established on the roof of every officers' billet, as the contractors in these matters have yet to be heard from.

The Japanese are hesitant about giving you a breakdown on what, specifically, the money goes for. They tried it last January, publishing a report after getting the permission of SCAP's finance men, then were sat upon by others in SCAP for doing so. But they were finally persuaded to reveal that of the 100,000,000 yen being spent monthly in the Tokyo area, one million is for keeping us in flowers, and another million is for music. A million yen, at fifteen yen to the dollar, is $66,666.

Strategists of the occupation have worked out a system of floral distribution as carefully as they used to map an attack on a beachhead. Billets housing one to twenty-five men, or "personnel," get two bunches of flowers every four days, whether they want them or not. Billets of twenty-five to fifty get three bunches, and billets of over fifty men get three bunches for each fifty. Thus a big billet like the Yuraku Hotel, with 700 men, receive eighty-four dozen flowers a week. Its dining room is like a botanical garden.

A mill-run general gets one bunch of flowers every four days for his

(*Continued on page 52*)

Getting Uncle Matt to make up his mind was a monumental task, but one unforgettable day it happened

I could see it in Sue Teagle's white face. She'd never marry Uncle Matt because his slow ways made her furious.

So Slow

BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

ILLUSTRATED BY E. C. VAN SWEARINGEN

UNCLE MATT never made a quick decision in his life. When you put an idea to him, he'd rub his long chin—it was usually bristly with a few days' growth of beard—and he'd frown a while. Then he'd say, "Well, I'll see. Got to think it over first." That meant he'd think anywhere from a few minutes on little things to a few months on big things. And there wasn't any way to hurry him, any more than you could hurry a mule. Sometimes it riled people while they waited, but Uncle Matt didn't seem to mind that.

Every summer, from the time I was nine till I was fifteen, I spent my school vacations on his Texas cattle ranch. My father was a doctor and said riding range was healthier for me than staying home through the heat in Albuquerque. So I knew Uncle Matt well. And I liked him, even when he was slow about things.

My father used to tell Mom how, long ago, his brother Matt took eleven months to make up his mind about marrying a girl named Sue Colby; and by the time he'd decided, Sue had got tired waiting. She'd gone and married Matt's neighbor, Sam Teagle. "It was just as well, though," my father would say. "Sue was quick as a flash and bright. It would have driven her crazy to be tied to anybody slow as Matt."

"All the same," Mom said, "he must have been fond of her; he never married."

Pop sighed. "I reckon he never got around to *thinking* about anyone else."

I knew this Sue Teagle. She lived on the Box T ranch, across the creek from Uncle Matt's place. She'd been running the Box T ever since she'd become a widow two-three years back. A mighty nice-looking woman she was, too, with her blonde hair and sweet smile. She looked slim as a girl. We used to wave to her across the creek, and she'd wave back, but I never knew how Uncle Matt felt about her.

Not till this past summer—and that was some summer.

I got out to Turbeyville the week after school closed, about nine o'clock on a Wednesday night. Uncle Matt wasn't at the railroad station. He'd sent his top hand, Shorty Blair, instead. Shorty was there with the wide grin that showed where two of his front teeth were missing. He was bowlegged and no taller than I am, and as he shook my hand he almost pulled my arm out. Shorty always treated me like a grown man.

THE buckboard was waiting over by the loading platform; Uncle Matt still favored horses over jalopies when it came to short runs.

"Throw your stuff in the back and we'll ride," Shorty said. "Bet you'd like to handle the reins yourself, hey?"

"Gee, yes!" I said.

So we headed across the range with me driving a lively mare under a big round moon and the buckboard bouncing over the bumps. Folks claim you don't get much smell out of chaparral and mesquite and sage and cactus, nor out of shortgrass or junipers or yuccas. Maybe not. But put them all together with a night breeze that comes down from the mountains, where wild flowers grow, and there's something about the smell of a Texas night that makes you want to sing.

"Where's Uncle Matt?" I asked.

Shorty Blair chuckled. "Busy tonight. Courtin'."

"Uncle Matt?" I said. *"Courtin'?"*

"Yep. The Widder Sue Teagle." Shorty was leaning back, with his arm stretched out behind me and his boot propped up on the dashboard.

"Gee!" I said. "When they getting married?"

Shorty laughed. "You're plumb runnin' away, Tim. I didn't say they was gettin' married. Far as I know, she ain't even said yes yet. More likely she's been sayin' no."

"Why?"

"Well—reckon there's times she gets kind of—impatient with your Uncle Matt."

I thought a while and then I said, "Gee, she *ought* to marry Uncle Matt. Then she wouldn't have to run that big ranch all alone. He could sort of—"

Shorty said, "She don't own the Box T any more. Sold it last month."

I looked at him in surprise. "Who to?"

"Feller named Link—Bud Link." Shorty's face hardened up.

"You don't sound like you got much use for Mr. Link."

Shorty Blair, rolling a cigarette, licked the paper before he answered. "He's been around here just one month and already he's been in two fights. Just a born scrapper, I guess. I don't hanker for neighbors who fight that much."

I thought about this. We topped a long rise and started down the far side toward Uncle Matt's Twin Circle outfit in the valley. Then I asked, "Where's Sue Teagle gone if she sold her spread?"

"Lives in town with her sister. . . . There's the old place, Tim. Looks sort of cozy, don't it?"

Far down the valley I could see the yellow lights in the windows of Uncle Matt's house. They looked peaceful and welcoming, and I quit talking. I always got a choked-up feeling when I saw Uncle Matt's place standing all by itself in the middle of his two thousand acres.

I DIDN'T see Uncle Matt that night. He hadn't got back from courting when I went to bed. But in the morning, there he was coming out of the barn—same old Uncle Matt, long and lean and put together kind of loose, with a grin on his bony face. There was more gray in his hair than I remembered, and he needed a haircut and a shave; he always seemed to need them. His jeans looked like the same ones he'd worn last summer.

"Hi," he called. When he shook my hand and slapped my back, he looked me over and said, "You've growed six inches!"

"Pretty near," I said. "Gee, Uncle Matt, it's good to be back!"

"Your pony'll be right glad to see you," he said. "That horse has been pinin' away all winter." Then he asked about Mom and Pop while we went over to the corral. The little Palomino I'd ridden last summer was there, and when I called, he nickered. I felt grand—like coming back to an old friend.

I looked around at the bunkhouse, the smokehouse, the barn, and I took a deep breath. I thought: Maybe Uncle Matt is slow, but he's sure built up a fine outfit.

(*Continued on page 48*)

This is represented as a photograph of ectoplasm, the mysterious spirit substance, spewing from the mouth of a medium allegedly in touch with Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

PRIOR to Pearl Harbor, some 3,000 mediums delivered spirit messages to 500,000 credulous Americans. Today, in spite of hostile laws, the ghost cult claims 6,000 mediums, 1,000,000 paid-up members, and 500,000 additional followers.

Psychologists point out that interest in survival after death always rises sharply following a great war and its casualties. Be that as it may, talk to any active medium today and you will hear of current miracles unparalleled since the witch of Endor waved her wand over the grave of Samuel.

A Miss Cicely Gunner Jones describes, in a privately circulated pamphlet, a demonstration by one of New York's favorite mediums, Eddie Mackey, who classifies himself as "a teacher of psychic development." At this séance no less than five trumpets, suspended in mid-air, spoke with the voices of the dead. A mother's hands materialized. Joyce Kilmer not only related his adventures in the Great Beyond—he wrote a message on the flyleaf of his famous poem, Trees.

A visit to Mackey's basement suite reveals that he is a dark-eyed ex-G.I. "I discovered my psychic powers when I was in my teens," he relates. "I worked hard to develop myself—and have succeeded beyond my dreams."

Mackey's "students" gather almost nightly. Lights dim, go out. The hour of miracles begins.

Across the inky darkness lights flash. A glowing arrow shot through the room announces the arrival of Bright Arrow, an Indian chief. Dr. Stewart, a philosophic physician long on the Other Side, is heard behind the medium's chair, addressing one of the men present: "I have two ladies with me. Both say they were married to you."

"They were!" the man cries. "But not at the same time!" His former wives greet him affectionately. Afterward he tells Mackey: "You have convinced me! I believe!"

The New York Spiritualist Leader even advertises a medium who, for a modest donation—fees, of course, are barred—will display spirit lights,

PHOTOS BY INTERNATIONAL

Pictures like these, taken many years ago, are offered as "proof" that ghosts do exist.

ectoplasm, and "the fast flashing of transfigurations, including those of loved ones, friends, and many characters of ancient and modern times," in your own home.

Spiritualism has attracted many sincere devotees. They attend religious services in churches associated with one of nine sects. Largest is the International General Assembly of Spiritualists, whose affairs are directed by a nine-man board composed of clergymen, business and professional men.

A state of war exists between the General Assembly and "quack mediums," especially those who openly charge for their services. But to the impartial observer it is difficult to draw a line. In twenty-two states, spiritualist divines may legally baptize, marry, and conduct funeral services, in addition to message readings and séances. All, pastors and lay mediums alike, accept donations.

The General Assembly is proud of the new United Spiritualist Church at 41 West Seventy-third Street, New York. There Rev. Edward Lester Thorne holds sessions in which, he claims, he receives mental messages from the dead.

At Sunday's dusk the queue forms. They file in, light candles to their dead, write questions on prepared "billets." On the wall is a placard: "If you came here to have your fortune told, go at once." A sign reads: "The usual donation at this church is $1.00 or more."

Seated behind a high oaken desk, Thorne dips into a file, extracts a "billet," holds it between thumb and forefinger.

"B. F.—who is B. F.?" he asks. A black-clad elderly woman nods. Thorne recites a Scriptural verse, continues: "All things come to him who waits. You have suffered for a long time. Now you shall enjoy relief. Change your doctor."

"But I've had five doctors," protests the woman.

"Then find the sixth. . . ." His reassuring words flow on until he opens the slip of paper, shows it to the congregation.

Ceaselessly his hands play. "Who asks about Vincent?" A nurse's fingers twitch nervously. "He will come to you from a northerly direction—in months, perhaps in weeks. In the meantime, do not worry about that dental office. The change there will not affect you. . . . That office is on the fifth floor, isn't it?"

"Yes." The nurse's fingers relax—her job is secure.

It is midnight before the last of 500 communicants listens to the last psychic word.

In England, "psychic healers" have made serious inroads into medical incomes. American law is more strict. The New York Spiritualist Leader frankly admits "the necessity for undercover activity to protect the mediumship from 'the surveillance of the law.' Cases given up by doctors are urged to contact our Department of Healing, whose mediums work without fees." However, "to take a medium's time without recompense," adds editor Margaret Blake Hall, "is thoughtless, to say the least."

Despite the law, many healers are boldly advertising occult cures. At a studio in the heart of New York City, an anonymous healer claims to cure cancer, tumors, pneumonia, eye, ear, and throat ailments. "In many cases, possessing entities have been removed before real entities could proceed," says an eyewitness. In plain English, this means "evil demons have been driven out."

At its record-breaking Buffalo convention last June, the International General Assembly of Spiritualists gave its official blessing to psychic healers. President Rev. Fred Jordan announced the formation of a Department of Healing, "with a curriculum designed to touch every state in the United States."

Ghost breakers, such as magician John Mulholland, swear they can duplicate any mediumistic feat by purely physical means. Unbiased scientific observers shrug their shoulders. Says Dr. Gertrude Raffel Schmeidler, spokesman for the American Society for Psychical Research: "We know of nothing new. We have always been prepared to co-operate with professional mediums, provided they will permit observation under test conditions. None has offered to meet our terms. . . ."

And despite its sixty years' existence, the American Society for Psychical Research still cannot certify as genuine the manifestion of one single spook.

THE END

There's Nothing Like MINK

Almost every husband will recognize his wife in this

BY HAROLD GOLDMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH CRAWLEY

Liberty's SHORT SHORT STORY

JIM squinted after the girl Maxine had pointed out. "You mean you'd really like one of those things?" he asked, as if he couldn't quite believe it.

"One of those things!" she breathed, almost upsetting her Martini as she craned forward to get another glimpse. "There's nothing—there's *nothing* like mink!"

"I didn't say there was," Jim pointed out.

"I'd give anything—anything—" she murmured.

"I never knew you felt that way about it," Jim said noncommittally. He knew how easily a man could get pulled into something—especially with Maxine.

She looked at him fondly. "You really deserve it, you know."

"Wait a minute," said Jim. "I've always got my red flannel underwear."

"I'm not joking," Maxine pronounced gravely. "A man is judged by those things."

"Keep it simple, darling," Jim said.

"By the way his wife dresses," she went on intensely. "And of all the visible signs of success—"

"—there's *nothing* like a mink coat!" Jim finished.

"That's what I said first," Maxine ended that round.

Jim nodded to the bartender. "Two more—very dry."

Maxine was thoughtful for a moment. "I never think of it as an extravagance, somehow. More as an investment, sort of."

Jim winced a little. "Let's figure that one out together. It's too much for one person."

"They last forever," she said, as if everyone knew that. "When you think of all the cloth coats a woman buys! Two seasons at the most, and then—poof!"

"They don't explode, do they?" Jim asked interestedly.

"With mink it's different," Maxine went on. "And the best of it is, it keeps going up all the time!"

Jim nodded. "Probably soared out of my range about 1887."

"Don't be silly, darling!" Maxine smiled at him, but not patronizingly. "You don't have to get the best, do you?"

"Hey, there," Jim said in a low voice. "It must be getting warm in here. I'm perspiring a little."

"Let's forget the whole thing," Maxine agreed sweetly.

Jim beamed at her. "That's my little lady!"

She picked up her fresh cocktail thoughtfully. "I know a man who can get them wholesale."

Jim put his glass down and looked over at her. "Let's get this straight. You're really thinking of socking five grand into a female overcoat?"

Her laughter fairly tinkled. "I *knew* you thought that!" she cried, and watched for the effect. "Twelve hundred—twelve fifty, at the very most!"

"So I've practically saved thirty-eight hundred dollars already."

She put her hand on his arm. "Really, Jim, when you think how you can deduct the federal tax and everything—"

"Oh, yes," Jim said. "I never thought of that. Another twenty per cent!"

"But you *deduct* it!" she repeated. "You just take it off your income. The man *told* me so!"

BUT Jim was mumbling to himself. "Twelve hundred—two hundred and forty—plus sales tax—" He turned to her. "Sorry, darling. It just runs into money."

"But I've got a surprise for you!" she said.

"Hold it a minute." He turned to the bartender. "Another Martini."

"You forgot the wolf!" she announced.

He swung around. "What wolf?"

"I've *got* a fur coat!" she said. "The short one!"

He was relieved. "Well, we had a lot of fun anyway, didn't we?"

"It'll fetch five hundred if it'll fetch a penny!"

"Come again?" Jim begged.

Now she was triumphant. "So you're getting a mink coat for seven hundred dollars! Now, really! You couldn't do better than that in Siberia!"

"You're going to sell the wolf?"

"Who wants two fur coats?" she asked. "Anyway, it's four years old."

"What did we pay for it?"

"Two hundred and fifty," she replied promptly. "But wolf is up. Way up. Everything's up!"

"Except mink," Jim put in.

"It's altogether different, dear," she said patiently. "This is absolutely wholesale. You ought to see what they get in a department store!"

THE salesgirl swayed around under the blue-black garment. Jim said, "What do you get for a thing like that?"

The girl made a perfunctory dab at the sales tag. "Six thousand plus tax," she said.

"What did I tell you?" whispered Maxine.

"If you can get a thing like that for twelve hundred," he whispered back, "I'll give some to the boys for Mother's Day!"

"Sh!" she warned. "She thinks we're customers!"

"Got anything a little—a little more reasonable?" Jim asked the girl. "We don't want to get spoiled," he whispered.

But the damage had been done.

"Tell your man to bring some over tonight," he said to Maxine on the way out of the store. "And don't let's bother with the ratty stuff. Maybe I could stretch it to around fifteen hundred or so."

And when the man came, Jim hardly bothered to look at the "ratty" stuff. Think he'd want Maxine going around in junk like that? A man is judged by those things. . . .

But it didn't cost fifteen hundred. It cost a neat three thousand plus tax. Maxine did protest, although not valiantly. She felt, she said, that it was almost sinful to be so extravagant. But Jim put her aside. "You don't buy one every day of the week," he reassured her. "It's an investment."

And three weeks later the coat was delivered.

She walked up and down in front of the long mirror. She flitted like Pavlova and she undulated like Mae West. Every new pose gave an unexpected sheen, a hitherto unrevealed hue in the luscious blue-black tones of this symphony in selected skins! Jim watched her. He was almost as proud of it as she was.

"It's just too beautiful to *wear!*" she was crooning.

The girl swayed under the blue-black garment. "What do you get for a thing like that?" Jim asked. "Six thousand plus tax," she said.

"You'll wear it all right," he grinned.

But she turned to him seriously. "Oh, darling, I'm going to have to get an inexpensive cloth coat—just to save this one for special occasions."

"A cloth coat?" Jim said. "Remember? They go poof!"

"Well, I just can't wear this all the time. It wouldn't be—economical."

"Wait," Jim said. "The wolf."

"Oh, the wolf—" Maxine said.

"Keep it!" Jim said. "The hell with the five hundred dollars."

"It's awfully worn, dear," she said, "you know, around the edges of the cuffs and everything. I've had it five years."

"Four," corrected Jim, "and you can have the cuffs fixed." He looked at her. "What's the matter? Did you sell it already?"

"I tried, Jim," she said earnestly. "Really I did. I had an ad in the paper for over a week. The best offer I got was fifteen dollars—and that's just what the ad cost."

"Well, we could have broken even on that one," Jim muttered darkly.

But she was on his lap, mink coat and all. "Darling—I knew you wouldn't mind. I gave it to the clothing drive. It's going to Europe. It gets awfully cold in Europe."

"Yes," said Jim, mopping his forehead. "Especially in the winter."

She kissed him and was up before the mirror again, catching the reflection from over her shoulder.

"How do I look?" she gloated.

"There's nothing like mink," he agreed.

"It's so beautiful!" she moaned happily. "Everyone—everyone will think it's sable!"

THE END

IF THREE GREAT STARS CAN SWING IT, ALL AMERICANS

Every Play a Hit

BY GEORGE BRADSHAW

Margaret Webster gets a chuckle from the cast of the

THE remark Noel Coward once made of Alfred Lunt —"He has his feet in the clouds and his head in the box office"—can be applied equally to three adventurous gals, Eva Le Gallienne, Cheryl Crawford, and Margaret Webster and their new adventure, the American Repertory Theater. For while their plans are most ambitious, they are backed by $300,000 worth of hard logic in the bank.

What is the American Repertory Theater? It is exactly the dictionary definition: from the Latin *reperio*—"to find again." It will be a theater in which will be found again the good and great plays of the past and present.

Why should our American theater show only current successes? We wouldn't tolerate an orchestra which played only 1946 tunes, or a library which had nothing but this year's books.

It isn't that Americans don't want to see the heritage of the stage. That they do has been proved well and often. Katharine Cornell, Maurice Evans, Paul Robeson, and Miss Le Gallienne have trouped Shakespeare and Shaw, Ibsen and Chekhov from coast to coast and packed the houses.

Certainly the actors want repertory. It keeps them from the staleness of long runs. Playwrights of course want it —a repertory will keep a play alive for years. Why, then, has there been in the last twenty years—with the single exception of Miss Le Gallienne's Civic Repertory—no repertory theater in America?

The fear of financial failure seems to be the only answer.

It is true, of course, that the cost of producing a play has risen to fantastic heights, and backers want a chance to see their money again. Yet in New York last season, $2,500,000 was invested in flop shows. It seems reasonable to Miss Crawford, Miss Webster, and Miss Le Gallienne that, considering the known facts, a little high-mindedness might have saved some of that pretty dough. It is a premise for which they propose to stick their necks out.

Why? None of them needs the money. Miss Crawford is a shrewd and opulent manager. Her Tempest, One Touch of Venus, Family Portrait, and the vastly successful Porgy and Bess have brought her in $50,000 yearly. Miss Webster has averaged the same from her directorial jobs—the series with Maurice Evans, the Robeson Othello, and so on. Miss Le Gallienne charges $1,000 a week against 10 per cent of the gross for her acting.

The most sensible explanation is that the theater—like hashish and roulette—is a passion. They believe in, and want passionately, a repertory theater.

Cheryl Crawford of Akron, Ohio, found herself at twenty-three stage manager of the Porgy company which the Theater Guild sent to London. The London presentation was made by the Guild in conjunction with Charles Cochran, famous English producer.

Miss Crawford, feeling both her age and her responsibilities, was upset to discover that the London advertisements made no mention of the Guild whatsoever. Mr. Cochran assured her it was merely an oversight, and would be corrected. This did not occur, however, and continued not to occur, until came the first night—and even the programs didn't mention the Guild.

At half hour before the curtain, Miss Crawford sent a message to Mr. Cochran that an announcement would have to be made to the house. Back came word for her not to worry. Then curtain time. The house lights stayed up. Mr. Cochran's glittering audience became restless.

Finally Cocky himself came back to find the stage deserted except for the lone, martial figure of Miss Crawford. She was sitting pretty on her contractual rights. England's most famous manager bowed and made the necessary announcement. The show went on.

Miss Crawford had ample chance to observe the practical advantages that accrue to a permanent acting company as a director of the Group Theater. (It is significant that all three heads of the Repertory have at one time or other been involved with permanent acting companies.) From the Group, Miss Crawford went on to produce her own musicals, dramas, comedies. While there will be probably no sharp line to mark the duties

WILL BE ABLE TO SEE GREAT STAGE PLAYS AGAIN

GRAPHIC HOUSE

American Repertory Theater as she puts the players through a rehearsal of a forthcoming classic.

of the directors of the company, it is Miss Crawford who will fight the business details, sign the contracts, and haggle with the unions.

Miss Webster will direct and do a spot of acting as well. Like the others, she has done everything you can name around the theater, but she is the only one of the trio who comes from a stage family. Her father is Ben Webster and her mother Dame May Whitty.

Before Miss Webster came here from England she acquired a deal of experience with the Old Vic and the Ben Greet players, not to mention a preternatural passion for the works of William Shakespeare. But it was in this country that she really flowered as a director and adapter. Her productions with Maurice Evans of Richard II, Hamlet, Macbeth, Henry IV, and so on proved to the dwindling theater of the '30s that the Old Man was still a tight, exciting writer and, what is more, box office. Her Paul Robeson Othello, for example, took in almost a million and a half dollars.

Eva Le Gallienne came to this country from England in 1915. At the age when most girls were getting out of dramatic school she had already been starred in Not So Long Ago, Liliom, The Swan, and had given special matinees of Hedda Gabler. By the age of twenty-seven Miss Le Gallienne had established herself as star, director, manager, and everything else that had to be done in her own theater—the Civic Repertory—where she held forth for eight years, produced thirty-four plays for 1,581 performances and acted in them all.

Since all three of the ladies are as familiar with double-entry bookkeeping as they are with Molière, it seemed a good idea to them to set the backing for their venture before ordering the backdrop. A stock-selling plan was worked out and people from all over the country rushed in, checks in hands; Kuhn, Loeb and Company, a bowling-alley proprietor from Brooklyn; professors from the University of Indiana; a nurse in a hospital in Toledo. It's a long list, 130 names. Practically every state has at least one investor, making the repertory, so to speak, a national venture.

And that is, in a sense, the plan. True, the first season, after a couple of weeks on the road, the Repertory will settle down in New York and give its six alternating plays. But its second year will find it trouping America from coast to coast for the entire season, playing the original six and preparing and playing new scripts. Then, as soon as possible, there will be two alternating companies—one always in New York, one always on tour.

Actors have been, as expected, enthusiastic. Victor Jory and Walter Hampden are joining. The excessively pretty Miss June Duprez and the comic Ernest Truex are deserting Hollywood.

As for plays—well, one by Shakespeare was inevitable. This will be Henry VIII. There will be Ibsen's John Gabriel Borkman, Shaw's Androcles and the Lion, and Sheridan's The School for Scandal. The other two have not yet been decided upon.

It seems likely that the real reason the three directors are anxious to give everything they have to the Repertory is because they are all extremely successful; they have nowhere new to go except into bigger, more dangerous, more rewarding ventures.

The theater, Sacha Guitry once said, is a vice. If so, it is one which has Miss Crawford, Miss Webster, and Miss Le Gallienne incurably in its grip. So you will have a chance to see—in New York this season, and over the country thereafter—a classic repertoire for a reasonable price. And you, too, can become an addict.

THE END

The Camera Eye

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing

INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO

EXPORT—With new cars scarce as vacant apartments, a Studebaker turned up in, of all places, England!

INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO

BANQUETERS—Lord Inverchapel, British Ambassador, Clare Luce, and Charles Laughton at a dinner honoring Bernard Baruch.

ACME

UNNEEDED—This 100-ton tank, designed to batter the West Wall, was recently completed—a little late for the big battle.

WIDE WORLD PHOTO

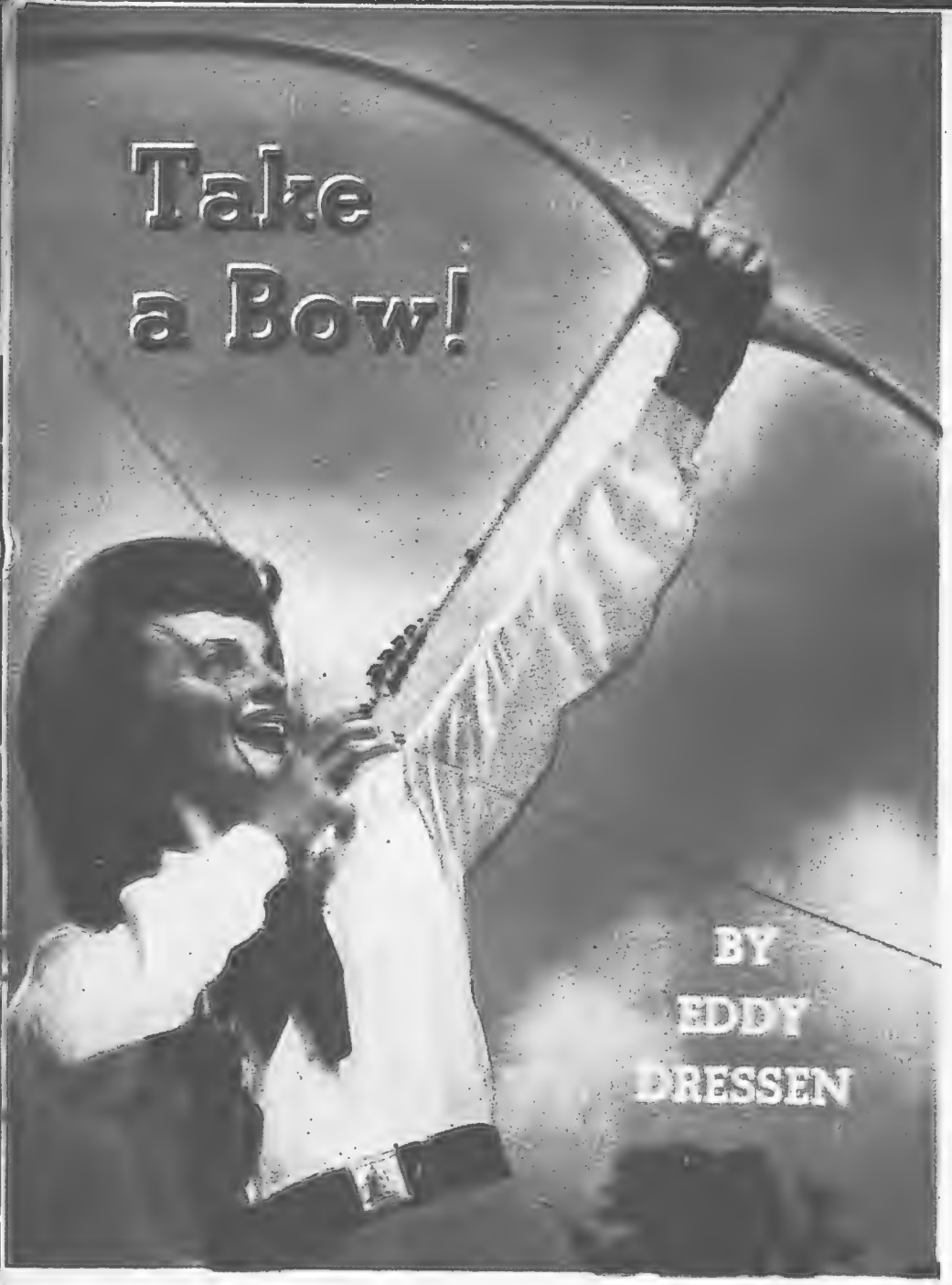
AS ONE BODY TO ANOTHER—Marie (The Body) McDonald checks her classic gown and figure with that of a piece of Greek statuary.

ARABIAN BUTTERFLY—That's what Carol Lynne calls this spectacular leap she does in Ice Pictorials, a show she co-produces.

WIDE WORLD PHOTO

AMERICA'S FAVORITE GAME—The re-education of Germany may not continue apace, but G.I.s help it along teaching German kids baseball.

INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO



P.P.G.—MILLER

Practically anyone can learn to hunt with bow and arrow—and take it from veteran sportsmen, that old weapon of Robin Hood, plus modern refinements, puts a brand-new thrill in the kill

ONLY ten years ago an adult setting off on a hunting trip armed only with a bow and arrows would have brought snickers from his neighbors. But the long bow is coming back. In at least three states—Michigan, Minnesota, and Wisconsin—its champions have made their voices heard in the legislative halls. All three have special and generous big-game seasons exclusively for bow-and-arrow hunters.

Obviously, to attract so many converts, and among them such persons as governors, attorneys, big-league ballplayers, physicians, etc., bow-and-arrow hunting must offer a new appeal to sporting instincts, a wholly different thrill. And so it does!

The modern bow is as different from the weapons used by the Indians as a modern rifle is from a smoothbore musket. One reason the Indians were such skilled hunters and stalkers is that they had to be practically within stabbing distance of their game before they could kill it. The modern arrow will kill as far as the bow will shoot it, and a good bowman with a good bow can shoot 1,000 feet.

This doesn't mean he'll hit what he shoots at if it's that far away. Probably only in exceptional cases can the bow-and-arrow hunter consistently hit small game at more than thirty yards and big game at more than seventy. Therein lies the great appeal of bow-and-arrow hunting. The hunter is on an almost equal basis with the game. Neither side has an undue advantage. And any man who brings down wild game with an arrow can feel a pride that no amount of gunning would afford him.

Besides, bow-and-arrow hunting is strictly a democratic sport. If the governor can indulge in it, so can the lowliest clerk in his office.

Anyone handy with tools can make a good hunting bow and arrows. But a first-class outfit, including bow, hunting and practice arrows, quiver, and arm guard, is so nominal in price that $35 should cover everything.

The bows preferred by most hunters are made of yew, Osage orange, or lemonwood. The yew and the Osage orange will give slightly more range than the lemonwood, but they also cost more—from $35 up. However, a $12 or $15 lemonwood bow will serve the average hunter well enough.

A hunting bow should not be less than five feet eight inches long. Hunting arrows usually have twenty-eight-inch shafts, and a short bow isn't adequate. Nor should the bow be much longer than that, for long bows are unwieldy.

You won't need many arrows, possibly three or four broadheads and the same number of practice arrows to start. The practice arrows should be of exactly the same weight and balance as your broadheads.

The draw of your bow should depend upon your muscular strength. Any game on the North American continent, including the biggest grizzly bears, can be killed with a fifty-five-pound bow. But it takes a fairly strong man to shoot such a bow, and a thirty-five-pound bow will drive a broadhead through a deer—in fact, a woman shooting one did drive an arrow clear through a big buck.

In bow-and-arrow hunting, experience is the only adequate teacher. You can't be a proficient shot unless you go out and shoot. And remember that hunting with a bow and arrow is wholly different from target shooting. Of course you will get standing and walking shots while hunting, but you'll get more running ones, and it's best to practice snap shooting.

Don't expect ever to kill as much game as the average gunner. Those who *must* have meat had better tote their shotguns or rifles. However, it's a fact that in one season a sixteen-year-old bow-and-arrow hunter killed 116 rabbits, the legal limit of eight pheasants, thirty squirrels, and a fine buck.

Before going hunting, inspect your broadheads. No matter how hard your bow drives it, a dull arrow or one with a defective broadhead won't kill as well as a sharp one. Sharpen dull ones, and if any are defective, replace them with new ones of the same weight.

Don't take a bow from a warm room into an outdoor temperature of zero and shoot it immediately. Any bow would break. Let it stand outdoors for half an hour, and then you can safely shoot it as many times as you wish. If you're in a camp, leave it outside at night.

Even running rabbits can be bagged with bow and arrow. Flying birds are the hardest shots, but they have been brought down. One hunter, shooting a broadhead into a flock of flying Hungarian partridges, spitted two on the same shaft.

As more and more people become acquainted with bow-and-arrow hunting, more and more will turn to it. I'll stick my neck out and predict that by 1957 there will be hundreds of thousands of bow-and-arrow hunters.

I was converted by the first rabbit I ever shot with an arrow. It was bounding across a field, but stopped in mid-leap as a broadhead transfixed it. Its stuffed skin now occupies a place of honor in my den. I wouldn't trade it for the biggest moose head in the world.

THE END

Ah, Sweet Misery of Life!

Some people *enjoy* suffering and playing the martyr. There's only one way to handle them

BY ALYCE CANFIELD

THE next time you're about to repeat the sympathetic family formula, "Poor Aunt Susan, she's simply devoted her whole life to her mother. She had plenty of beaus, but she refused to marry," stop and think. Are you *sure* Aunt Susan is miserably unhappy? She may be happily miserable.

For there are people who get their greatest pleasure from martyrdom. Modern psychiatry has found that they get more satisfaction out of playing the saintly martyr than they would out of living a normal happy life. Because of this, they are very hard to help.

Take one woman I know who has built a reputation for being exceptionally sweet, self-effacing, unselfish. If she goes out with a group, she always does what the rest of the party wants. She can't be pinned down when it comes to voicing a preference. Her daughter is growing alarmingly lazy because the mother slaves for her. A psychiatrist finally talked to the woman, explaining to her, gently but clearly, that she was doing harm to her own family by being so self-sacrificing.

His skill and effort were wasted. She didn't want to change. Everyone told her she was sweet, a perfect *martyr*, and that was what she did want—want so desperately that she was willing to sacrifice her family's well-being for it. To remain in a sacrificial role was the only way she could be sure of getting the extra attention her ego demanded.

Such people use their suffering not only to obtain affection and sympathy, but to get their own way and evade demands which might be made of them. It is at this point that a seemingly harmless personality trait turns vicious. I know of a girl who developed migraine when anything went wrong. The headaches were real enough, and painful; but they were brought on by her subconscious desires. If housework piled up, she got a headache. If a family decision went against her, she became ill. Her illnesses gained for her release from unpleasant household duties, plus a demonstration of love and attention. They also served the purpose of expressing accusations against others in an indirect but effective way.

Many a wife is a tyrant in her own home by means of this device. Her very sweetness is a reproach, her forbearance the crown of a martyr. Where normal wives, given good reason, clear the air with either argument or reasoning, the martyr sweetly *endures*. To her friends she seems the paragon of virtues, while her husband seems a monster. What the little lady really deserves is not a crown but a spanking.

This unconscious force which drives people to deny themselves pleasure and to spoil their chances in life is defined as a need for punishment. This is the crux of the matter. In childhood, punishment is usually administered by the parent. In maturity, punishment comes from the conscience. Case histories of people who enjoy suffering show they not only expect punishment, they crave it. The normal reaction to suffering is *not* to like it. A baby howls lustily when he is spanked. A normal wife, cruelly mistreated by a drunkard husband, leaves him.

Look at the forty-two-year-old woman recently brought into an emergency ward after swallowing an ounce of iodine. She seemed to have every reason to wish to do away with herself: she was the wife of a drunkard who had deserted her; because of illness, she could not get regular employment and supported herself and her three children by doing knitting at home. But it was found she had refused medical care which would have made it possible for her to earn a satisfactory living. Her present marriage was her third, and it seemed odd that *all* of her husbands had been improvident and abusive. Finally her neighbors reported she "just enjoyed suffering." Social workers had come to the same conclusion.

Because women are by nature more inclined to be submissive than men, more women than men are apt to fall into the martyr category. It is when a woman's natural submissiveness is exaggerated and caricatured that she crosses the border line into a neurosis. It is not hard to spot this type.

The daughter who, devoted to her mother to the exclusion of marriage for herself, broke her fiancé's heart as well as her own, made people feel very sorry for her. They needn't have. For in the final analysis, people generally do what they really want to do. That daughter wouldn't trade her halo for a husband and a houseful of children. If the mother had been normal, she wouldn't have used her "helplessness" to dominate her daughter's life and demand her exclusive attention. If the daughter had been normal, she wouldn't have let her. And the normal daughter stuck with the care of an ailing parent can give that care cheerfully and with love, yet still admit to intimates that it is burdensome. Only the would-be martyr kisses the rod and hugs the thorns.

Such martyrdom is not natural. Beware of it in others—and guard against any such tendency in yourself.

If you know someone who fits into a martyr's niche, you can do your part toward helping her help herself. Quit praising her. Don't sympathize. Don't worry about her, and stop saying, "Poor dear Aunt Susan! What sacrifices she has made!"

Evidence notwithstanding, Aunt Susan is probably enjoying her "sad lot" immensely.

THE END

For LOVE or MONEY

What Todd had gone through for Nona made a fantastic confession, but here it was—plus what the brass could read between the lines

BY SAMUEL W. TAYLOR

I clutched the inside of the window frame. Hands closed tightly on my wrist and shoulder and helped me through.

RÉSUMÉ OF PART ONE

IT was all because he was in love with Nona, a Wac in Public Relations, that Sergeant Ralph Todd got mixed up with black-market crooks in Paris. Summoned by Nona to meet her with his jeep, Ralph was waylaid and forced by two phony M.P.s to drive to a garage where stolen army supplies were being loaded into trucks. Ralph recognized the men in charge, Captain Slocum, Lieutenant Tucker, Bret Strain—a war correspondent—and Private Peter Butler. To his horror, Nona was there, too, apparently on friendly terms with the hijackers, though she slipped a note to Ralph asking help. Butler had been ordered to shoot Ralph, after taking his jeep, but Ralph escaped and, afraid of compromising Nona, went A.W.O.L.

Meeting Bret Strain one day, Ralph learned that Nona had been arrested in the stolen jeep. Still believing in her innocence, he reported to Major Smith of the Criminal Investigation Department and told the whole story. Strain had urged Ralph to carry a valuable briefcase to London for him, and the major ordered the sergeant to play along with the gang. Secretly contacted en route by a C.I.D. man who examined the briefcase, Ralph made his way to the London rendezvous where the crooks were assembled. Nona was there, too. "I escaped," she told him. Eager to protect her from a second arrest, he gave warning that the C.I.D. was on the way. Even as the conspirators scattered, there was a shout from the locked outer door: "Military Police! Open up!"

PART TWO—CONCLUSION

THERE was a shattering thump as the M.P.s hit the door opening onto the stair landing. A voice from the outside hall said, "All right, you guys; hit it together," and there came a splintering crash. I knew the door was open because the dank night wind swept through the kitchen window, blowing back the flimsy curtain. At the same moment I realized the blackout drapes were drawn aside from the window, and I saw the significance of the broken cup in the sink below it. Nona, Bret Strain, Lieutenant Tucker, Captain Slocum and the two Englishmen had gone out this window. I lost no time in following.

The roof of the adjoining building was a short hop down.

The ridge of the roof was flat and about four feet wide; rising from it was the casing of a roof door and a massive chimney; beyond the chimney was the eyeless wall of the adjoining building. On either side of the flat ridge the slate sloped down, slick and moist, to the eaves, which in front and back were broken by the gables of three dormer windows. The window I had come through opened directly above the flat ridge, and I guessed the apartment had been selected because of this feature.

I ran across the ridge to the roof door. It was locked from the inside. "Here's where they went out," a voice said from the window. I flattened behind the boxlike frame as a flashlight played over the roof. The light snapped off, and I heard somebody yelling to the street below an order to watch the next house.

I began edging along the slope of the roof to get beyond the chimney, and halfway along and with nothing to hold to I began sliding down the damp slate toward the eaves and the street far below. There was nothing to cling to. My hand caught, briefly and vainly, at the ridge of a dormer gable, and my knee braced, equally vainly, against the valley. Then my toes caught in the drain trough and it held.

A light was playing above. Figures were climbing out of the apartment window onto the flat ridge. It seemed the lesser of two evils to trust my weight to that drain trough, to reach past the eaves of the little gable and gently to ease the dormer window up. I clutched the inside of the frame and began the delicate business of squirming past the eaves. Hands closed tightly on my wrist and helped me through.

I was in a small bedroom with a tiny and very pretty girl who'd displayed amazing strength for her size. She closed the window, stood on a chair and eased the blackout drapes together.

"You Yanks have the strangest habit of popping in places, don't you?" Her eyes were level with mine as she stood on the chair.

"We get around," I admitted.

"I heard the shouting. I suppose they're after you. My name is Barbara. Could you do with a cup of tea?"

"I certainly could."

She fixed tea as calmly as if she helped a man through the window every night. She was exquisite, in the way of a miniature. From outside came occasional shouted orders. When a knock came at her door, she said quietly, "Pop into the wardrobe, Yank. And don't forget your cup."

I heard, from the wardrobe, the polite voice of a British bobby, and an American voice said, "Thanks, lady; sorry to bother you." The door clicked shut and Barbara let me out.

"I expect you'll have to stay here tonight, Yank, if you don't mind the floor."

"Why are you doing this for me?"

"Perhaps sometime I'll tell you, Yank."

ON V-J Night, London went wild. The Wacs from the barracks near Grosvenor Square ran into the street in their pajamas, yelling, and started a snake dance. G.I.s and officers joined it as it threaded a way to Oxford Street, and by the time it turned into Regent Street it was blocks long. It came into Piccadilly Circus to find the place packed with people gone wild. There was dancing in the streets. Girls were tossed high in blankets. G.I.s were kissing every girl they could catch. A pyramid of howling humanity, completely covering a jeep somewhere beneath, threaded through the mob. A master sergeant, bare to the waist, his shirt dangling from his belt, walked around completely happy simply to be flouting regulations. A colonel said to him happily, "Sergeant, where is your necktie?" And the two went off arm in arm to drink to the end of the war.

The war was over. To me it had just begun.

I had stayed in London because I liked the city and because I didn't dare risk travel any more. Major Smith, who'd given me a chance outside of channels and at his own risk, certainly wouldn't rest until I was apprehended. And Bret Strain's gang was combing the underworld for me.

Except for Barbara, I couldn't have hid out. She was secretary to an American colonel, and she tipped me off in advance to the periodic A.W.O.L. round-ups, when for a day all authorized personnel in London were restricted to quarters, and any G.I. on the street was picked up.

After V-J Day, the uniforms began thinning out. By midwinter a G.I. was becoming conspicuous. One night Barbara arrived with a civilian suit of gray tweed. "How do you like it?"

This did mark the end. She turned her back and I stripped off my O.D.s and put on the suit. Civilian clothes felt loose and baggy to me after the snug uniform. "O.K."

She turned, smiling, and then the smile twisted a bit and tears welled in her eyes. "You'll find papers in the coat pocket. They'll get you by if you stay out of trouble, but they won't hold up under investigation. Good luck, Yank." There was finality in her tone, and at my unspoken question she nodded. "Yes, this is good-by. I'm getting married tomorrow."

"To the colonel?"

"I'll make him a good wife."

"I'm sure you will, Barbara. He's a lucky man."

"You really mean that, Yank?"

I nodded. Barbara had a complex code of her own. She'd given herself, I knew, to many G.I.s. But I never could think of her as a bad girl.

"You've been wondering why I did what I did for you, and—well, what I've been?"

"That's none of my business."

"I was engaged to a Yank tail gunner and he was killed. After that, I thought that anything I could do for the boys wouldn't be enough. And if they had a pleasant time with me on pass before they went back and got killed on the next mission—But the war's over now and I'm marrying the colonel. I'll be a good wife."

I never saw her again.

THE next year was a particular type of hell I don't like to think about. My forged credentials

(*Continued on page 64*)

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST CHIRIACKA

KODACHROME BY EMIL HERMAN

At 51, night-club singer Carl Brisson is to ladies-in-mink what Frankie Boy is to the bobby-soxers

Suave Sender

BY BETTY ETTER

PATRONS of one of New York's swank supper clubs glanced up only briefly as the middle-aged entertainer appeared. There was a little polite applause as he swept off his top hat in the Continental manner, but the buzz of conversation and the clatter of dishes continued. To those who had heard of him, he was a "has been." To those who hadn't, he wasn't half as interesting as the mink-swathed blonde at the ringside table.

Then Carl Brisson began to sing. The room suddenly became quiet. A few moments later there was a roof-lifting burst of applause.

Thirty minutes and a dozen encores later the "has been" was on his way up again. In the parlance of show business he was "in."

Today the "Great Dane," who makes no secret of the fact that he is fifty-one and a grandfather (film star Rosalind Russell is the mother of his two-year-old grandson), has more night-club bids than he can hope to fill and has been featured on a national radio network. He has recently made his first two albums of records, for which there were 100,000 advance orders. Broadway producers are paging him for romantic leads. And Hollywood, which brushed him off not long ago, has its pen out and a "Sign here" gleam in its eye.

Tagged the "Park Avenue Sinatra" after his sensational comeback three years ago, Brisson was packing them in in London and on the Continent before Frankie could so much as read a lyric. And even before that, he had tasted success as the "cruiserweight" boxing champion of Europe.

Fifty of the oversize Brisson scrapbooks were destroyed during the London blitz, but the six which remain are filled with stories of his successes. Brisson toured with Cary Grant, appeared in London opposite such stars as Ida Lupino, Merle Oberon, Evelyn Laye, and Ella Logan. He had two homes in the British capital and had large real-estate holdings in his native Denmark. He commuted from London to Hollywood, making pictures. Brisson, it seemed, was anchored firmly on the top rung of the ladder of success.

Then came the war. They said he was too old for the army. His Danish real estate was confiscated by the Nazis. Bombs destroyed his London homes. Finally the British curfew law wiped out his means of livelihood.

Carl sang for the troops throughout England and France. After Dunkirk, when his funds were almost gone, he returned to Hollywood, only to get the cold shoulder. He sank his small remaining capital in a small farm in California. But that didn't pay off.

Then one night, as he was dining at the Versailles, Nick, one of the proprietors, asked him if he would consider singing there. Carl had begun to shake his head when he remembered the state of his wallet.

"How much are you paying him?" he asked, pointing to a dispirited singer on the floor.

"Five hundred dollars," Nick answered.

Brisson said he'd sing for a week at that figure. By the end of the week Nick and Arnold were regretfully turning away hundreds of would-be cash customers. Twelve weeks later, when Carl left to fill another engagement, he was nicking the cash register for $2,500 each seven days.

Other smash appearances followed throughout the country. He was voted "the outstanding night-club entertainer of 1944." The women veterans of World War II labeled him "The Physique" and voted him their "pin-up boy." He turned down $20,000 for a four weeks' engagement at a Chicago theater. Brisson was on his way up again.

Part of his sensational comeback is due probably to his boundless energy and enthusiasm. But much of it is due, too, to the Brisson charm. When he steps before a night-club audience in his superbly tailored evening clothes, smiles his infectious grin, and begins to sing, even the most world-weary guests listen. Mink-clad ladies ogle him politely from ringside tables. Tired business men look enviously at his splendid physique.

There are such matters, too, as the deep dimples, the blue eyes, the gleaming white teeth, the suave sophistication, the slight but charming accent. Not to mention such technicalities as timing, stage presence, and the special Brisson method of "acting out" each song.

Despite all this, until he began singing over the air his fan mail was sparse. There were and are, however, presents, including a small legacy left him recently by an English society woman. And for the last two years, every day he is to sing, a white gardenia has arrived, *sans* card. (He never wears it.) But now the letters pour in at the rate of 500 a week. No, he says, he has received no proposals. No, the ladies don't swoon over him. But a glance at the stacks of envelopes addressed in feminine handwriting makes one wonder. After all, Mrs. Brisson, his wife of thirty-five years, knows a good thing when she sees it. And she gets first look at the mail.

THE END

THROUGH PURPLE GLASS

by

LETITIA PRESTON OSBORNE

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE TETZEL

Myrtle had inadvertently married one of *the* Chisholms of Boston and became so conditioned to being a lady she couldn't have a real good time any more. This is the gay story of a delightful "man's woman" and her effect on stodgy Back Bay.

A LIBERTY BOOK CONDENSATION • *READING TIME: ONE EVENING*

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IN a small apartment house in Beacon Street, opposite Boston Common, the Widow Chisholm was dressing. It was Sunday afternoon, but the widow didn't believe in pushing and shoving her hips and stomach into a girdle unless there was a reason.

One of the widow's absorbing interests was food, as you could easily see by looking at her exuberant body and pink and white sofa cushion of a face. She was extremely pretty even so, and she did not look as if she were nearly forty years old, but like an extremely well-fed farm girl in city clothes, which, indeed, she was.

Other women might read *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar* and wear flat sailors and high necks and square cut coats, but not the widow. No matter what fashion authorities said, Myrtle dressed for men and she knew that men liked frills and furbelows and a woman who smelled sweet and yes-ed them; so just go on, you, and look like a *Vogue* advertisement, and have a career, and diet. Not Myrtle. She was just one hundred and fifty pounds of femininity and men looked twice at her when they passed on the street. That look in Myrtle's large blue eyes, a there-is-more-to-this-than-you-might-think look, was telling no lie.

It was early October and still warm. Myrtle had not gone to church. She very often did go to church because it was a link with the highly respectable life she had led with the late Mr. Chisholm and an added fillip to the satisfaction of living in a carefully run apartment house on Beacon Hill.

When Myrtle's friends came to see her and peered out of the six panes of purple glass, they said, "Some class to this joint, eh Myrt? Reminds me of Mr. Chisholm." Mr. Chisholm had been a gentleman, and if gentlemen had purple glass in them Mr. Chisholm would have had several panes of it.

"Sure thing," agreed Myrtle, as she gave her girl friends food and a little nip of something. "Mr. Chisholm always said he wanted me to live in a nice place after he'd gone. Mr. Chisholm was awful good to me."

He had been too. He had met Myrtle one summer when she was walking along the beach at Atlantic City unconcerned with sea shells and pebbles, or even the ocean. Mr. Chisholm had gone there to see if the sea air would help his asthma. He had never expected to meet Myrtle, but there, right before him, was this luscious marshmallow of a girl and she didn't care whether he had asthma or not, but married him before he left Atlantic City.

When they came back to Boston, where Mr. Chisholm had been born and where he had always lived, his family wouldn't have a thing on earth to do with Myrtle. That didn't bother Mr. Chisholm. He just bought a place in Scituate and said, "Myrtle, you aren't missing one thing. My family always bored me."

"I sorta wish I'd gone to church," Myrtle told herself this Sunday, as she dressed for a walk on the Common. (You can't see any men sticking around a house all day, you know.)

She had seen Mrs. James Ballentine Strudwick, Jr., and The Third, go out to church. They lived on the second floor and were as ritzy as all get out.

"My goodness," Myrtle said when she watched them, "he's sure a skinny little old thing. Reminds me of Mr. Chisholm before I began to feed him up. If you'd soak The Third over night and add a pinch of salt, maybe the old dehydrated thing would come to life. That mother of his has just dried him up, that's what. He's not bad looking. No sir! What he needs is a little life."

The widow examined her wardrobe and selected a lavender suit and a lavender hat and a lavender veil, all of which she wore with a billowing white blouse. She dabbed on some "Surrender," sighing softly as she wished she could, and searched for a pair of clean gloves. Clean gloves were an unmistakable sign of a real lady. That was Mr. Chisholm. Myrtle knew perfectly well how to be a lady, but it bored her to be one all the time.

The fact that she hadn't been to church kept bothering her, for Myrtle really wanted to lead the good life and somehow going to church eased her conscience about that gin habit. Got to watch myself or I'll be depending on it; and she wanted to do a Good Deed. Opening her icebox she took out half a chocolate pie and decided she would take it to the Misses Warren, the poor little old things. These were two old ladies who lived just back of her and, though they talked big and pretended not to be poor, everyone knew they were half starved most of the time. They always went to church. At least the younger one did. "Oh, Mrs. Chisholm, such an inspiring sermon!" That was Miss Nellie. Episcopalians. Myrtle was a Baptist.

She knocked on the Warrens' door and heard the quick walk of Miss Nellie. Immediately spying the food, Miss Nellie's face lighted up and she said, "Do come in, Mrs. Chisholm. My sister and I were just having a bit of tea. Friends may drop in later."

They keep on saying that, but friends just don't ever drop in that place. Not often, Myrtle thought.

"I can't stay, Miss Nellie," she said. "Just thought you and your sister might enjoy this piece of pie. Seems like I never can make little dabs of this and that, but have to shoot the works. Things taste better."

"Indeed they do, Mrs. Chisholm," agreed Miss Nellie.

"Who is it, Nellie?" came the harsh voice of Miss Myra. "Bring them in."

"Just Mrs. Chisholm with a delicious, delicious treat, Myra, but she can't come in."

Miss Nellie knew that her sister did not care for Mrs. Chisholm, resenting the fact that she lived in the apartment house, and only enduring her because of the food she gave them. It was very rude of her not to say any-

thing then, but that nice Mrs. Chisholm didn't seem to notice. The widow did notice, of course; Myrtle Chisholm was no fool. Little did she care whether that sour-looking Warren woman liked her or not. It was Miss Nellie she was interested in. She went on out into the street, feeling first rate now that she had done something nice.

First she would go over and listen to the crazy speeches on the Mall and then she'd take a little stroll up toward the Band Stand and then over by the fountain and then home. Maybe she'd have a caller. Some traveling man might be in town and lonesome, or maybe not, and if no one came she'd just have a nice cool Tom Collins and lie down and read. All in Myrtle's life was comfortable, but it had its lonely spots, too, when she remembered she didn't have any man to wait on and cook for.

Little groups were standing around among the benches in front of the Band Stand and arguing and Myrtle went on over to watch two nice-looking old men play checkers. She saw the plays before the shaky hands moved. Many a time she had played checkers with Mr. Chisholm. One old hand wavered above the board, touched one of his men, moved it, and Myrtle said, "Oh don't, don't, you'll get in a trap!" And she walked away before the surprised old man could say anything. I know I shouldn't have done it, Myrtle thought, hurrying, but in two moves he would have been jumped.

"You must like checkers," a voice at her side said, and

Myrtle saw a tall man in a gray suit. Such a swell-looking man, too, and she smiled and nodded, her heart giving a little widow's flutter.

"I used to play a lot of checkers with my husband," she said. "But I shouldn't have butt in that way, should I?"

"I don't know why not," said the man, now walking with Myrtle. "I don't play checkers myself, I was merely watching and I was somewhat curious to know why such a woman as yourself should be interested."

Oh boy, but he was a gentleman all right! Mr. Chisholm always used that word "somewhat" in peculiar ways like that. "I come over here often for the air. I only live over yonder in that apartment house."

"Shall we sit down here on this bench in the sun and talk?" suggested the man.

"Why yes," agreed Myrtle. "Why not?"

Everybody should be friendly like in this sad old world, she thought. Besides, dearie me, it had been a long time since she had picked up anything as classy looking as this gentleman.

"By the way," said the man. "I'm Albert Markham, Professor Markham, of the University of the World."

Lord love me, thought Myrtle, here I am sitting out here in the Common with a professor! I never heard of the World University, only Harvard. This is just too nice for anything and maybe we'll get so friendly I can ask him over to the house and I'll have some tea or maybe coffee and some nice thick sandwiches, for, professor or no professor, men do like big sandwiches and none of these little butterfly things, and I have half a caramel cake. . . .

"I'm Mrs. Chisholm," she said.

"There was a Professor Chisholm in Idaho when I was there," said Professor Markham. "A very fine man, too. He almost perfected the secret of perpetual motion."

"Might have been related to Mr. Chisholm," Myrtle said. "His family were all very bright like that, though I don't recollect he ever spoke of a professor."

I'D like to smoke, Myrtle thought, but he might not approve. I must make him know I'm a respectable person. I don't want to spoil this meeting. When I walk in the apartment house with him, why, all those snoopy tenants will see I've got a gentleman with me. He's as distinguished looking as The Third and I'll bet he's brighter even than Mr. Bartram. That gave her an idea.

"We have a very bright man living in our apartment, a Mr. Bartram. Mr. John Bartram. Very distinguished looking gentleman, with a goatee."

The Professor ignored Mr. Bartram. He reached in his pocket and withdrew a small black box and, looking at Myrtle searchingly, said, "Can I trust you?"

"Oh dear me, yes," said Myrtle, excited and confused.

"Here in this small box is the greatest invention of the age, madam, and I want you to see it. Very few people have seen it, I can assure you. This very delicate machinery will play back all the lost conversations of the world. If I kept it running long enough I could eventually hear what Anthony and Cleopatra talked about, and Charlemagne. Why I might even hear the voice of Almighty God Himself! Listen! Put your ear close, hold the box carefully. I do not recognize the voice now speaking. Do you? Just think, it might be Marco Polo!"

Myrtle put the black box to her ear. She didn't know who the people were he was talking about, except Cleopatra and God. She hoped that some of her own lost conversations wouldn't be played back!

"I can't hear a thing," Myrtle said. "Can I shake it?"

"No!" thundered the Professor. "Don't! The mechanism is very delicate. Listen carefully. Listen!"

"No," said Myrtle, "I still can't hear."

The Professor took the box and held it to his own ear.

"It works perfectly," he told her. "Your ear isn't attuned. It's like those high-pitched whistles that only dogs can hear."

"Yes," said Myrtle, in a small voice. She got up, hurriedly. "I just happened to think that I have some friends coming and I must go, Professor," she said. "I certainly wish you all the luck in the world with your wonderful invention."

"Yes," said the Professor, rising politely and bowing, "I am unable to interest other scientists in it. You see, you have to have such a delicately attuned ear and so few humans have. I was hoping you would. It will revolutionize the world. There will no longer be any secrets that I shall not know. I can control the world, you see." His eyes were bright and yet with no expression; a hollow brightness.

Myrtle walked fast. She was afraid to look around for fear he would be following her, and when she got to the apartment and put her key in the door and was safe inside her own room she was out of breath. She took off her gay lavender suit and her lavender hat and veil and her shoes that hurt and, with great effort, ripped off her girdle.

Putting on an old dressing gown, she poured herself a hearty drink of gin, squeezed a lemon in it and stirred in some sugar, and then she sat by the window and began to drink it and to cry.

"I would have been so proud of him," she said. "I could have bragged about him to the other tenants. Oh, why did he have to be nuts?"

MYRTLE CHISHOLM, her arms laden with groceries, was panting and humming up Beacon Hill. The little tune with which she was struggling had no name, but the words were Company coming for dinner . . . company coming for dinner . . . company coming for dinner. A man, too.

"Never fails," she had just told herself, "when I get the house tore apart that a man don't telephone. Sure is worth it, though!"

Well, a little thing like that didn't worry Myrtle. She could get the janitor to help and, in no time at all, the apartment would be neat again.

Mrs. James Ballentine Strudwick, Jr., and her son, James, were coming down the hill, arms free of bundles, though The Third carried a tightly rolled umbrella. There were no clouds in the clear October sky, but James and his umbrella were as inseparable as James and his mother and there was not too much difference between them, both being tightly rolled and encased in black.

"Hello, there!" Myrtle greeted them. "Awful pull up this old hill, isn't it?"

She paused, anxious to talk, but the Strudwicks went on. Mrs. Strudwick, without smiling, indicated by a slight movement of her head that she had seen the widow, but The Third smiled, raised his hat, and said, "J'do."

Stuck-up old scarecrow. *He* looked like he'd have been glad to pass the time of day with a body. Scared of her though.

But Myrtle didn't waste much time thinking about the Strudwicks. She was thinking about the man who had telephoned her. The widow's men friends were catalogued in her mind by their food preference. Bob Ebbets was a chocolate cake man. While janitor Patrick Moran moved her furniture back in place and centered the rug, Myrtle beat up a cake and sang.

Patrick Moran liked the widow. He knew right enough that she didn't belong there. Well he remembered the day she came to rent the apartment a few years back. Dressed all in black, she was, and looking as meek as you please and ready with her check book to pay the first month's rent and dabbing at her eyes with a little handkerchief and talking about Now that Mr. Chisholm has gone and Now that I'm all alone in the world.

Many a time since then he knew that Miss Susan Mainwaring, who owned the apartment, had regretted taking the widow. She didn't belong with that purple glass Miss Mainwaring was so proud of, boasting all the time how it was put in the house when it was built in 1818 and just turned that way for no reason at all. No other house on the Hill had twenty-four panes of purple glass, but why it was such a treasure Patrick Moran could not imagine. He's much rather have decent panes of glass and all one color and not having part turn this way and the other that.

He didn't know exactly how Miss Mainwaring had come to be fooled by Mrs. Chisholm because she was so particular about whom she took in, and wouldn't have children or dogs. It must have been the name Chisholm, for

once Miss Mainwaring had said, "And I knew her husband when he was a small boy!"

Oh well, the widow was all right. Just full of life and things and liking her drink. The empty bottles he took off the dumbwaiter!

You could tell what sort of people the tenants were just by the garbage they sent down and the way they sent it. Miss Mainwaring sent her garbage down in neat little paper bags and all tied up with string, just like it was bread she had baked to be sold at a pastry shop. There wasn't anything at all hardly to pull from the apartment where the two old ladies lived, those Warrens. Didn't seem to Patrick Moran that they got enough to eat half the time. Didn't have much from Mr. Bartram's apartment, either, but it wasn't because he was poor. He just didn't give a damn about eating much. Crazy old coot, sleeping all day and staying up all night, but something nice about him at that.

The mess came from the second floor, from the Strudwick apartment. Mrs. James Ballentine Strudwick, Jr., and James Ballentine Strudwick, the Third. That was right on the directory downstairs. Funny a man as old as that son being a third and an old lady like Mrs. Strudwick being a junior. It just didn't make sense. The son couldn't be a day less than forty.

Patrick could hear Mrs. Chisholm in the kitchen singing a hymn. And she's not high either, Patrick Moran thought. She always sang like that when she got a little high and it didn't make any difference what time of day it was, that widow could get a bun on as quick as a wink. Must be she's going to have company, he went on thinking. He hoped that soon she could get a man to stay on her hook long enough to land him. She's one of them that was born for marriage, he thought.

But Myrtle wasn't thinking of landing Bob Ebbets. He was married and had children and when he got a few drinks under his belt he began to talk about the sweetest little woman in the world, his wife, and to brag about how smart his children were in school. Myrtle didn't mind. If you couldn't entertain single men, married men were better than nothing, and when you're kissing a man you can't tell the difference. Besides, married men were more grateful.

"Can't understand it," Myrtle often said. "I'd keep a husband so busy he wouldn't have time to run around begging for handouts. Looks to me like married women are sure dumb. I could teach 'em a few tricks. All you got to do is be pleasant all the time, no matter what. That's all there is to marriage. That and cooking. So easy it just don't make sense to see so many married men on the loose, but, lordy, the married men I've known!"

MRS. JAMES BALLENTINE STRUDWICK, Jr., had lived all her life on Beacon Hill, but not, of course, in what she considered a very small apartment. It was really two of Miss Mainwaring's apartments thrown into one and would have seemed adequate to almost anyone but Mrs. Strudwick.

She had sold her home in Pinckney Street, when that awful woman bought the house next door and opened a rooming house for stenographers and bank clerks, really dreadful people, and had gone to France to live until one could really tell just where in Boston one would be safe from the Irish. And then this horrible war had come.

There was no thought of James getting a commission and going to war, though, quite naturally, Mrs. Strudwick could have gotten him one with no trouble at all. Thank God, the *real* Army still has gentlemen in it! But James was too delicate to suffer the rigors of military life, even if he were stationed in Washington, and his mother knew that she could arrange that, too. No, James had better stay with her, for everyone knows that some people have to stay behind in war times to keep the home front from breaking up entirely.

The Strudwicks spent their time with friends and books and causes and by having intimate little dinner parties, where old brandy and boredom were served up together. Tonight there was a dinner party in progress and seventeen-year-old Connie Moran, the janitor's daughter, was helping Sophie, the Polish cook, as she always did when the Strudwicks entertained.

There were only two guests tonight, Mr. Abbott Catherwood and Miss Alice Edwards, an old maid who wore flat heeled shoes even when she had on a long black dress and her string of pearls. Mr. Catherwood was a thin old man with a hollowed out sort of face whose false teeth clicked when he ate, though nobody but Connie seemed to notice.

Mrs. Strudwick had invited Mr. Bartram, but he had refused. Connie knew because Mrs. Strudwick had asked her to go up to his apartment and invite him. It was difficult to catch Mr. Bartram. Mrs. Strudwick had told her to say, "Mrs. Strudwick would like very much to have you dine with her on Thursday at seven," and Connie had done so.

"Tell Mrs. Strudwick that Mr. Bartram sends his compliments and suggests that she bore someone else on Thursday," said Mr. Bartram, and Connie had translated this into "Mr. Bartram says he's awfully sorry but he can't come, Mrs. Strudwick."

"A most difficult person," Mrs. Strudwick had commented.

Even if Sophie hadn't told her, Connie would have known Miss Edwards was in love with Mr. Strudwick, for it was always "Don't you think so, James?" or "James, what is your opinion?" and that hungry look in her eyes.

"In 1845 the American born people predominated in Boston," said Mr. Catherwood as Connie passed the canapes. "I was reading the statistics of today and I was horrified. Boston is over 74 per cent Irish today. All of that in a hundred years. Really most deplorable."

"That Irish invasion in—when was it, Cousin Abbott?" This was Mrs. Strudwick.

"In 1847," Mr. Catherwood told her. "The Irish invasion was a terrible thing to happen to Boston." He made it sound like the Huns overrunning Europe.

CONNIE could not linger any longer and she went back to the kitchen. Always she made her tasks as long as possible so she could hear them talk.

"What are they yapping about now?" Sophie asked, peering into the oven to look at the roast. "The Irish or the Jews?"

"The Irish invasion!" laughed Connie. "Just you wait till Papa hears that one!"

"The only reason they don't talk about the Polish invasion is there ain't enough. A Pole has got to be mighty hard up before he'll come to Boston. Chicago's the place for Poles," Sophie said.

At the table the Strudwicks and their guests continued their talk.

"Really, Louisa, I am inclined to think that the menace of the Jews is far more serious than that of the Irish," Mr. Catherwood said. "The Irish present no economic problem, but the Jew does. What Irishman worries about percentage? But that is the Jew's reason for living. Money! He lives for that alone."

"But you discount the fact, Cousin Abbott, that we not only have the presence of the Irish but the popish aspect of their religion, if it could be called a religion," Mrs. Strudwick said.

"The Irish do control our politics," Mr. Catherwood said, "but you don't find this situation in the Middle West, you know."

"The Middle West!" scoffed Mrs. Strudwick, as if it were Indian Territory. "Why, my dear Cousin Abbott, that is no concern of ours. We are only concerned with Boston."

"A great number of the Jews and the Irish have contributed to civilization, you know," put in James Strudwick, mildly.

"Nonsense!" said his mother. "The Irish have corrupted Boston politically and the Jews have done nothing but grab money, practically stealing it from proper Bostonians."

"And they are creeping up the Hill," said Mr. Catherwood.

Back in the drawing room the progress of the war was touched upon lightly, the New Deal more heavily, but now the conversation had drifted to the unfortunate marriage of one of the daughters of an old family.

"One of those hurried war affairs," said Mrs. Strud-

wick. "She met him at the Officers' Club, and, of course, that doesn't mean a thing. Officers are made these days through politics and everything else. It seems that Eloise objected to the marriage. No one knew his family, but Christine told her mother that she was not marrying his family, only the man. The younger generation knows nothing about tradition. Nothing whatever."

"He seemed to be a very fine sort of chap, really," said James. "I was quite impressed, you know."

"It is of the utmost importance to know the family of the person you are going to marry," said Mrs. Strudwick firmly, as if stating a mathematical formula that could not be disputed. "Years and years of knowing each other, in growing up together—that makes the happiest marriage. I knew my husband always. We were children together."

"Yes, yes," agreed Miss Edwards with eagerness. "That is the ideal way. One gets used to the same things and the same people and it is not such a break."

"We have that horrible widow in the apartment house," Mrs. Strudwick said. "You remember, Alice, that poor Arthur Chisholm's son made a most unfortunate marriage, and his widow, by some hook or crook, got in this house. I don't know what Susan Mainwaring was thinking about."

"It was an accident," Mr. Catherwood said. "She did not consult me."

"She looks like a jolly sort of person," James said. "It always does one good to see her."

"I've always told James that if he ever got married he was to be sure of everything, of the girl's background and of her nature, everything. They do these things so much better on the continent." This was Mrs. Strudwick.

"James, you aren't thinking of getting married, are you?" Mr. Catherwood shook his finger waggishly.

"No, Cousin Abbott, I think I am a confirmed old bachelor," said James.

"Naughty James!" teased Miss Edwards, ponderously.

"The Massachusetts Strudwick line ceases with James," Mrs. Strudwick said, as if it were something she was very happy about. "He is the last male."

"OUTRAGEOUS!" exclaimed Mr. Bartram, and added a tut, tut or so for gentle emphasis. The sounds emerged from above his neatly trimmed goatee, no more ferocious than a kitten sneezing.

Mr. Bartram was having his breakfast and reading the morning paper. It was not really his breakfast for in a short while he would be going to bed. Eight A.M. was his bedtime. It was, however, the morning paper and the agitated Mr. Bartram had just discovered the following sentence: "We are awaiting with interest for the opinion of Stalin."

"Awaiting is always transitive," he said plaintively. "This would never have happened on the *Transcript*. Never."

Mr. Bartram was seventy-two; his income had dwindled a bit, but it was still more than sufficient to enable him to live in as much comfort as he wanted and that the exigencies of war permitted. He had never been extravagant, except where books were concerned. For forty years he had lived in this one place, having moved in as soon as Susan Mainwaring had changed her home into apartments, and, before that, in the same neighborhood. A Brahmin was Mr. Bartram, a thoroughgoing Brahmin; but he never thought of himself as such. The word Brahmin, used only by outsiders, had a connotation of smugness about it, and Mr. Bartram thought that the people who were part and parcel of that group were anything but smug. They were merely confident, which is another matter entirely.

It was puzzling to Mr. Bartram that others of his sort could not see that though a man was named Modesti or Weinberg or O'Reilly or Kurajewski, this different man was such a person as himself, a human being interested in seeing that he had a comfortable home and decent food and that his children had a future that was secure and good. Why could proper Bostonians not understand that, though this strange man might not have a Sully portrait or a Hepplewhite sideboard, he might still treasure his brass samovar, or a quilt his mother had made, with the same madness that a collector of Waterford might evince? Mr. Bartram could understand it.

It was not because he hated the world that he had withdrawn into his apartment and turned night into day. His was not a lonely world bounded entirely by his own small needs, but a world as spacious and peopled as any man could wish, and filled to overflowing with reality. No, it was merely that Mr. Bartram had much work to accomplish, and the night was an admirable time in which to do it. At night there were no interruptions and he could sit at his desk and write, secure in the knowledge that no visitors would come, no telephone would ring, and nothing would close in upon him but the things he wanted.

When he had decided to do this, he had been surprised to find how easy it was. He had Mr. Moran disconnect the doorbell, had the telephone removed, and simply reversed his day. There was nothing else to it. When packages came, such as books, Mr. Moran put them inside. Mr. Bartram cared very little what the other tenants

thought of him. The important thing was getting work done.

Of course he was concerned with the world. No doubt clever men would settle up the peace, or think they had done so, and, no matter, he would be dead and gone when the next war came, and could smile down at the misguided world from some place.

How very easily enduring peace would come about if every man felt so secure in himself through his own personal integrity that he did not resent dining in a hotel where a Negro sat next to him, or living where a Jew lived, or having an Irishman for President. Peace could endure, should this same attitude spread throughout the world. It was a strange world, indeed, where there were Indian army officers who couldn't go into a British officers' club, Chinese who had limited rights in their own country, schools where children had to be entered at birth and never, never could the son of a learned man go there unless his name was right, Americans who went to countries and ignored the people born there, content to wring the country dry and leave it, and Jews with no homeland of their own, or one so circumscribed that it was only another form of prison.

No, such simple goodness, such a practical application of Christianity would have no appeal, for one cannot be a true Christian oneself unless one is willing to lose some material wealth; and this applied in a larger fashion to countries and to the world. Until man is willing to give up those things which he cannot carry away with him, and to retain such a complete assurance that he is equal to all and that all are equal to him, no lasting peace can come. Perhaps never, thought Mr. Bartram, and there is no use thinking about it.

Some of these things he had discussed with his friends, in their homes, at his club and at the Athenaeum, but they were interested only in exhibiting their own small and proud worlds. It was going to be this same way

when the winners sat down to finish the world game.

Some people might say that Mr. Bartram led a very dull life and that he had acquired such unsociable habits because he was not married. A series of observations in the homes of his married friends had told him that marriage was not for him. It was far from being all story-book romance, rather was it a grim sort of fight to the finish and not always the best man winning, merely the most tenacious. None of his friends were what they had planned to be in those long ago days of youth.

Mr. Bartram dutifully read the obituaries, as all good Bostonians do, as if it were a religious duty; and he thought of himself as the last leaf on the tree that some day would flutter down and be gone. He had no immediate family and nothing to bother him. Time and time again he would nod his head, smile, and say, "I should have thought of this way of living years ago."

Mr. Bartram did not consider winter a time for wandering about the streets for anything but exercise and fresh air. When he left the house a little later that afternoon, warmly clad against the searching wind of December, he walked rapidly. It was not something he wanted to do, but felt he must. Until man discovered that vitamin which would take the place of moving one leg in front of the other, there was nothing to do but brave the elements in the old-fashioned way for necessary exercise.

The street he came to finally was lined with heart-broken houses, gray and terrible in their desolation, as if some prank of fate had turned the street upside down and spilled out everything, leaving only the empty shell of a street lined with houses that despaired of happiness.

Then he saw the three boys huddled against a dreary frame building, and the other boy, plainly a Jew, standing near them, his face to the wind. Mr. Bartram had a feeling that in the space in which these figures stood, lay somehow the massed sorrow of the whole street.

What was it there among those silent boys that seemed to move and speak and have a face? Mr. Bartram waited.

THE young Jew might have been seventeen, but it was hard to tell. His face was strangely old and thin and the wind whipping at it gave it a cold, desolate appearance, and from his dark eyes bled centuries of things like this. He held a violin in both arms, held it close to him, as if it were a child he was protecting. The thin fingers of one hand, long sensitive fingers, ungloved, lay revealed against the dark violin case.

The three boys were as different looking as three boys could possibly be, and yet all seemed somehow one boy and all reached out as one boy in some sort of combined bestiality and hate toward the lonely figure of the young Jew. All three smoked and their careful, accustomed puffs told you that they had done so for a long time. They did not falter in their concentration upon the prey in front of them, and Mr. Bartram could see the hate that had turned these three young people into horrible, loathsome animals, almost obscene. Hate, suddenly taken away, might change them back into boys for whom one could feel passionately sorry, long to send them away for a summer vacation, see that they got plenty of milk and had decent surroundings. They were plainly boys for whom one should do something. The need was there, inescapable.

"I should speak to them," thought Mr. Bartram, unhappily, "but if I do, this becomes my problem and I have no solution."

The three boys began to shift their bodies now, began to be restless for the kill, and they seemed to push forward as one until they were close to the Jew.

"Why don't you move on, Ikey?"

"Yeah, scram."

"He's a coward, that's why. All kikes are cowards. My old man says so."

The young Jew looked at the boys now, his eyes wide open, terror stricken. He tried to size them up, but seemed incapable. His long fingers opened and closed on the violin as if they were breathing. Finally he spoke.

"What have I done to you?" he asked, his voice high and frightened. "What have I done?"

The boys laughed as if this were a very special kind of joke. They fell against each other in merriment. Now they threw their cigarettes away and closed in upon the Jew.

"What's he done!" they cried, and laughed and laughed.

They crowded around the Jew, pushing him before them until he was back against the house.

"You're just a dirty kike and you don't belong around here."

The tallest of the boys took the violin from unprotesting hands and dropped it on the pavement and then the boys took turns jumping on it. The ping of the broken strings shot into the air, loud and positive, like something tremendous and very final. The Jew stood watching, unbelief in his eyes and his hands made an involuntary movement toward the violin. Then he held his hands in mid air, arrested, and looked at them. Then he put his hands in his pockets and backed closer against the house.

"God, but he's yellow!"

The violin lay shattered and the boys were satisfied now, their lust stilled. They went down the hill, the fun over, and were now merely underprivileged boys going home to God-knows-what misery, unhappy urchins filled with the power and the greatness of not being a Jew, but hungry and empty and so afraid.

The young Jew watched them out of sight and then stooped down and picked up his broken violin. He sat

on the curb and slow tears began to fall. Then he held the broken violin in his lap and, putting his hands over his face, as if to hide his shame and defeat, he sobbed.

Mr. Bartram crossed the street and stood looking down at the boy. The Jew did not look like a coward, but like a boy with pride and ambition and intelligence. He stood up, startled, holding the ruins of his violin in his arms.

"Why didn't you fight back, boy?" Mr. Bartram asked, and his voice was kind and the boy knew that it was. "You should always fight back, even if you know you can't win."

"I couldn't fight back," said the boy simply. "I can work and buy another violin, but these are the only hands I'll ever have. Some day I'm going to be a fine violinist, maybe a great one. Some day."

He walked away quickly. Mr. Bartram felt impelled to follow. He wanted to call to him, to give him money for another instrument, an even better one. These thoughts pulled him forward.

"But I cannot follow him through life," he said, and stood still.

He watched the thin, small figure turn into Pinckney Street, fighting now against the wind, against so much else that it seemed he was not moving at all, but making frantic efforts to get ahead and reaching and pulling himself with the greatest effort into the distance, and the way ahead seemed dark.

MISS MYRA WARREN was a huge bony woman, nearing seventy, with colorless hair, like bird droppings, and a thin face from which jutted a nose, so long and thick, with a bulb on the end, it was almost a de-

formity. It was like seeing a large, well-built house with an ell added that didn't belong there, or a lean-to. Nature, in a prankish mood, had said, "Let's give her the old Beane nose." It was this horrible thing that had colored Myra Warren's life and filled her so full of hate that, as the years passed, she had grown into a thoroughly repulsive and evil person. Even old friends found her hard to endure. Only her eyes, bright, cunning eyes, full of schemes, seemed alive and blazed out of the old face with frightening intensity.

It was Nellie who had been the beauty and who now, at sixty-five, was still attractive, with innocent blue eyes and delicate features and hair immaculately white. She had a small figure and ridiculously little feet, of which she was inordinately proud. Miss Nellie loved everyone in the world, while Miss Myra did not like even a single human being, and she hated her sister. This was plain to everyone but Miss Nellie.

They had barely enough to live on, yet neither of them ever considered living anywhere but at a good address. Once they had had money. Strange that Papa had been such a poor manager that so little had been left. Myra said it was the extravagant and beautiful southern mother they had. Myra had always hated her mother, for it was from this side of the family the Beane nose had come, though Mama herself didn't have it.

"It is hard not having much money," Nellie would admit. "Too much for dying and not enough for living, but we aren't ashamed of where we live, at any rate."

One person could do all right.

That was the thought that was always with Myra.

SHE thought of it now as she listened to the quiet childish conversation her sister was having over the telephone with that Lorna Brown. It was inconceivable that anyone reared in the careful manner in which Nellie had been could pick up such common people and make them immediately her close friends. Nellie did not seem to care about the right people and it was impossible to have many of her friends come to the house. She even liked that woman who looked like a common whore, that Myrtle Chisholm. Plebian people invariably gave their children fancy names. And this Lorna creature who had got Nellie interested in Yogi!

"You'll lose your mind fooling around with that sort of bosh," she told Nellie. "You wait and see. You'll go insane. Mama did, you know."

"Oh no, Myra dear, Mama wasn't insane," Nellie said. "You know it was just the medicine she had to have to ease the pain."

"She died insane, just the way you will."

Miss Nellie tried not to mind what her sister said.

Miss Myra began putting her pigeon food in empty matchboxes. Her sister watched her. Myra got some special kind of pigeon food, impregnated with vitamins, and gaily colored. "Even pigeons need vitamins," she said. Miss Nellie thought it was lovely of her sister.

"Myra," Miss Nellie said, "yesterday when I was walking home I wondered why we had never invited Mr. Bartram for tea. Don't you think when Christmas is over and we get a little bit ahead with our money that it would be nice to have him?"

"Yes," agreed Myra. "Mr. Bartram is a gentleman."

"Don't you dare look in the second drawer of the chest, Myra," Miss Nellie said.

"You know we can't afford to give each other Christmas presents," her sister replied, her voice frigid with disapproval. "We gave all that up years ago."

"But it didn't cost a cent. I made it!"

"Well, I haven't anything for you, Nellie."

"I don't expect it, dear. I understand."

It would have been nice though, Miss Nellie thought, if she'd made me a little something. Never mind, I made her a good, sturdy little bag for her pigeon food, all lined and everything. It looks like one of those new pocketbooks. Myra will love it.

"Myra," she said, "did you ever think how funny it is that none of the houses on Beacon Hill have purple glass in the back but just in the front. It would seem to me that if the sun turned the glass that way it would turn it in the back, too, wouldn't you think so? I sometimes wonder if that glass is authentic, Myra. I really do."

"Of course it's authentic," Myra said. "Don't be ridiculous. And it's lavender, not purple. *Lavender* glass."

Myra Warren continued to put the colored grains of wheat in the matchboxes and smiled slyly. Only yesterday there had been a big stir about more pigeons being found dead. That was so like human beings, yowling their heads off about the mess pigeons made and then crying about the inhumanity of a few being killed off. I can't bear pigeons, Miss Myra thought, as if justifying her action. Always at their obscene pursuits. Filthy, filthy beasts. Better off dead.

"I think we might have a fowl for Christmas, dear," Miss Nellie said. "I think we can afford it, and I have the promise of some butter. I'll stuff it with Mama's famous dry dressing. Do you remember the wonderful turkeys we used to have, Myra? Huge things, simply tremendous, but oh how good! I remember one Christmas dinner when we had thirty people and we had four turkeys and Papa and Mama were so gay and there were presents for everyone. That was the first time I knew that William loved me. He told me that day and oh, dear, but he was shy! Funny about men, when they're in love with you, they're so terribly shy."

Well, Miss Myra went on thinking, there hadn't been anyone after William and now Nellie was a dried-up old maid just as she herself was. She'd never have a husband and a home. No, the giddy Nellie Warren was alone, too, no matter how many men had hung around her, acting like those disgusting pigeons, begging her to marry them. Faithful to William, never so much as looking at another man.

Myra got up and went into her room. She put on her walking shoes, her black coat and small black hat and, pulling on much-mended gloves, she went out of the house with a grieving expression, as if she were going to a funeral and were prepared emotionally and with the proper clothes. She had a small box in her pocket, and her busy fingers extracted a few grains of wheat which she dropped quietly as she walked, never pausing, never looking; but one by one the grains of wheat kept falling.

With a small, secret smile on her thin lips Myra completed the circle of the Common and sat on the Beacon Street side, in spite of the cold, pretending to read a paper. She'd read the obituaries first to see who else among her acquaintances had passed on, besides pigeons. Looking far over toward the subway entrance she could see excited people grouped about. Myra laughed. A few less pigeons, she thought. Dirty creatures! A few less people!

THE crowd pushed and shoved good-naturedly as they milled about Louisburg Square on Christmas Eve, listening to the bell ringers and the carolers and watching the people inside the lighted houses. There were beautiful decorations and, custom having established the rule, all the curtains were drawn back and the eager crowds stood watching Brahmins and near-Brahmins at play, their faces animated, intent, as are the faces of children when they watch the animals in a zoo.

In one house, where a table of Staffordshire and Lowestoft had been arranged before a window for the admiration and education of the mirthful mob, the Mark Blanchards were having Open House for their friends, a custom that had been observed ever since the first Blanchard had built this fine old house. They had more money than anyone else on the Hill and so they had a host of friends. The house was crowded, and it was a large house. Upstairs, in the small library, a select few were chatting with Mr. Blanchard and, supposedly, admiring his collection of old Chinese figures. Only those who were especially invited ever dared to go upstairs.

Downstairs, in the beautiful drawing room, in the big library and in the dining room, God's and the Blanchards' chosen people decorously enjoyed the famous Blanchard punch and a variety of good things to eat. Family servants, men and women, old men and old women, because no one, not even a Blanchard, could keep young servants in these days of defense jobs, busied themselves taking care of wraps, replenishing the punch bowl and the tables. The oldest of them all, Saunders, guarded the

front door with as much care as if it opened directly into the vaults of the Federal Reserve Bank. "Merry Christmas, Saunders!" the guests would say, with just the right amount of intimacy allowed one when dealing with an old family servant, and "Thank you, sir," or "Thank you, madam," Saunders would reply, "and a Merry Christmas to you, I'm sure," with the correct amount of intimacy allowed an old family servant when replying to an old family friend.

In the drawing room stood Eleanor Blanchard, Mrs. Mark Blanchard, tall and most elegant and exceedingly handsome, a prime favorite with the audience outside. She greeted her guests with exact amounts of affection, for no one is ever invited there who is not well known and liked. "So glad you could come, my dear. Do let Evelyn get you some punch."

Evelyn Blanchard, forty-five, was the only Blanchard child. No amount of Blanchard money had seemed adequate to induce a man to take on such an appalling amount of height. It was difficult to believe that the fine-looking woman, with so much charm and grace, who stood beside Evelyn, was her mother, and that the rotund, pleasant man upstairs was her father. Evelyn whinnied at the guests and saw to it that they had punch, and back she came to Mama's side in two or three healthy strides.

"Why, Charles! How nice to see you! Do let Evelyn get you some punch." Then, if Charles were one of the select few, Mrs. Blanchard would lower her voice and say, "Don't forget that Mark expects you upstairs."

The striding back and forth of Evelyn Blanchard was greatly appreciated by the unseen audience and she vied with Mrs. Blanchard in popularity, as people argue the relative talents of Greer Garson and Ingrid Bergman. It was easy to follow Evelyn's acting for she towered so far above the others.

THROUGH the crowd, but not pushing and shoving, merely waiting or stepping aside, came Mrs. Strudwick and her son, James, headed for the Blanchards. Eleanor Blanchard was one of Louisa Strudwick's oldest and dearest friends, they had been in each other's weddings, and their husbands had known each other well and had both made their fortunes in the easiest of all ways to make a fortune, by inheritance.

At one time, when James and Evelyn were much younger, it was hoped that they might marry, as the families were so intimate, but James, who was not tall, had failed to find so much height in Evelyn appealing. He was devoted to her, as he was to her father and mother. Now Evelyn was considered safe and Louisa Strudwick was glad that nothing had come of those long-ago schemes. She had no desire, indeed, no intention, that James should ever marry anyone.

"Dear Louisa! and James!" Mrs. Blanchard and Mrs. Strudwick exchanged brief pecks. "Evelyn, here are James and dear Aunt Louisa!"

Evelyn and Mrs. Strudwick pressed cheeks and then James dutifully followed Evelyn to the punch bowl. Evelyn forgot her duties to the other guests and beamed down at him with hopeful animation. Her family might long since have forgotten that some women do marry, but Evelyn never had.

"I was just telling these youngsters how important the stars are in the present war, in the navigation of airplanes and in the control and direction of artillery fire," said Colonel (for-the-duration) Harrington. He kindly opened his circle and allowed James to enter. James listened only as long as he felt he must and then, courteously withdrew under the pretext of a sudden desire for salted almonds at the opposite end of the long table. He looked up at Evelyn.

"Jolly old bore, isn't he?" he said.

"Papa said if I let *him* get upstairs he'd disown me," Evelyn whispered. "You're going upstairs, of course, James. You're on the list."

"I wouldn't miss it," James replied. "But there is Mr. Bartram. I must speak to him. I thought he had given up all social life. We can rarely persuade him to dine with us. Excuse me a moment, won't you, Evelyn?"

"Certainly," said Evelyn, striding back to her mother.

James approached Mr. Bartram and they shook hands.

"Well, James, I know you are surprised to see me here, but I have to show up once a year to prove that I'm not dead. You, at least, see me once in a while, but my old friends here will hardly believe that I am alive." Mr. Bartram smiled at his little joke.

After a few moments James went upstairs and knocked at the closed library door and heard Mr. Blanchard's cheery "Come in!"

"I've come to see the Chinese figures, Uncle Mark," said James, after he had spoken to the other men present, and there was appreciative laughter.

"Has John Bartram come, James?" asked Mr. Blanchard.

"Yes, Uncle Mark," James replied. "He is in the clutches of Dr. Hardy. I don't think Mr. Bartram minds people as much as some of us do. He told me once that he had never been bored with his fellow-man."

"Be sure to tell him to come up, James," said Mr. Blanchard. "I have a new joke I want to tell him."

James found the atmosphere in Mr. Blanchard's small library much to his liking, but he could not stay too long. His mother had said she wished to leave at ten o'clock and it was nearly that time now. Reluctantly he went downstairs.

IN the meantime two young women had entered the Blanchard home.

"The name, er madam?" Saunders asked the taller of the two girls.

"The what?"

"The name, madam. Your name and that of the young lady with you."

"Oh, why didn't you say so. I'm Corporal Kelly and this is Sergeant Zawisza. She's an apple polisher, that's why she's a sergeant. Who are you?"

"I am Saunders, madam," he said, with dignity. "Will you be good enough to wait here for a moment?"

Saunders hastened to Mrs. Blanchard and told her, his voice low and hoarse.

"Two what, Saunders?"

"Two young ladies in uniform, madam. I forget the names. We do not know them." Saunders was upset.

"Oh dear! Bring them in, Saunders. We can't turn anyone away. Mr. Blanchard would be quite angry. Besides, they are serving their country. Evelyn, make them very welcome."

Corporal Kelly and Sergeant Zawisza came into the drawing room, wide eyed in wonder at the grandeur before them. They had heard that you could walk into any house on the Hill on Christmas Eve and be welcome, especially if you were in uniform, and it was true. The tall tales they would have to tell the other girls who wouldn't believe it!

"How nice of you to come!" said Mrs. Blanchard, propping up a smile and loading her voice with tremendous cordiality. "This is my daughter, Evelyn Blanchard. Evelyn, won't you see that these two young ladies have some punch."

"It's sure nice here," said Corporal Kelly, heartily. "I'm from Kansas. Sergeant Zawisza is from Chicago. I'm Corporal Kelly."

"I know Chicago," admitted Mrs. Blanchard, but dismissed Kansas. "What do you do in the Army?"

"We're M.P.'s," said the Sergeant.

"M.P.'s? What is an M.P.?" asked Mrs. Blanchard, who this time really wished to know.

"Military police," explained the Corporal, with a gee-the-old-dame-is-dumb look to the Sergeant.

"How nice," said Mrs. Blanchard. "Evelyn, these young ladies are police."

"Really," said Evelyn, straining forward, smiling. "Won't you come with me and have some punch?"

"Sure," said the Sergeant.

"You bet," said the Corporal.

Evelyn, looking as if she had just taken the two M.P.'s into custody, brought them to the punch bowl and, inevitably, to the Colonel.

Everyone knows that for-the-duration officers have to be ever so much more careful than the regular Army, and the Colonel did not say, "Bless my soul, Wacs!" and smile. He merely nodded and bristled, and when the

Colonel bristled it seemed to make a crackling noise. He dismissed the intruders with the nod, and resumed a discussion of the Belgian bulge, making it sound as if it were physical and you could see it, if you were at the front, like a bay window on a fat man. He talked even louder now for he heartily disapproved of any women in uniform.

The two young Wacs, very trim and pretty and healthy, said, "Hello!" to everyone. The Corporal drained her punch in one mighty chain of swallows, after having clicked her glass with that of the Sergeant and saying, politely, "Here's to the back of your neck." The Sergeant had said, "Mud in your eye." They were having a good time. They had seen colonels before.

Some of the younger girls came over and spoke to them and one said, "Merry Christmas, Wacs. I wish I were in uniform. I wanted to join up."

"Don't be crazy," said the Corporal.

"It's not too bad," said the Sergeant. "Kelly really likes it. So do I."

"A lot of bastards," said Kelly. "You better stay out."

The girl laughed.

Evelyn said, "I asked Mama if I could join but she said no. She thought I was much too old."

The Wacs thought so, too. There were too many old

bags cluttering up the Army now, but they were too polite to say so. The Sergeant proceeded to give a glowing account of basic training at Ft. Oglethorpe and army life in general, and she finished up with, "I've gained fifteen pounds." The Corporal made several attempts to liven up the conversation. "If I ever have a little girl I'm going to name her Oveta Culp," she said. "Maybe I'll name my first boy Oglethorpe. Come here, Oglethorpe! Kinda cute, I think."

Everyone laughed politely, but they turned back to the Sergeant.

My God, they really are interested, the Corporal thought. Listening to the Sergeant's patriotic endeavors got her down and she filled her own punch glass a few times and began to listen to the Colonel talking about the beastly Germans, but with not too much attention, and to look around at the people and the things in the room. It was the berries all right and all the people were dressed to kill, but the punch sure needed a shot in the arm. Weak. Give Kelly a glass of Scotch and soda or a slug of beer every time. This stuff tasted like melted raspberry ice. She felt her arm being plucked at, and turning, looked up into Evelyn Blanchard's smile.

"We're going to look at our things now," said Evelyn. "Won't you come with us?"

"What things?" Kelly asked, cautiously.

"The Staffordshire and Lowestoft," replied Evelyn.

"I'll try anything once," said the Corporal, finishing off her drink and wondering if it wouldn't be more fun and sort of liven up the party if she did her famous imitation of the drawing of a champagne cork. The Sergeant thought the Staffordshire and Lowestoft beautiful, but Kelly thought, well, for Pete's sake, just a lot of china, like some second hand joint!

"Made in Boston?" she asked pleasantly, thinking perhaps the tall girl's old man might own the factory.

"In England," said Evelyn. "It was made in England."

"In England! During a war?" The Corporal was surprised. "I thought they were just shooting Germans and nothing else."

"Not during this war," explained Evelyn. "It was a long while ago."

"It's old stuff, Kelly. Don't be a dope," said the Sergeant.

"Oh, antiques! Well, that's different," said the Corporal. "I'll take a look."

Mr. Bartram came up to wish the young women a Merry Christmas and stood talking to them and the Wacs felt at ease, safe, and went with him to see the library. When they left it was Mr. Bartram who went with them to the door to see them safely past Saunders and out.

"Nobly done, John," Mrs. Blanchard told him.

"I liked them," he answered. "They had a nobility of character all their own. I started to take them up to see Mark."

"He would probably have loved it," Mrs. Blanchard agreed.

"They were perfectly at ease, those two, and as real as sunlight," Mr. Bartram said.

"Papa would have kept them up there for hours," Evelyn said. "Mama, I do wish you'd let me join up. The girls said that lots of older women were in."

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Blanchard. "If they are being foolish that is no reason for you to be. This is a young persons' war."

The Strudwicks came now to say goodbye.

"Uncle Mark wanted me to be sure and tell you to come upstairs," James told Mr. Bartram. "He has Mr. White and Mr. Oxley up there and they are all anxious to see you."

"I am going up," said Mr. Bartram. "I wouldn't miss it."

"They are in rare form," James told him.

James and his mother bundled themselves up securely while, outside, the Wacs leaned against each other and laughed.

"So that's how the rich bitches do!" said Kelly.

"What's an M.P.? Wait until I tell the gang that one," said Zawisza. "They'll never believe it."

"They all looked like they had the mange, didn't they? All dried up, like that fungus stuff that grows on trees. At least it grows on trees in Kansas."

"I liked some of them. That old man was nice, and the daughter was sweet, poor old soul, and was the old lady ritzy looking!"

"They all tried to be nice," Kelly admitted, "only they don't know how. Was that daughter ever a long drink! Can't you just see her in a uniform!"

"Yeah, scrubbing out a latrine, for instance!"

"But no real liquor, you might say. Baby food."

"Punch!" the Sergeant agreed. "It's murder!"

They went laughing down the street to hunt for something cosier, like Joe's Place.

But when the Strudwicks came down the steps and started the short walk home, the Wacs had gone and the crowd had dispersed. Only late carolers going down the hill were in sight, their voices carrying back, sweet and clear in the night. Mrs. Strudwick did not hear them. She was thinking of what she had just left.

"It was delightful, wasn't it, James?"

"Very," he said.

"Too bad those young women had to intrude as they did," Mrs. Strudwick said.

"Yes, very unfortunate," agreed James, not really caring.

POUNDING away at the piano, cold sober, for Myrtle Chisholm was cleansed of sin, she was singing.

I must tell Jesus
All of my trials.
I cannot bear these burdens alone.

It was not only Sunday, and hymn singing thereby

entirely proper—and if the rest of the house don't like it, let 'em lump it—but it was the last day of December 1944 and Myrtle had spent the entire morning making a lemon meringue pie and New Year's resolutions. She had played with the idea of giving up fattening food, it being something that could be achieved only with the greatest possible hardship, but had thrust that idea away firmly, "Food—NO!"—and that was final.

But, with a grand welling up of character and fortitude, she had decided to give up gin and picking up strange men, the two being more or less interdependent sins, and with an air of tremendous exaltation she had poured her half-used bottle down the drain. "Run on away," she said gaily, for the giving up of this habit seemed so easy at the time. "Run on down to hell where you belong."

She had not thrown out her Scotch, or her unopened bottles of gin, but locked them in a closet in case of an emergency. One of her girl friends might come in, or one of her oldest and very dearest men friends. After all,

God wouldn't expect her to give up all men, but just to lay off pick-ups.

Suddenly the singing and mighty playing stopped. Myrtle sat on the piano stool with a far more beatific air than she had had when she was being noble.

"I forgot all about resolutions not beginning until January the first. Why, Myrtle Chisholm, you old silly, you! Everybody has a little nip on New Year's Eve and you're not any different from anybody else." Now she would have to open a bottle from the top shelf, and once the bottle was open it might be just a trifle difficult not to finish it up, make a real evening of it.

"No," said Myrtle firmly, "it would be far better for me to run over to the Statler bar and get filled up and then take a taxi home and sleep it off."

She began to hum a little tune as she changed her clothes. There was no sense in not looking her best, even her very prettiest, even though she was going over to the Statler with absolutely no intention of picking up any man, no matter how good looking he might be. No sir, just a few drinks, home and straight to bed and start her brand new and good life on New Year's Day, the way everybody else did.

All day the old Myrtle had been dying with the year, for she wanted to awaken on New Year's morning with a clean slate and to lead the kind of life a woman should from now on, the kind of life she had led when Mr. Chisholm was alive. She had cried over the war news while she ate her breakfast, and over Little Orphan Annie; and from these sad things it had been but a step to her own immortal soul.

She made resolutions aloud and then, to properly implant them in her mind, had written them down in fat letters, like blowing bubbles, round and cosy letters, like Myrtle herself.

"No eyes going tweet-tweet when you see a man, Myrtle Chisholm," she said, and she had translated this into, "No pick-ups" and had underlined it. "No gin" came next. These were the worst things and all the other resolutions were pale beside them. "Do a good deed each day." Well, that one was easy for right next door were those old Warrens and you could just go on and on doing good deeds to them and not have to go hunting out in the highways and byways for something.

IT was nice sitting there in the Statler bar, having a drink and eating potato chips and cheese popcorn and listening to the music with her eyes closed, when she really listened, because it was confusing to see music played. She hadn't so much as looked at the man in the brown suit, brown with a thin white stripe in it, except to notice that he wore a lot of jewelry, rings and stuff plastered all over his tie and something in his lapel. She knew he wasn't any gentleman because gentlemen didn't wear a lot of junk like that. She noticed that he was about fifty years old. Resolutely she would not look at him with that old inviting sparkle in her eyes. She had turned away and, with her eyes closed, her foot and head keeping gentle time to the music, she was unprepared when a man's voice said, "All alone, little lady?"

It was the man in the brown suit and, now that he was close, Myrtle could see that he was sure a fine-looking man, no matter if he did wear all that jewelry.

"Why yes, I am," she said, her eyes going into immediate and involuntary action. "I was just having a little drink."

"Mind if I join you?" the man asked. He did not wait for a reply, but moved to Myrtle's table.

"Why that will be nice," Myrtle said. "It's no fun sitting all by your lonesome on New Year's Eve."

He was a spender all right, for he kept the waiter busy until Myrtle began to like him very much indeed. It was plain as everything that the man in the brown suit, by the name of Tom Pilkinton, but just call me Tom, liked her, too.

"You know something," said Mr. Pilkinton, "it's fate that brought me here this evening. That's what it was, fate. You know, you're pretty. Awful pretty little woman. You got eyes like a flower, a pretty little blue flower."

"Why that's sweet," said Myrtle. "That's one of the sweetest things I ever had said to me."

"I tell you it's fate that brought me here," Mr. Pilkinton declared. "I'm a widower, sod. You're a widow?"

Myrtle nodded.

"Sod?"

Myrtle nodded again.

"You see," he said, "just two lonely people meeting in a bar. Looks like it was meant to be this way."

"It does," agreed Myrtle. "It certainly does."

"Listen," said Mr. Pilkinton, as if having a bright idea, which he was, "I've got an apartment over on Commonwealth Avenue and I've got comfortable chairs and a sofa and plenty to drink. Why don't you and me just hop a cab and go there and be really comfy? What say?"

Myrtle hesitated prettily. "I don't think I should," she said. "You all alone?"

"You bet your sweet life, I'm all alone," he said, "but you can trust me, little lady. I just thought we'd be more at home. How about it? Come on!"

Myrtle said, "Well, it might not look right," but there was not much conviction in her voice.

A kiss or two, perhaps, and what was so wrong with that, for goodness sake? She hadn't been kissed since that friend in the jewelry line had come to town nearly a month ago, and that's a long time not to be kissed.

"Now don't tell me any such nonsense," said Tom Pilkinton. "You just come right along and I'll take care of you. You don't mind if I call you Myrtle, do you? I feel like I'd known you all my life."

He settled grandly with the waiter and Myrtle was proud to be out with a fellow who wasn't stingy. What she hated was a man who was tight about tips.

Mr. Pilkinton's apartment was in the modern style. It didn't belong to Mr. Pilkinton somehow, but it looked good and expensive. Myrtle helped him fix drinks and they came back and sat on the wide sofa and Mr. Pilkinton got closer and closer and, presently, Mr. Pilkinton's arm was about Myrtle and her head back on his shoulder. Now they put their drinks down and Myrtle was kissed

very thoroughly a lot of times and it was darn nice.

"You see," said Mr. Pilkinton, when he came up for air, "You can't do this sort of thing in the Statler."

He started on another series of kisses. Myrtle, said a small voice. Myrtle, be careful! What's in a few kisses, Myrtle snapped back.

When Tom Pilkinton began to use both arms she was frightened. "Nothing but kisses," she told him. "I'm not that kind of a person." She hoped she was telling him the truth.

"Say, don't get me wrong," Tom Pilkinton said, offended, "but, Myrtle, I'm lonesome and you're lonesome and why don't we just let ourselves go and have a real evening?"

"Oh no!" said Myrtle, drawing away. "I couldn't do that."

But you want to, Myrtle, said that voice again. You would like to, now wouldn't you?

Tom Pilkinton looking down at her troubled blue eyes became a knight and all his gallant qualities came to the top and spilled over.

"Why, Myrtle, I honor a good woman. I wouldn't harm you for the world, if that's the way you want it. You just don't meet a good woman like you every day! You poor little scairt thing you. Just give old Uncle Tom a kiss."

But later on he chased Myrtle around the huge sofa with cries of "I'll show you how strong I am!" and Myrtle was in no shape to run around like that. He threw himself on the sofa, panting, and said, "Wait until I get my breath, you beautiful, beautiful Myrtle. Myrtle, you're a little rascal . . . Myrtle . . ."

Tom Pilkinton had passed out, or was asleep, Myrtle wasn't sure which, and didn't care. She grabbed her coat and hat and put them on as she walked down the one flight of steps. She was panting, too, and frightened out of her wits. She wondered if she had left anything there, but no, she had her bag and her gloves. In the safety of her apartment she undressed sorrowfully and crawled into bed and began to cry softly into her pillow.

"Mr. Chisholm ruined me," she said. "I was a lady so long I can't have a real good time any more. You get so used to acting like a lady, you almost get to being one. It's a shame, that's what it is, a dirty shame."

MISS NELLIE WARREN was shooing a fly out of the kitchen, insisting with a newspaper that it get out where it belonged. It was really too early for flies. Flies meant summer, and here it was only May and had been as cold as anything, though today was warm and nice.

Myra called from the sitting room, "Close the window, Nellie. You've succeeded in thoroughly chilling the house, but I suppose you did it deliberately. How absurd of you to think summer is here merely because you see a fly!"

Miss Nellie closed the window and joined her sister.

"Would you like a cup of tea, dear?" she asked. "It will warm you up. I'm sorry about the window. I just didn't think."

"No," said Myra ungraciously, "I don't want any tea. When I want tea I shall make it myself. You seem to think you're so much younger than I am that you should wait on me. I'm still capable of boiling water, and at least I'm not losing my mind. You'd better watch yourself, I tell you, for you're getting exactly like Mama. She died insane, as you well know, babbling away, completely out of her mind there at the end. I had seen it coming for years."

"It was the morphine for Mama's pain, Myra. Mama remembered everything, right up to the time she got so bad that she had to have the medicine all the time."

"That's what they probably told you, but I *know*."

"Oh, no, no, Myra! I won't let myself believe that about darling Mama," Miss Nellie said, putting her hands before her face as if to ward off a blow.

"You must be careful," Miss Myra droned on, like a wicked insect. "You think I don't know the schemes that go through your poor mind, but I do. You'd like it if I were to die, so you could have all the money, or you'd like to see me locked up some place and out of the way so you could fill the place with other crazy people. You'd put me away in a state institution, if you could. Well, you can't do it, you see, for you'll lose your mind long before that comes about."

Miss Nellie said, weakly, her voice almost a whisper, "Don't say those things, Myra. You know how untrue they are. You are the only family I have left in all the world and I want to stay with you."

"Well, I can't help it if you go crazy, can I? Life in an institution would be entirely to your liking, you know, for there would be all sorts of people there. Crazy men, too."

"You're joking, Myra, but it isn't a nice sort of joke. I'll go out, dear. It's nearly time for me to meet Lorna, and when I come back you'll be feeling better."

Miss Nellie hurried into her street clothes, her eyes filled with uncertainty and dread. As she walked toward the special bench on the Common that she and Lorna always tried to get she thought: *Was* Mama out of her mind? All the people she saw seemed strange and a little queer. A woman was talking to herself as she walked along. How did you act when you were going insane? Something must be wrong with her, or Myra wouldn't always be harping on it the way she did. Could you be crazy and not know it?

I talk to myself all the time, she went on thinking, Like that queer woman I passed. I wonder if that is a sign your mind is failing. It couldn't be, for I've always done it and so has Myra. I've often heard Myra talking to herself, and I did it when I was a *child*.

Oh dear, I'll have to stop thinking about such a silly thing. Lorna says to push bad thoughts out of your mind by substituting good ones. Very well, you bad old thoughts, get out. It's spring and even if poor dear Mr. Roosevelt did die, why Mr. Truman is making a wonderful, wonderful President and the war is over, or part of it, and Myra and I are well and I have dear, dear friends and I'm going to meet Lorna and, goodness, there's so *much* to be thankful for and to be happy about.

So Miss Nellie went on being happy.

Two men were sitting on her special bench, but Miss Nellie sat sideways to discourage anyone else from coming and put her bag down in order to occupy a larger space.

She kept wishing Lorna would hurry up. It was the time they had agreed to meet, three o'clock. Then it got to be four. The men had gone and it was growing quite chilly. Something had kept Lorna, something unexpected, she thought, and she grew frightened, feeling that Lorna might be ill and alone.

She looked at her watch and saw, with alarm, that it was half-past four. Something had happened to Lorna! Panic filled her, and she decided she would go to the apartment and see, and she hurried, almost running, and rang Lorna's bell. There was the comforting click, click of the door and she ran up the steps and there was Lorna at the door, smiling.

"I had just about given you up, Nellie dear," she said.

MISS NELLIE remembered, suddenly, that she was to have come there in the first place. How could she have forgotten? Was there really something the matter with her mind?

Back in the apartment, Miss Myra, safe from the eyes of her sister, was packing her little boxes of wheat for the pigeons. It had become increasingly difficult to get the wheat under the pretext of wanting it for mice. The last time the man had been most reluctant to let her have any. Well, there were other things she could do, like soaking the arsenic off fly paper and then putting the grain in that. Oh, she'd find a way. No one could keep Myra Warren from doing something, once she set her mind to it.

She was very discreet about the manner in which she distributed the wheat, varying the feeding with actual bread crumbs. When she had harmless bread crumbs, she would sit on a bench and let the pigeons fly about her and eat out of her hands and she would talk to the men and women sitting there, being very careful to be noticed. Then, the days when she took the wheat, she never turned her head, but dropped the grains through a small hole in her coat pocket. Next day, or the day after, would be one of those ridiculous notices in the

paper about some diabolical person poisoning a few pigeons and the statement that there were no suspects as yet, though a careful watch was being kept. Miss Myra laughed hoarsely at this, for they would never catch her. Nobody as dumb as a Boston policeman could figure out that a person who wanted to kill pigeons would be a circumspect old woman taking a walk in the Common and not throwing anything about.

Myra felt she was being equally clever in her handling of poor weak Nellie. Soon, very soon, Miss Nellie Warren who was once so golden and beautiful would be safe, safe in an institution and Miss Myra, the ugly one, would be in control of their small income and be able to live like a decent human being instead of in this humble manner with poverty nagging at her all day long. One less person to feed and to buy shoes for and the wonderful peace of not having that yapping, brainless talk all day long with now my dear this and now my dear that.

Even if Nellie wasn't actually insane, she was so completely without any intelligence that it was practically the same thing. Myra had always hated Nellie, always, and with her safely put away there would be no daily torture of seeing her sister grow old in a lovely and tranquil manner.

And she wouldn't have to watch Nellie in annual observance of that fool William's death, all dressed up in bridal finery, now old and yellow, and standing before the mirror, the lace veil soft about her face, pretending in that idiotic manner. Just like a crazy person, no matter if she had been doing it for so many years. All Myra would have to do would be to tell a doctor that her sister dressed up that way each wedding anniversary and read the marriage ceremony over aloud, and all with such a fool expression of gladness, a triumphant expression, as if she had transcended time and William were there with her. She would tell the right person about Nellie's vibrations and her thought transference and all the rest of that feeble-minded nonsense; then Nellie would be put away quick enough. Ha, what a poor weak creature she is! Myra thought. I could see she was beginning to believe that about Mama. I could tell!

With Nellie out of the way, I could buy good China tea and have real cream in my morning coffee and buy delicious treats at the Pantry Shop and have a new coat and move into one of the front apartments. With only one to do for, there's no end of the comforts I could have.

IT wasn't that James Ballentine Strudwick, the third, did not love his mother. One loves one's mother, you know. But it was something of a relief when she decided to accept Mrs. Charles Drummond's invitation to spend two weeks in Washington to assist her in the delicate matter of entertaining Lady Innis. The idea of having an English title in the house had upset Mrs. Drummond considerably and she had called on her old friend, Louisa Strudwick, for help.

"I wish Lucy had asked you to come with me," Mrs. Strudwick said. "She should know that you would be of enormous help. You were ever so well liked in London, you know."

But Mrs. Drummond had not asked James. So James had taken his mother to the Back Bay Station, although South Station was much nearer. Mrs. Strudwick had always gone to the Back Bay Station and always would. Her correct bags having been put in some mysterious place by the porter and Mrs. Strudwick being comfortably seated in her chair with the new *Atlantic Monthly,* James had said, "Goodbye, Mama. Have a jolly good time." Well-bred people did not kiss in public.

"She's gone," he said, watching the train pull out, half expecting to see his mother coming back down the track.

James had never been separated from his mother for long enough periods to get really out of hand. He accepted her as Margaret Fuller had accepted the universe. Today, left to his own devices for two whole weeks, he did not know what he would do to amuse himself, but he knew that whatever it was would be pleasant. His likes were very few: stamp-collecting, his travel books, for he loved to see new places, his books on old furniture and his quiet enjoyment of a comfortable living made up his existence.

He walked away from the station with a feeling of lightness, with a carefree air, using his umbrella as a walking stick, swinging it lightly.

"Hello there, Mr. Strudwick!" a voice said.

James saw that it was the widow who lived on the first floor and who was walking on the Mall as he approached. He removed his hat, bowed and smiled.

"J'do," he said.

The widow smiled back at him in a most engaging manner. "Your mother get away all right?"

James felt there was practically nothing concerning himself that the other people in the apartment did not know. It was only yesterday that his mother had telephoned her friend that she would come. Probably Sophie had told everyone why she was getting a holiday.

"Going to be awful lonesome without even Sophie around," Mrs. Chisholm rushed on. "I just don't like being alone at all, no indeedy, but my place isn't near as big as yours. I haven't anything but—oh, do put on your hat. We'll walk on home. Well, I have just a living room and a bedroom and, of course, a kitchen and bath, but, dearie me, big enough for a lone woman. You eating at home these days?"

Now how could I, James thought. She knows very well that Sophie is away. She just said so. Does she expect me to sit down with a bottle of milk and a box of cookies?

Aloud he said, "No, I shall dine at my club."

"Say, that's too bad," Mrs. Chisholm said, conveying by her distressed voice what she thought of the meals he would get at his club.

"I don't mind in the least," James said. "I shall dine late and perhaps have a game of chess at the club or come home and work over my stamp collection."

"You collect stamps?" Myrtle was plainly excited. "Why that's what I call a coincidence. My husband did, too, but only American and British issues."

"I, too, collect only American and British issues," James told her.

"Well for goodness sake! Why don't you come in right now and see Mr. Chisholm's stamps? I've got them handy. Really should go in a bank vault, you know, but I like to have them around. It's a liberal education, I always say, this stamp-collecting. I was ever so surprised when I found out how much of this old world England owns. You come right on in and see Mr. Chisholm's stamps!"

"I'd like to very much," James said. "I am always intensely interested in other collections."

As they crossed Beacon Street, James's hand nibbling at her elbow, (such a gentleman!) Myrtle looked at the windows to see if anyone was watching, but there was nobody. Myrtle wished that mean old Miss Myra Warren could see her. *She'd* spread it around all right.

ONCE in her apartment, Myrtle proceeded to make James comfortable. She put his hat and umbrella away, urged him into the best chair by the window (everybody going by can see him sitting there) and put a card table in front so he could look at the stamps the way Mr. Chisholm had liked to look at them. She put the collection down and produced a magnifying glass.

It was a superlative collection, and James was very happy. It was five o'clock before he knew it. Myrtle had been very quiet, speaking only when he said something, but she hadn't forgotten about stamps. Her answers were intelligent.

"I tell you what, Mr. Strudwick," she said, eagerly, "why don't you just have dinner with me and spend the whole evening looking at those stamps?"

James looked up in a bemused, stamp-crazy fashion.

"I'd like that very much, Mrs. Chisholm, if you are sure I won't be any trouble."

"Trouble," scoffed Myrtle. "Why, goodness me, I'd just love it. I'm a great one for company anyway, but you don't know how nice it is to see a man sitting in Mr. Chisholm's old place."

Fortunately James did not hear that last part, having discovered a particularly interesting issue, or he would have known immediately that Mrs. Chisholm was not Safe.

Lord, Myrtle thought. I've only got gin and Scotch.

Why didn't I think of keeping sherry on hand in case a gentleman showed up! All the men she had known, since Mr. Chisholm, had been whiskey drinkers.

"I'm afraid my sherry is all gone," she said apologetically, "but would you like a highball? I have some awful good Scotch."

"I'll tell you what," James said, "I'll go upstairs and get some sherry and I'll bring my collection down for you to see."

"Oh that will be wonderful, wonderful," Myrtle said, in a lilting voice, "I'll make some tea to tide us over to dinner time." She wasn't going to make the mistake of having any six o'clock dinner.

"I brought a bottle of wine, too," he said, when he came back. He noticed for the first time how really pretty Mrs. Chisholm was. He found himself laughing and talking over his tea and, later, as she prepared dinner and set the small table—a Sheraton, he noticed. The whole place was full of beautiful things.

"What an exquisite table," James said.

"Belonged to Mr. Chisholm's folks," Myrtle told him. "My family didn't have things like this, oh dear me no. We had awful old things. We were poor." There wasn't any use in trying to pretend. Myrtle knew that. You could never fool the aristocrats, only the ones who were like Myrtle herself.

"It's all right to have these family things to look at," she said, "but you've got to have something to be comfortable in, too, and I always told Mrs. Chisholm that. I bought these chairs and a sofa you can really relax on. Mr. Chisholm always loved that sofa."

"That woman who looks like a harlot," Mrs. Strudwick had said, when speaking of Mrs. Chisholm. But sitting opposite him, drinking tea and eating a thin slice of bread and butter (Mr. Chisholm taught me that), she seemed soft and pretty, her eyes holding nothing more sinister than a desire to make him happy and comfortable. James had known Myrtle's husband years before and could well understand how Mr. Chisholm had fallen in love with such a kind person, so utterly feminine.

"MIDDLE-CLASS" was probably the word for Myrtle Chisholm, James thought. Certainly she was not vulgar. Bad taste was indicated in many ways, but none of the ways affronted James. It lay in her voice, in certain things about the house. Never before had James seen Hepplewhite, Sheraton and Chippendale cheek by jowl with a huge purple sofa, looking both impetuous and comfortable; then the mantelpiece and the piano held an amazing collection of china dogs and framed photographs of the late Mrs. Chisholm. Only the other day James' mother had said, "I wonder what middle-class people are like," and he had replied, "I don't know, Mama."

Now he knew, and he thought middle-class people were awfully pleasant to be around.

"Lamb stew isn't really a company dish," Myrtle told him, when they were seated at table, "but it tastes good."

"It's superlative," James said. "I don't know when I have enjoyed anything so much."

Glad I left out the garlic, Myrtle thought. There were carrots and peas and potatoes in the stew and the right amount of onion, with hot biscuits and real butter, and a mixed green salad. Myrtle had brought out her lovely old wine glasses. The sherry they had sipped before dinner, and now the wine, made Myrtle feel good, and had also loosened James up considerably. There was a fluffy caramel cake for dessert, and superb coffee.

Myrtle tried very hard to remember all the little things Mr. Chisholm had taught her. She'd play safe and keep her elbows off the table unless James put his there. She had chewed with her mouth closed for so long that she never forgot this, even when she was alone, and she didn't crook her little finger. One thing she certainly would not do and that was put a little piece of butter on each bite of bread, or serve no butter at all with dinner. No indeedy, hot biscuits were made to be buttered entirely, closed together and oozing grandly. Let the red points fly! She buttered James's biscuits. No one had ever done that before and James was pleased.

"I haven't had such a delightful time in years," he told Myrtle, and he saw pleasure spread over her face.

But what about Mama? This was the only thought that dulled his enjoyment of the evening. Still, there was no earthly reason why Mama should know anything about it.

IF Mr. Bartram had found a baby wrapped in a pink blanket on his doorstep he would not have been more surprised or annoyed. It was an invasion of his privacy to have a note pushed under his door. He opened the letter, noticing the thin, spidery writing, wholly unfamiliar, and read: "Won't you drop in for tea this afternoon at five?" It was from the flighty Miss Nellie Warren.

"I shan't go!" he said, his voice as furious as it ever got. "I simply shan't go!"

He did not like afternoon tea in general and he particularly did not like it with the Misses Warren. Besides, it was half-past four now, he noticed, glancing at his watch. It was his breakfast time. Mr. Bartram felt trapped.

If he had only found this horrible thing sooner, he could have stopped by the janitor's and asked Miss Moran to tell Miss Warren that he regretted that he could not come, or he could have written a note and stuck it under her door. Slowly, unhappily, he went to the kitchen, pulled the plug from his cheerfully percolating coffee and went to have breakfast with the Misses Warren.

"We have a very simple tea for you," said Miss Nellie, flitting about among the tea things. "We know it's your breakfast time. Just toast and tea, with marmalade. So original of you to turn night into day, the way you do," Miss Nellie went on.

"Don't mind Nellie," said Miss Myra. "She never knows what she says."

"I don't mind in the least," said Mr. Bartram, "I daresay there are many people who would not be kind enough to consider me merely original, but would call me definitely crazy."

She handed him the tea and arranged a small table near for his toast. Miss Myra, already served, drank her tea and thought her misshapen, twisted thoughts. Nellie was so conscious of a man being there, cooing over him in that half-witted manner. She should never have allowed Nellie to ask him to tea.

"Are you going away this summer?" Miss Myra inquired.

"No," he replied. "I gave up going away years ago."

"When dear Papa was living," Miss Nellie said, "we always went to Cohasset. The David Renshaws bought our place. Mama practically gave it away."

"Mama failed at the end," Miss Myra told him. "She was, as a matter of fact, quite out of her mind. That is why my sister and I live in such reduced circumstances. All finances were in Mama's hands and she did the strangest things. Papa didn't realize that Mama was insane, for it had come upon her so gradually and she was always very flighty and irresponsible."

Mr. Bartram thought this a rather odd revelation, but he made no comment, merely nodding affably as if everyone had a mother who failed at the end.

"I'm exactly like my father's family," Miss Myra went on, "and Nellie is all Mama. Strange, too, just like Mama."

What about the Beane nose, Myra? Miss Nellie wanted to ask, but felt it would be mean. That was Mama's side. But I am exactly like Mama. A little frown drew lines in her face.

Mr. Bartram thought the conversation was not only dull but ridiculous. He ate his toast in silence, wondering how soon he could leave without hurting any feelings.

"Look, Myra! There's a grain of your pigeon food!" Miss Nellie picked up a grain of red wheat and threw it in the fireplace. "Myra loves the pigeons so and even feeds them vit . . ."

"Heat some more water," interrupted Miss Myra, "and for goodness sakes wash your hands after groveling around on the floor like that. Surely you'll have some hot tea, Mr. Bartram."

Miss Myra could hear her sister obediently running water in the kitchen. Nellie always did what she was told. Miss Myra relaxed. The little fool, she thought, furiously. The little fool. I must be more careful. I shall count each grain.

"I get a delightful breeze up in my place," said Mr. Bartram. "I haven't minded summer at all."

"But don't you find the view in the rear very uninteresting? We can only see the janitor smoking his pipe, and smell it, too."

"I don't know how I'd manage without him and his family. They do for me very nicely."

"Irish," said Miss Myra, as if she were saying Jap.

"Oh, come now," laughed Mr. Bartram, "surely you can't mind that! I like the Irish. If they had no other virtues, I'd be forced to admire them for their wit."

"I do not like the Irish," stated Miss Myra.

"It's such a complete waste of time to hate, you know," Mr. Bartram said. "Hate has a way of backfiring. I think we should be more tolerant. The world is so full of intolerance."

"You sound like a Radical," said Miss Myra. "Nellie talks like that. She says, 'Oh, the poor Jews.'" Miss Nellie came in with the hot water, her eyes no longer happy, but filled with trouble. When Myra got violent that way there was no end to the awful things she would say.

"I made some fresh toast," Miss Nellie said, "and I'll put sugar and cinnamon on it if you like."

"I should like it very much indeed," said Mr. Bartram. "I can't remember when I've had cinnamon toast."

"Nellie talks like that since she's gotten so queer," Miss Myra went on, as if she had not been interrupted.

"What way, Myra?" Miss Nellie asked. "About the poor Jews, you mean?"

"That, and other things," said Miss Myra. "You're just getting queer."

Miss Nellie stood in the doorway of the kitchen, embarrassed before Mr. Bartram. "I won't be a second," she said, her voice sounding unreal and far away, and when she went into the kitchen she leaned against the table, as if she needed support.

Mr. Bartram left the dreary atmoshpere shortly and Miss Nellie followed him to the door. Away now from the shadow of Miss Myra, Mr. Bartram leaned towards the worried face in front of him.

"You aren't the least bit queer, you know," he said, his voice low and reassuring. "Don't ever believe such a thing." He watched the worry pass from Miss Nellie's face, and she smiled at him. "You must try to bear with your sister, but do not let her upset you. It is she who is queer, not you. Never forget that. It is she who is mentally unbalanced and you who are absolutely sane."

"Thank you," said Miss Nellie. "Oh, you will never know how much I've longed for someone to say that! Not about Myra, of course. I can't understand her, but I have been sick with worry about myself. She seems so sure that I am losing my mind."

"Don't you believe a word of it!" Mr. Bartram went on, feeling her desperate need, but also understanding the pathetic old woman inside, torn apart by hate and jealousy. "You do believe me, don't you?"

"Oh yes, dear Mr. Bartram, I do believe you."

When Nellie went back into the room, her sister said, "What were you talking about? Trying to flirt with him, I suppose. You were absolutely disgusting with Mr. Bartram. You acted as if he were your lover or something. I suppose you still think you're young and attractive. Well, you're not. Listen, Nellie, you're old. Old! And you're losing your mind. Some day I'll have you locked up. Well, say something! Don't stand there with that vacant grin on your face."

"Dear Myra," said Miss Nellie, gently, "I am so sorry if I was silly with Mr. Bartram. I shall try not to be silly that way again."

Meantime Mr. Bartram felt that he had to get out in the open and clear his mind of the shocking thing he had just witnessed.

"It was a good thing that I went," Mr. Bartram said to himself. "I shall stand by that poor Nellie creature. I shall make it a point to go there again soon. How very odd that that the grain of wheat was red. Very!"

"YOU could have knocked me down with a feather," the widow told Connie Moran. Connie was helping her to get packed. "Honest to God, if you'll excuse my French, I didn't know he would."

Myrtle Chisholm knew that James liked her, but she certainly had no idea that he would ask her to marry him, and so quick. But he had done exactly that. He had been dining with her every evening for a week, and hang the club, he said. But how on earth can you tell whether a man likes you or not if he doesn't even make a little pass or act as if he wanted to?

Myrtle was totally unprepared when James leaned forward in his chair and said, "Mrs. Chisholm, will you marry me?"

"For goodness sake!" exclaimed Myrtle. "My, you sure have given me a surprise! Well, this sure is sudden! I can't even think."

James, who had been occupying the big chair, now moved to a place on the sofa beside Myrtle, where she had been sitting hopefully all the evenings James had been coming there.

"I find that I am happier with you than I have ever been in my life," he said, "and I shall do all in my power to make you happy, too."

Now what do you know, Myrtle thought. The Third! She was not so surprised that she was going to accept like a bolt of lightning. Myrtle had read a book once that said man was a hunter and liked to pursue. She demurred prettily.

"Oh, Mr. Strudwick, I just don't know . . . marriage is a great responsibility . . . You're sure you want it this way?"

James said he was very sure and Myrtle capitulated, crying against his shoulder (they just have to put their arm around you then) and James patted her shoulder softly and, when she said, "I've been so lonely," James said he had been lonely, too. His arms went about Myrtle's softness in an unaccustomed embrace.

"My love," he said, tentatively, searching for something more ardent. "My dearest dear."

The widow raised her head and put her cheek against his (you've got to help the timid ones) and assisted James in finding her lips. James kissed her tenderly, but with restraint. Finally Myrtle called him "Jimmy, darling!" and gave him a kiss on her own hook that he wouldn't forget in a hurry. She felt his arms tighten about her and was content, knowing that the kiss had done its work effectively. . . .

"I told Papa to get your trunks and your suitcases up and he said he would," Connie said. "I didn't tell him anything except that you were moving to New York. You would have died laughing if you had seen his face. Was he surprised!" Connie laughed.

"I guess there'll be a lot of tongues wagging when the news gets out," Mrs. Chisholm said. "Sure wish I could hear 'em! Connie, you want this blue dress or shall I put it in the pile I'm getting ready for Miss Nellie Warren?"

"That looks just like Miss Nellie," Connie said. "It better go in her pile. You sure you want to give your leopard-skin coat away? I see you tossed it over there for Miss Nellie. Seems just like new."

"I want to give Miss Nellie something gay and warm and that's the warmest and gayest thing I have," Mrs. Chisholm said. "Put those summer clothes all in one pile dear, and I'll look them over. I'm not going to keep a thing I'll not be using right away, except the coats. Most of those things are real silk and you can't get real silk these days, but I don't care. I want a lot of new things. This old war can't last forever and there's one sure thing, I don't have to worry about them drafting Mr. Strudwick. I wish I knew where we would be living. I don't want to stick around a hotel. You can't make a man comfortable living in a hotel. We haven't talked about it very much, but I think Mr. Strudwick wants to do a little traveling first. Well, if he wants to travel I'll say I'd like it just dandy. That's the way to get along with any man, just say you think what they think is just dandy." Myrtle's laugh was cheerful and Connie laughed, too.

"Men are all alike, Connie," Myrtle told her. "Feed them and yes them and that's all there is to it. You know Mr. Chisholm was every bit as ritzy as Mr. Strudwick and I made him happy and I'll make Mr. Strudwick happy, too. I'm not worried a bit. Mr. Strudwick asked did I want to stay at a quiet hotel or some place that was gay and I did say, 'Honey, let's be gay,' because I want him to have some fun. He's been living such a doleful old life. I said, 'What's wrong with the Waldorf-Astoria?' and he said he'd try there first. Connie, do you think I'm too fat? Honest, when I feel my hips it's like kneading bread, and I want to look, well, nice in my nightgowns and things. I don't want Mr. Strudwick to be shocked when he sees me in the nude."

"Will he have to see you in the nude, Mrs. Chisholm? Mamma dresses and undresses under her nightgown."

"That's a little old fashioned, Connie dear," the widow said, and did not add what she thought of such foolishness. After all, Connie was a little young to be told everything.

LOUISA STRUDWICK had gone in haste to her cousin, Abbott Catherwood, begging that he have the marriage of her son annulled.

"James is no boy, Louisa. He's middle aged. And distressing as this marriage is, you simply have to accept it," Mr. Catherwood said.

Her James, her little boy, middle aged!

"But James is an inexperienced boy in these things," she had said, wildly, "and you must do something. Something."

"No, Louisa, you must face the facts. James is a man and you have no legal power over him in this matter. There is simply nothing that can be done about it. Nothing."

"Such a shock! Such a shock!" Mrs. Strudwick had moaned.

James Strudwick had not felt safe from his mother until he and Myrtle were actually married. It seemed rather peculiar to be getting married on the Fourth of July, almost as if it weren't legal or something, but Myrtle had been very gay about it. "I bet that's one wedding anniversary that won't be forgotten!" she said. It was equally strange to have been married by a Baptist minister (this will simply kill Mama) and to have the hearty man boom out, "Kiss the bride! Don't be bashful!" Myrtle had raised her face to his and he had to kiss her in public that way, and then the jolly minister had kissed her, too, with a loud smack.

But those things did not trouble James too much. He was completely happy with Myrtle and felt he had known her all his life. It was all unbelievably wonderful. James didn't think a little vulgarity would hurt him. He was tired of being a gentleman. He had been tired of it for years. The future, shared with such an affectionate person as Myrtle, seemed filled with contentment and untold delights.

MYRTLE had been a beautiful and glowing bride in a pale blue dress and a tiny blue hat piled high with pink roses, very bridal indeed, with three white orchids James had given her pinned to her shoulder with a circle of diamonds and sapphires, his wedding gift.

As for James, well he had been a complete surprise to Myrtle and she had been ill at ease for a short while, feeling almost as if she had borrowed James for the day and didn't quite know what to do with him. James had appeared in the correct morning attire, complete to immaculate gray gloves, striped pants and all. Oh dear, she thought, I do hope I'm dressed all right. Aloud she said, "Hello Handsome!" and was rewarded by seeing James smile with pleasure. He said, "You are exquisitely beautiful, my love." He had even called her his bride, in the taxi, after the wedding, whispering it softly, "My bride, my beautiful bride," and Myrtle cried from sheer joy.

They had come back to the apartment house to change for traveling and to pick up all the luggage that had not been expressed. Myrtle had made some sandwiches and had champagne and she had baked a round little cake from a real wedding cake recipe and they cut it there, in a slightly rushed way. They were taking the Yankee Clipper at one o'clock and James had been lucky, indeed, to get two seats on the Fourth of July.

"How long will it take you to get dressed, Jimmy sweet?" Myrtle asked. "It's exactly twelve o'clock. Connie Moran is going to straighten up for me and I can get dressed in ten or fifteen minutes myself. I'm just changing to a suit. I think a suit is the best for traveling, and a plain hat." Mr. Chisholm had taught her that, too. Fancy clothes in the bedroom, though, you can bet your life.

"I can change in that time, too," James said, "and I kept the cab. I thought it was wiser than taking a chance on getting one in a hurry."

"Terribly expensive, but, oh, so thoughtful, Jimmy," Myrtle said. "You're a lamb."

"Myrtle, I was thinking last night, after I left you, that it might be pleasant if we went to Mexico for a few months later on. It's about the only place where you can go these days. Would you like that, my dear?"

"I'd love it," said Myrtle, and thought: All those Latins, and me married! "You think of the most wonderful things, Jimmy darling."

"Oh yes, I finally got our rooms at the Waldorf," James told her. "Two bedrooms and a sitting room."

Separate rooms, thought Myrtle unhappily. Mr. Chisholm hadn't been that much of a gentleman. She was going to nip this thing right in the bud.

"Two bedrooms! Whatever for, Jimmy honey?"

"Well," said James, clearing his throat and staring at his glass of champagne, "I thought we'd sleep better. I've never shared a room with anyone, you know."

"Well, Jimmy boy, when we get there you tell them to change us to one bedroom. It will be cosier," she said.

"Myrtle," said James, "We don't have to use the other room, you know."

It would be cosy, he found himself thinking. Damn cosy.

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By Helen Greenwood

IT SEEMS improbable that anyone tires of reading about man's quest for precious metals, and certainly one of the most fascinating books on the subject is **Here They Dug the Gold.** Written by **George F. Willison,** whose Saints and Strangers was one of the most popular books of last year, it is the chronicle of the Pike's Peak Gold Rush of 1859 and of the flowering of Colorado's boom mining towns.

George F. Willison

More than 100,000 eager pioneers moved westward in search of their fortune when the reports were spread that gold had been discovered in Colorado. Only a fraction of these actually penetrated into the "shining mountains," and still fewer found the rich ore. Denver, Auraria, Leadville, Central City, and other towns boomed, most of them soon to become ghost towns, their gold and silver mines exhausted.

Most fabulous of the fortune hunters was H. A. W. Tabor, a stonecutter from Vermont who with his brave wife and infant child suffered constant privations while struggling for gold. How Tabor made and lost an enormous fortune within twenty eventful years is one of the most colorful of a host of vivid sagas described in Here They Dug the Gold.

Reynal & Hitchcock, New York. Price $3.50.

THE DIM VIEW, by **Basil Heatter,** is a simple story of a wartime romance. Its great effectiveness lies in the economy of the telling and the quick, realistic dialogue of its sympathetic, thoroughly likable characters.

Basil Heatter

Jim Masters, wounded in the fighting on New Guinea, is taken to Brisbane, Australia, for convalescence. There he meets pretty Nora Young who, more than doctors and medicines, helps the youthful naval lieutenant get back on his feet. Their idyllic love affair is marred only by Masters' confusion concerning his future: the impending necessity of deciding whether or not to return to the front.

Nora's jovial family, a Jewish refugee psychiatrist, and Nora herself all contribute toward Jim's eventual decision, while some very credible fighting men give added vigor and entertainment to the book.

Farrar, Straus and Company, Inc., New York. Price $2.50.

ARTIST James Montgomery Flagg has written an informal biography titled **Roses and Buckshot** in which he lets the chips fall where they may. And they fall with a hard *clonk* on a number of well-known heads. Mr. Flagg could not be described as either tolerant or kindly, and neither his rancor nor his vigor has lessened with the years.

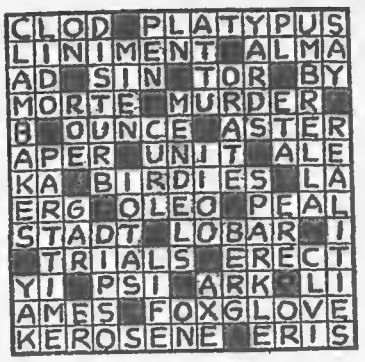
Despite the bad-tempered quality of the book, however, it is interesting as the portrait of an era and for its side lights on newsworthy personalities. Flagg was the world's most famous illustrator and as such was fêted abroad and at home.

There were some people Flagg loved: his father, apparently a wonderfully kind and understanding person; John Barrymore, one of the artist's great friends; and a number of lovely and charming women.

Putnam and Sons, New York. Price $3.75.

COCKEYED CROSSWORD

By Ted Shane



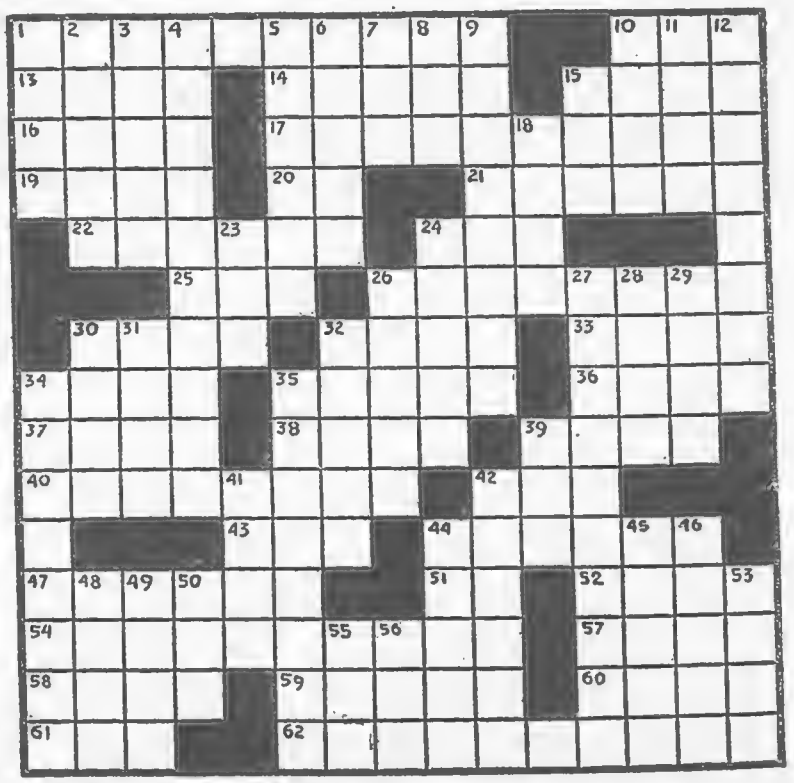
Last week's answer

HORIZONTAL

1 They fly through the air with the greatest of ease
10 The original is still in the subway
13 This'll make any pretty girl pucker up
14 Dam good thing about the Mississippi, this bank
15 Rome's built on this canal
16 This gal sounds awf'ly manly
17 A good thing to take before attending a political rally
19 This is religiously inclined
20 Personal note
21 A lump in the throat
22 Ocean greyhound, water spaniel, or marine pooch (two words)
24 Amberosia
25 Old-fashioned featherbed
26 Boudoir filing cabinets
30 Though we regret its downfall, nothing can be as right as it
32 I drop
33 Sought in the *Luce* Murder Case (anag.)
34 Reason why Jumping Jupiter jumped through the hoop
35 Beef manufacturers
36 Old-fashioned Bronx cheer
37 *Dean* of Arabian ports (anag.)
38 What every gal likes to do on a good man
39 Pot cover (masc.); mink dream rug (fem.)
40 They stand around street corners yelling "Bloody murder!"
42 Lilt lactically
43 This just doesn't make good sense
44 This is worth about thirty cents today
47 Their official capacity is about one quart
51 A kid followed this back in grandpa's day (abbr.)
52 Lana Turner's all wrapped up in this old rounder
54 The most backward people can be made to open up under them
57 True Nordic capital, surviving the phony one
58 File a nerve end
59 What you do with enthusiasm
60 1 among 060
61 A word of advice to a driver (simp. sp.)
62 The old lady kept this amplifier glued to her ear to pick up broadcasts (two words)

VERTICAL

1 Victorian for "Aw, nuts!"
2 Bitter medicine for the puzzle solver (pl.)
3 Mortimer Snerd's dad was a brilliant one
4 Phonies
5 What lipstick, falsies, girdles, and permanents mean to a woman
6 *Niger* bridge (anag.)
7 Cross between a st. and a blvd.
8 Molotov Externalizes Stalin (abbr.)
9 These early birds migrated here from England, then moved West
10 Seven lively things
11 Two football teams lined up alongside each other
12 They live alone and like it
15 This's even, yet minus 5
18 Horticultural scalpels
23 Dapper chappie
24 Where Shakespeare got his perfumes from
26 Political horse trades
27 What the prof, who was dreaming he was lecturing, woke up in
28 Nothing he wouldn't essay
29 What we hope collects on the world's war machines
30 —— forefathers of the hamlet
31 Kind of hat every woman wants (two words)
32 Three-pippers
34 They'd rather sleep than heat
35 It's been supporting the RR.s for years
39 Member of the Hill family
41 Theda the Wamp
42 Mrs. Katz is an excellent one
44 Streamlined dunking device
45 Walt Disney's chief inspiration
46 To whop again
48 Poor man's emerald
49 $1 Mex.
50 Small-sized burp
53 Freedom of the Seize
55 Miss Hogg
56 Order Beef Roast—and try and get it! (abbr.)



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

A Favorite in Flowers

THE GOLDEN POPPY—State Flower of California

DIXIE BELLE

What is it that sets a favorite apart from the commonplace? In flowers, it's form, color, fragrance. And in Dixie Belle, distinguished flavor, appealing bouquet...the subtle blending of choice grain neutral spirits with selected herbs, fruits and berries. That's why this superb gin stands so high in public esteem. Enjoy a favorite . . . ask for DIXIE BELLE!

A Favorite in GIN

90 Proof • Distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits

CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

"It'll be a long shot, Harry, but I think I can make it." LIBERTY

SLOW THINKER

Continued from Page 17

Then I saw something else. Uncle Matt saw it, too.

A man was riding toward us. He was still half a mile away, but he had his horse galloping as if there was a stampede at his back. Pretty soon we recognized Shorty Blair, bent over his saddle horn. The way he was coming looked like trouble. Uncle Matt must have felt it, too, because his face got worried.

Shorty swung out of his saddle and hitched up his jeans as he came running toward Uncle Matt.

"Bud Link's fixin' to run a fence between his land and yours!" he said. "He's got half a dozen hands choppin' posts on Ronan's Mountain. And I seen two of his boys markin' a track for the fence *along the creek!*"

THERE had never been a fence between Uncle Matt's outfit and the Box T, and I guess he couldn't see any reason why there should be one now. But all he said was, "Along the *creek*, Shorty?"

"Yep! Right where the water runs!"

"But that'd be a fence on my land —*way* over on my land—"

"Better go tell him," Shorty said. "What he's fixin' to do is grab himself maybe two-three hundred acres of your range!"

Any other man would have saddled a horse and gone high-tailing over to see Bud Link. But not Uncle Matt. He rubbed his chin and looked at the ground. He walked halfway to the corral and came back.

"I better think this out," he said.

"Ain't anything to think about," Shorty told him. "It's your land, that's all!"

"Bud Link wouldn't be fixin' to run a fence over it unless he had a reason—and a chance of getting away with it. I got to do some thinking, Shorty."

He kept walking up and down, forgetting me. After a time the cook called us in, and all through breakfast Uncle Matt didn't say a word. I'll bet he didn't know what he was putting into his mouth. He just kept thinking and thinking. When we were all through, he sighed, got up, and built himself a cigarette.

"I'll go see Bud," he said.

"Uncle Matt," I asked, "can I go along?"

He thought that one over till he'd got the cigarette lit. "No reason you shouldn't," he said.

So he saddled a cayuse and I saddled my Palomino, and the two of us rode off toward Ronan's Mountain. It wasn't a mountain, really—just a good-sized hill with timber covering its sides—scrub oak mostly, and a few stands of cedar. We saw some men working there with axes. One of them, a big fellow, walked out to meet us. When he took his sombrero off to wipe a sleeve across his forehead, I saw he had curly red hair cut very short. His eyes kind of bulged out. In fact, everything on him bulged. He was strong all right, with plenty of muscle on him and a lot of sweat showing through his shirt. He looked like he weighed well over two hundred pounds.

Uncle Matt said, "Hi, Bud."

The big man nodded, squinting up at Uncle Matt as if he was waiting for questions. We didn't get off our horses. Uncle Matt said, "I hear you're figurin' to build a fence along the creek."

"That's right." Bud Link nodded again. "I don't want any more trouble with strays than I can help. You don't object to a fence, do you?"

"Aside from the fact that you'd be cuttin' my stock off from water if you built on *my* side of the creek—"

"There's plenty inlets where the water will run under the fence maybe fifty yards into your land," Bud Link said. "You'll have all the water you need."

Uncle Matt went on talking as if he hadn't even heard Bud Link.

"Aside from that," he said, "you'd be building the fence in the wrong place. Your land don't run to the creek."

THAT seemed to surprise Bud. He said. "Huh?"

"You know the dry bed the other side of the divide?" Uncle Matt asked. "Maybe three hundred yards from where the creek runs now?"

"What about it?"

"That's where your land ends."

Bud Link stared as if he thought Uncle Matt was crazy.

"There used to be another creek where the dry bed is," Uncle Matt said. "That was always the boundary line between Sam Teagle's spread and mine. Seven years ago there was a landslide back in the hills. It blocked off the water and sent it down my side of the divide. The landslide moved the creek two-three hundred yards. But Sam Teagle and I always knew our boundary line ran along the *old* creek bed. We never had trouble about it."

Bud Link pushed back his hat. "That's the doggonedest thing I ever heard," he said. "*My* deed says my land runs to the far side of Chaparral Creek—and *includes* the creek."

"The old creek, yes."

"I wasn't told about any *old* creek." Bud Link put his hands on his hips. "I bought *to the creek*—and that's what I figure I own."

"Didn't Mrs. Teagle point out the boundary?"

"No!"

"Well, now, that don't sound like her at all," Uncle Matt said, talking slow, like a man thinking out loud. Then he gathered up his reins. "We could go ask her, Bud."

"Nothing doing!" Bud Link said. "What I bought's mine. You don't think I'd let her talk me out of maybe two-three hundred acres, do you?"

"I can't afford giving away that land any more than you can," Uncle Matt said. "We got to settle it legal."

"Well, if you got legal proof to stop me," Bud Link said, "bring it out with the sheriff. I start building fence Monday morning." With that he turned and walked back to the hill.

We sat there a while in our saddles. Uncle Matt looked pale. After a time he pulled his cayuse's head around and rode away.

"What you going to do?" I asked.

"I'll see, Tim. Got to think it out."

"But Monday's only five days from now!"

"Got to think," Uncle Matt said.

We didn't talk any more. I noticed he wasn't heading back for his Twin Circle. Instead we rode past a lot of

his grazing cattle and on into Turbeyville. Down the far end of town he turned into a side street. We drew rein in front of a small white house.

As Uncle Matt swung out of the saddle a woman came down the steps. I recognized Sue Teagle right away. She seemed a mite plumper, but she still had blonde hair and a sweet smile. She greeted me like an old friend.

"Sue," Uncle Matt said, "when you sold Bud Link the Box T, did you show him where the boundary line ran along the old creek?"

"Of course," she said. "I rode the whole length of it with him. Why?"

Uncle Matt told her what had happened.

"Why, that's robbery!" Sue Teagle said. Her eyes were angry.

"Seein' the deed just says Chaparral Creek," Uncle Matt said, "I reckon he figures that gives him a fifty-fifty chance in court. Anybody else along when you rode the boundary line with him?"

"No, we were alone, but—"

"That's why he feels safe. He'll claim he bought to the creek in good faith—and he'll fight like hell to take that land. From all I hear, he sets up to be a fightin' man."

"You can't let him get away with a thing like that!" Sue Teagle cried. "What are you going to do?"

"I'm thinking."

"Matt, this is no time to waste on thinking! You've got to act fast!"

He shook his head. "Got to figure it out, Sue."

SHE was so full of impatience she pretty near stamped her foot. Uncle Matt climbed back into the saddle. With his hands on the horn, he looked down at her.

"I got till Monday," he said. "No use rushing."

All of a sudden I knew my father had been right; I could see it in Sue Teagle's white face. She'd never marry Uncle Matt because his slow ways made her furious.

They worried me, too, as we rode away. Bud Link was fixing to grab a long slice of Uncle Matt's land, and Uncle Matt was satisfied to spend his time thinking. Not that he didn't do his regular chores those next few days. He rode range all right, and rounded up strays in the hills, and did his work around the barn; but he was quiet all the time, sort of puzzled, and he didn't seem to notice anybody. Sunday afternoon he rode off by himself, and we didn't see him at all till long after sundown.

Over breakfast Monday morning, I said, "This is the day, Uncle Matt." I was scared.

"Uh-huh," he said, buttering a slice of bread.

Before I could say anything else we heard the clatter of a horse outside and Shorty Blair crying out, "Hi, there, Mrs. Teagle!" Uncle Matt dropped the bread. He turned in his chair as Sue Teagle came into the kitchen.

She wore riding pants and a man's shirt and her hair was mussed up by the wind. Her eyes were still angry. "Bud's started building fence," she said.

Uncle Matt got up slow. "You been there?" he asked.

"Yes! I thought maybe I could talk him out of it. He wouldn't listen."

Uncle Matt nodded. He picked up his coffee mug and finished what was in it. Then, wiping his mouth, he went across the kitchen to the peg where his hat hung.

"What are you going to do?" Sue Teagle asked. Her tone changed. "Or are you still *thinking?*"

"I'll go see Bud now," Uncle Matt said. "I got it all thought out."

"How?"

"Saw Judge Lowery yesterday," he said. "The judge is going to meet me over near the creek. He's got dates when the deed was filed and all legal records and proof to show I own to the old creek bed. With the judge talking up for me—and ready to back me up in court—Bud will see he ain't got a chance."

"You think that'll do it?" Sue Teagle asked.

Jim Made Time When...
THIS IS THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME. BETTER GRAB THE FIRST PLANE OUT
JUST THE BREAK I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR. I'LL BE THERE
I'M AT THE AIRPORT NOW AND CAN BE AT YOUR OFFICE IN AN HOUR
GATE 2
MAKE IT AS QUICK AS YOU CAN... I'M LEAVING FOR WASHINGTON
MY BAG'S GONE! WHAT WILL I DO FOR A SHAVE?
CAN YOU FIX ME UP WITH A RAZOR AND SOME SHAVING CREAM?
YES SIR... A GILLETTE RAZOR AND A BRAND NEW THIN GILLETTE BLADE
THIS FEELS GREAT! A SLICK SHAVE LIKE THIS WILL GET ME BY
YOU LOOK OKAY, SIR. YOU SURE DID THE TRICK IN A HURRY
MR. LONG IS HERE REGARDING THAT SOUTH AMERICAN POSITION ... AND HE'S A FINE-LOOKING YOUNG MAN
GOOD. SEND HIM RIGHT IN
ALL RIGHT, MR. LONG. I SUGGEST YOU MAKE A RESERVATION FOR RIO IMMEDIATELY. THE PLACE IS YOURS!
UM-M-M-M! SINGLE AND HANDSOME. HOPE I SEE HIM AGAIN SOON
YOU CAN ALWAYS COUNT ON THE THIN GILLETTE BLADE TO GIVE QUICK, EASY, GOOD-LOOKING SHAVES AT A SAVING, FOR THIS LOW-PRICE BLADE IS PLENTY SHARP AND LONG-LASTING. ALSO IT FITS YOUR GILLETTE RAZOR TO A "T" AND PROTECTS YOU FROM ALL THE IRRITATION CAUSED BY MISFIT BLADES
THIN Gillette BLADES
4 for 10

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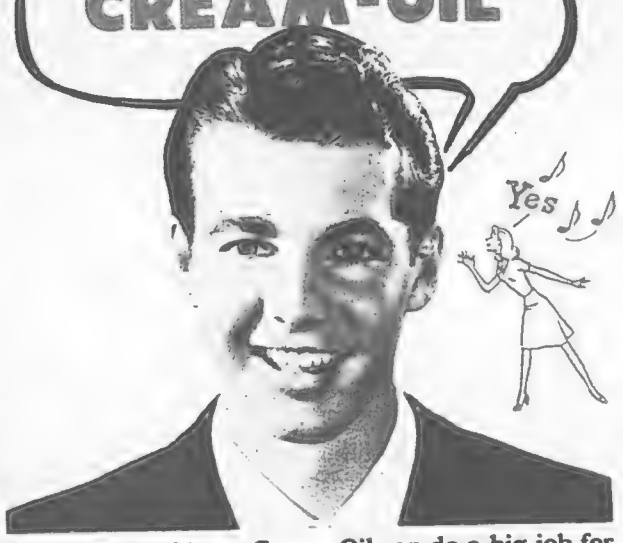
1. "It's F-N, the test for men!" Scratch your head—if you find dryness or loose dandruff you need Wildroot Cream-Oil. Buy the large economy size.

YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK LIKE THIS WITH NEW
WILDROOT CREAM-OIL



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IMPORTANT: *Smart women use Wildroot Cream-Oil for quick grooming and to relieve dryness. Also excellent for training children's hair!*

Cream-Oil Charlie says: TUNE IN! "The Adventures of Sam Spade" every Sunday on entire CBS Network.

"Bud would be a fool to buck up against the judge. He'll know he'd be licked in court."

We went out to the corral, and as I saddled my Palomino alongside his cayuse Uncle Matt didn't say a word; so I knew it was all right for me to go along. If he'd made me stay home I'd have gone plumb crazy. Sue Teagle came too, and Shorty. The four of us loped across the range in clear morning sunshine, and over near Hog Ridge we picked up old Judge Lowery. He was a pretty fat old man with a gray beard. He wore a black sombrero and a black suit, with the pants tucked inside his boots. A roll of papers stuck out of his pocket.

It was queer that I didn't notice the cows or the mountains or anything else today. After we started down the long slope to the creek, all I could see was a line of seven men working on our side of the water, maybe a quarter of a mile away. You could hear the sounds of pounding as they drove the fence posts down.

Bud Link was there, naturally. He came forward to meet us.

Uncle Matt squinted past him at the fence posts. Then he shook his head as he and Judge Lowery got out of their saddles.

"Bud," Uncle Matt said, "we ain't used to fighting over land around here. We been sort of—friendly folks."

"I don't see anybody starting a fight," Bud Link said.

"Nobody's figuring to," Uncle Matt said. "That's why I brought Judge Lowery over—to show you there's no use arguin'. Judge, you tell Bud how we stand, will you?"

THE judge did quite a bit of talking. He unrolled his papers and made Bud Link look at them. He pointed out a line on an old map. From the way Bud Link's face was working I could see that Uncle Matt had thought things out fine. Here was something Bud couldn't argue against, not when it came straight from Judge Lowery.

Then the judge finished and put the papers away. Bud Link looked at him a while with his bulging eyes.

"Well," he said, "that bein' the case, I'll sue Mrs. Teagle for the price of about three hundred acres. Me, I bought to the creek in good faith. If I was fooled, I want my money back for the land I didn't get."

You could see Uncle hadn't figured on that one. He stared at Bud. Nobody talked. Uncle Matt had thought out a way to make Bud stop building fence, all right, but he'd thought Sue Teagle right into a lawsuit. It kind of staggered him.

Sue Teagle, her face white, leaned over her saddle horn. "Hold on, Mr. Link," she said. "You weren't fooled. I showed you exactly where that boundary runs before you bought—"

"That's a lie," Bud Link said. "You never—"

He couldn't finish. I don't know what happened to Uncle Matt, but the minute Bud said, "That's a lie," Uncle Matt forgot all about thinking. I guess it was the first time in his life he acted without thought. His fist swung out of nowhere and banged square into Bud Link's eye.

It must have hurt. Bud caught his breath and went back a few steps and clamped a hand over that eye. Then, when he got his balance back, he blinked at Uncle Matt a second, as if he couldn't believe what had happened. A low cuss word came from him. And all of a sudden he rushed at Uncle Matt.

His first punch caught Uncle Matt on the mouth. I could feel the pain of it go through my body. I almost shut my eyes when I saw the blood go down Uncle Matt's chin.

They really went at it then.

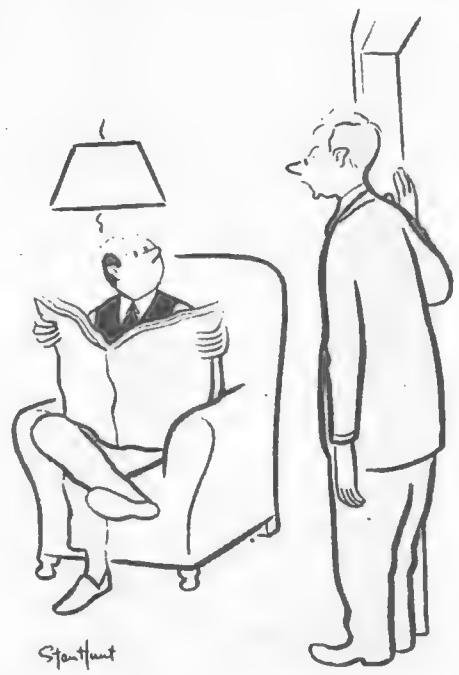
The men from the creek came running up to watch. Uncle Matt kept going back and back, with Bud following and pasting him on the head and shoulders and arms. Bud was a lot heavier and younger than Uncle Matt. He seemed to have things pretty much his own way, even with his left eye shut and swollen.

Uncle Matt was so busy blocking punches he could hardly hit Bud at all. His face got cut and bloody and his shirt was torn. I felt sick all over.

After a few minutes of it, Bud must have figured it was time to knock Uncle Matt cold with one terrific punch. He pulled his arm back for it—and that was when Uncle Matt jumped forward as if somebody had shoved him. He smashed a fist plumb into Bud Link's good eye.

Bud was half blind after that punch. He swung hard, but he missed by twenty inches. And his legs got wobbly.

Uncle Matt went right after him.



"Sir, your daughter bores me. I'd like to marry your wife."
LIBERTY

He pounded away with all his strength at Bud's head and face and chest.

I stood up in the stirrups. I wanted to yell but I couldn't.

Bud was blind as a bat. Uncle Matt let him have it from all sides. Finally he put a honey of a punch right smack on Bud's chin, and the big man went down. He rolled over on his side and went limp all over.

Breathing hard, Uncle Matt wiped the blood from his face with his sleeve. He was ready, but you could see Bud Link wasn't going to fight any more.

Somebody ran down to the creek for a hatful of water. They poured it over Bud Link's face and head, and after a while he sat up, kind of dazed. He looked at Uncle Matt in surprise.

"Hell, neighbor," he said, "I didn't think you had it in you."

Uncle Matt, still angry, said, "How about takin' back what you said to Mrs. Teagle?"

I guess it must have been the way Shorty said later—that a man like Bud Link, a born scrapper, knows when he's beaten in a fair fight, and that nothing persuades him as much as an honest licking.

Bud Link kind of grinned, though it wasn't much of a grin, with his face all banged up and his eyes half shut. "Sure," he said. "Sorry, Mrs. Teagle."

"What about the fence?" Uncle Matt asked.

Bud looked at him a while. Then he shook his head and grinned again. "Reckon you and me can get along better without a fence," he said. "Let's forget it."

SO then we rode away, with everybody silent, and it wasn't till after we'd topped the rise and were out of sight of the creek that Sue Teagle said, "Matt—Matt, wait."

She brought her horse close to his cayuse and used her handkerchief to wipe the blood from his face. I saw she was crying. But she was smiling, too.

"Oh, Matt," she whispered. "And —and I thought you never did anything quick — without thinking —" She got the last of the blood off his chin. "I'm proud, Matt. I'm all shaken up—and proud."

Uncle Matt looked at her in a thoughtful way. "Proud enough to—change your mind, Sue?"

"I've changed it already," she said. "If you say the word, Matt, I'll marry you today!"

"Well, now—wait—"

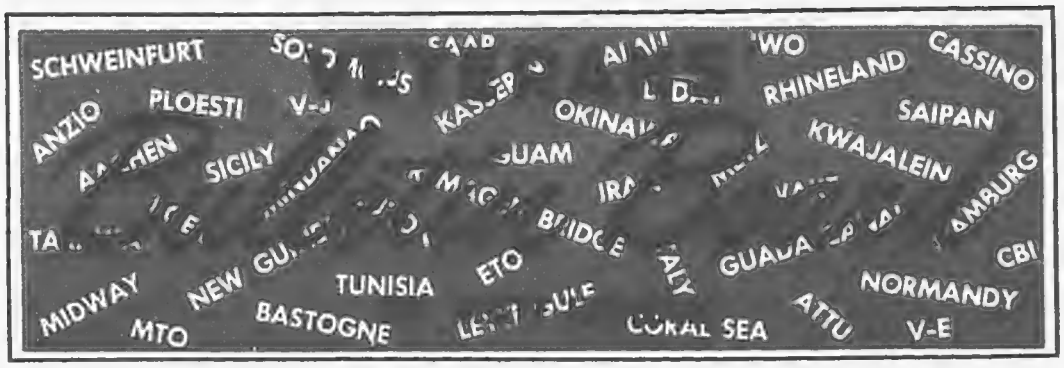
"Or as quick as we can get a license!"

Uncle Matt seemed dazed. "Now, hold on," he said. "I sort of figured on fixin' up the house first—gettin' things set right for you—"

Sue Teagle laughed. "How long will that take?"

Uncle Matt rubbed his chin. He looked at the ground. "I don't know yet," he said. "Got to think it over."

THE END



LET'S check over a few items of timely veteran interest and value. To begin with, *a hot-off-the-wire insurance tip* advises veterans that time and trouble can be saved if they immediately designate not only primary but also contingent beneficiaries. The August 1, 1946, NSLI Amendment has eliminated the old practice of proceeds of the policy falling in regular order to widow or widower, children, parents, brothers and sisters. Now, if the veteran has no designated beneficiaries, his insurance payment is paid to his estate.

Keep in mind that *if* your National Service Life Insurance term policy is dated *prior to* January 1, 1946, you have until eight years after taking it out to convert it into a permanent form. Otherwise you have only five years.

Yes, there is such a thing as a veteran bumping a senior worker right out of his job. At least, so says U. S. Attorney General Clark. Now a returning veteran with permanent status has a right to his old job even if another veteran or non-veteran with far more seniority must be displaced to make room for him. However, your bumping privileges are limited to government jobs.

Anyhow, a good thing to remember is you have to apply for the old job within ninety days after discharge. It's worth the try.

Good jobs are still available according to the Civil Service Commission. Where? Right in civil service itself. In fact, a list is being drawn up that will give the veteran a crack (with preference) at the examinations for permanent jobs in almost every line of work. By June 30, 1947, it is estimated, 6,000,000 permanent appointments should be made. Perhaps—who knows?—you might be the one to get in.

If you're not having any luck getting a job, don't forget that the only time limit on securing your fifty-two weekly $20 payments is that it has to be done within five years after discharge or end of war.

Brand-new automobiles for veterans are actually being made available to other than just leg amputees. Halloran General Hospital and the General Motors people are delivering cars in weekly carloads and selling them at regular cost to prospective veterans whose injury calls for special consideration.

This exemplary "Valiant Project" is entirely independent of the "car-for-amputees bill" that entitles veterans to the $1,600 allowance for a car. The law covers only those ex-servicemen who are entitled to compensation for the loss of, or loss of use of, one or both legs at or above the ankle. Other amputees or disabled vets must pay for their own cars.

The total cost must not exceed $1,600, and the purchase must be transacted the VA way. The time limit for this deal is June 30, 1947.

If you plan to study abroad under the G.I. Bill, hurry and send your letter of application to the Division of International Exchange of Persons, State Department, Washington 25, D. C. The program should go into actual operation soon. You can take your choice from an approved list that includes nearly 800 foreign schools and universities. You must be ready to arrange and pay your own transportation and maintain yourself, and your family if it is to accompany you, until subsistence checks begin. It will all take time and effort, but then—it's a rare privilege!

Keep an eye on it

Here again keep an eye on that time clock, because the VA says you have up till nine years after end of the war to complete education, home or foreign, that you are getting under the G.I. Bill.

VETERANS: The Bulletin Board is your department, the watchdog of your interests—written and edited by a combat veteran of World War II. Make the most of it! Write in your gripes and your ideas. No names will be used without permission. Address Veterans' Bulletin Board, c/o Liberty, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

GOLDFISH FOR THE GENERAL

Continued from Page 15

office, and two for his house. General MacArthur's flower bill at his American Embassy residence is 19,000 yen a month. On week-ends and on special occasions, this fixed floral flow must, of course, be greatly augmented.

The parity of music with flowers is upheld by a dinnertime orchestra in every officers' billet, and a dance band at least one night a week. Most places stage a dance nightly, and the Yuraku Hotel adds a tea dance Sunday afternoons. The Imperial Hotel, sacrosanct home of the top brass, receives the Tokyo Symphony Orchestra each Saturday night, after the orchestra has made the rounds of other fancy billets during the week. This orchestra's standard fee is 15,000 yen per stand. The Imperial, by the way, with eighty-five guests, has a corps of 460 Japanese employees—five and a half per guest.

BUT it isn't the provision of melody and flowers that has Davis calling himself names. It's the demands for goods critically needed by the Japanese. He contends that if the occupying forces had restrained their rapacity in this respect, limiting themselves to the few real necessities not to be had from the quartermasters, the Japs would be 50 per cent farther along the road to recovery and that much less dependent upon American support.

Lumber is a typical case. With rare exceptions, every foot turned out is grabbed by us before it leaves the saw. In fact, the mill doesn't get the logs until it can show a certificate from Davis that the lumber is for us. This tends to leave production where the B-29s left it. Hence, there still is no organized rebuilding effort under way, and one million homeless families face another winter without shelter.

While no Japanese can buy cloth except under the bridge at midnight, we have formed a rat race in and out of the Tokyo Post Exchange to buy Japanese cloth at the token price of three to five yen a yard, with the single modest restraint that each customer limit himself to forty yards a day. Men's silk shorts are for sale at three yen a pair.

There is no slick printing paper left in Japan; we have used it all. Despite a War Department circular against it, hundreds of outfits have published "histories" of themselves. Thirty thousand books telling of the First Cavalry Division have been printed, 1,000 histories of the Eleventh Corps, 600 thirty-two-page booklets on an obscure troop carrier group. A Seabee unit got out a document more richly done than a college annual. Even a regimental school, comprising a faculty of four and a handful of students, has set its story on paper. And only the best paper will do. There have been 20,000 "travel guides."

Now and then, when a PD lighting on his desk calls for some particularly critical item, Davis reverses his role as expediter and jams the process. When the Headquarters Commandant put in a PD for brooms, mops, and soap for the American Embassy, Davis phoned that he had just supplied 1,600 brooms to the Yokohama quartermaster, and told the Commandant to get them there. As for Japanese soap, the Japs have little and we have plenty.

"Don't you know who your Old Man is?" Davis was asked. Davis shot back that it was the "Old Man" who was responsible for the directive he was following in referring them to the quartermaster. That ended the argument.

Riding horses are in wide demand. Lieutenant General Ennis C. Whitehead, commanding general of the Pacific Air Command, keeps three to five of them. One recreation center stables fifty horses, keeping up a succession of demands for replacements as the animals prove unsuitable due to poor feed, likewise supplied by the Japanese.

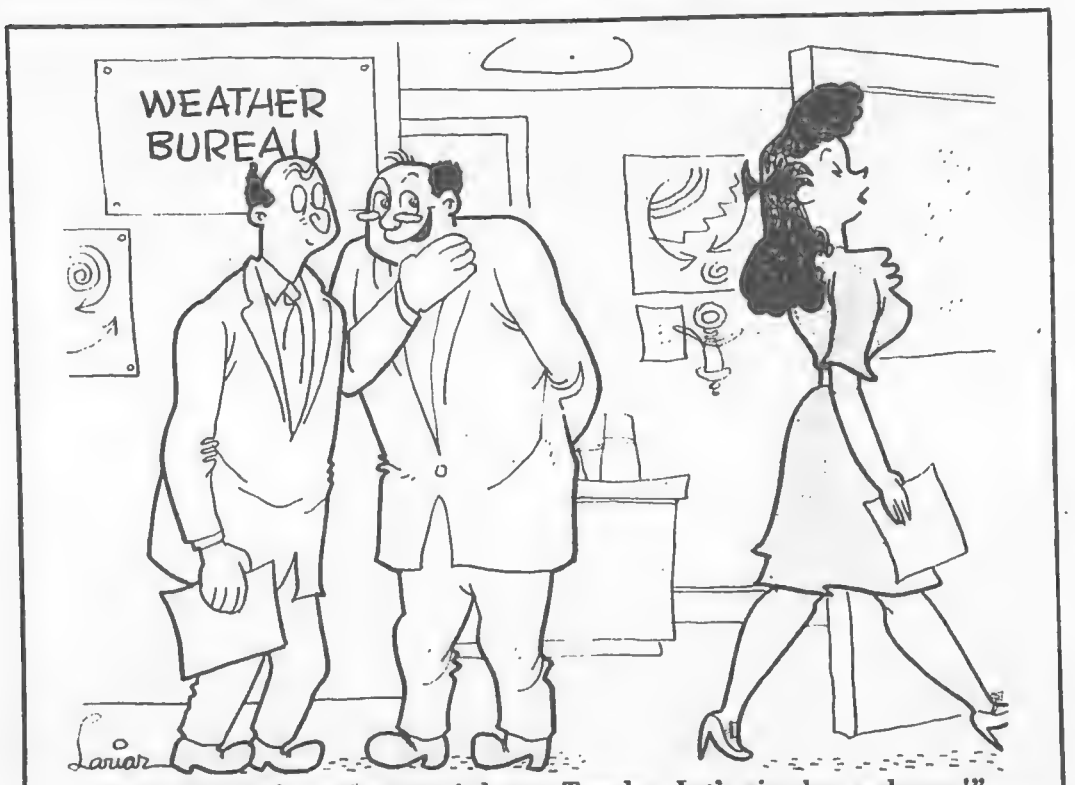
Our forces would like more horses for riding, and the farmers, from whom most of them are procured, would like more too. Horses are a big help in producing the food the nation lacks and which we are shipping in, and a horse can move a bigger cartload along the roads than a man can. But we have to take farm horses because the thoroughbreds of the Japan Race Horse Association have long since been taken. Many of the association's horses were "liberated" outright by First Cavalrymen, who waived the bother of paper formalities.

MANY PDs are initiated by officers eager to polish the apple, acting on no other impetus than a casual remark by the superior that such-and-such would be nice. A driver spent two days bringing in a truckload of fine furniture for delivery to Lieutenant General Robert L. Eichelberger, Eighth Army Commander, in Yokohama. "Where in hell did that come from?" demanded Eichelberger when the driver pulled in. There was no room for it in the general's house, so it was unloaded in his aide's home. Who ordered the furniture for him is still a mystery.

It is seldom that anyone questions a delivery of any kind. "I could deliver a hundred tons of fertilizer to a commissary, and the Army would sign for it," Davis remarked.

There are a number of art collectors among us, too, and they are proving to be real connoisseurs; they want only the work of top-ranking Japanese artists. An officer visiting in the home of a Foreign Office official saw something he liked very much. But being an officer and therefore a gentleman, he refrained from crudely chucking it under an arm as he left. In due course the owner was served with a PD for his picture. Except for the delay, this method would serve the officer's purpose of getting it for nothing just as well, and be less vulgar. The Japanese government at the moment of this writing was trying to get the owner to accept a little less than the 80,000 yen he was asking.

Sometimes Davis hesitates because the PD seems downright whimsical. A GHQ officer wanted a blanket PD on some firm dealing in swans, ducks, and goldfish, to ensure a steady flow of this fauna to MacArthur's embassy home. When Davis gaped wonderingly, the officer explained, "We have to keep replacing



"Miss Flibbett's getting married next Tuesday. Let's give her a shower!"
LIBERTY

these things. A small boy beats the swans; the swans kill the ducks, and the ducks eat the goldfish."

However, Davis is not supposed to question his customers' wishes but to put the goods on the counter, and he usually does.

To set up a machine by which this considerable business could operate efficiently, Davis fell back on his experience as office manager for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer in California. Since policy forbids direct dealings with Japanese merchants, all demands are made through local liaison offices, scattered throughout Japan. The Central Liaison Office, in Tokyo, sets the pattern. Receiving a demand, it turns the request over to one of three auxiliary organizations: the Metropolitan Board, which is the city government; the Ministry of Commerce and Industry; or the Trade Corporation, a semi-government organization cut from the Mitsui interests during the war under orders to corner all commodities normally exported. From there the demand goes out to whichever source can supply it. Poor transportation, an elementary telephone service, and the incomparable constipation of Japanese bureaucracy, were factors holding up the works.

DAVIS had the Liaison Office set up a branch in the office on the floor directly below him. He discovered and listed main sources of supply. He dug up an old Montgomery Ward catalog, so he could show the Japs what he meant by a double boiler or a card table. Until he found the catalog, he had had to draw pictures.

Where formerly a new PD had been required for each item of furnishing or maintenance in a building, at great cost in time, labor, and paper (the Army makes thirty-two copies in a jeep sale!), he put the whole building under one PD covering everything.

These innovations were not effected without opposition. As one colonel protested, "You're trying to put things on a business basis. You know that isn't the army way."

Arranging better transportation for his Japanese henchmen who travel between his office and the widely dispersed sources of supply has so far proved unsuccessful, however. Davis tried putting in a request to procure a vehicle for them from the Japanese government. After three weeks he got a reprimand instead of a car. He was "out of channels."

The sheaf of documents built up in reaching this decision carried contributions by two generals, one signing under the Supreme Commander's name, and two majors and five colonels.

Meanwhile, a Japanese Cadillac was demanded for Major General P. J. Mueller, MacArthur's chief of staff, whose own Cadillac was laid up for repairs. An ordinary American staff car from the acres of olive-drab Fords, Chevrolets, and Plymouths on hand would not befit an officer of his high station. The general was soon in a fair way to get fixed up with one owned by a Korean, who had just bought it from the Imperial Household.

"And I say she goes in *before* the shortening!"

LIBERTY

"See Davis in Tokyo" has become habitual advice when anybody needs anything. When the First Cavalry, giving a party, needed 150 dancing partners, Davis came through. When certain generals wanted chinaware of a class not stocked by the quartermaster, Davis got it. This ability to produce often makes the spotlight shine on others. The GHQ mess officer this summer was awarded the Legion of Merit, and his assistant the Commendation Ribbon, for the fine table they set—with Davis-procured china and silverware.

Even the Japanese, helpless alone, are learning to come to Davis. They look upon him as a kind of chaplain, who will right wrongs and listen to their troubles. Thanks to them, he learned one day that cameras were being looted from a camera factory. He found the place filled with officers, who had laid out a display ranging from small jobs to three-foot aerial cameras. It was like a buyers' convention.

"This place is frozen as of this moment," Davis announced. "Nothing will leave this building except through the proper procedures." Noting that a colonel was looking down his nose at Davis' single shoulder bar, Davis said, "Don't let my rank bother you. I represent General Eichelberger. I'm the Tokyo procurement officer."

Sometimes, in its voracity, the army starts to gnaw away at public utilities as vital to its own welfare as to the Japs'. An engineer company spotted, at the municipal waterworks, a tool which it decided would be handy to have in its carpenter shop. So the tool was carted away under the proper procedures, and in time Davis received a troubled letter from the waterworks officials. They explained that the tool was necessary in making an item with which the city water mains were protected from freezing in winter. Without the tool they couldn't make it and in consequence there was grave danger that the water system would collapse when cold weather set in. It took a lot of hard declamation before Davis succeeded in having the vital implement returned.

ONE of Davis' few failures was when a Negro trooper came to him for a discharge from the army. This petitioner was having trouble with his commanding officer, and his chaplain had been unable to help him. He had heard the slogan that "Davis in Tokyo was the man to see."

"Hell," said Davis, "if I could get you a discharge from the army I'd be out myself."

Davis is out of the army now, as a matter of fact, but he retains his job with the assimilated rank of colonel. But for this arrangement, a real colonel would have had to take over, to uphold the dignity of the office.

Or is "dignity" just the right word?

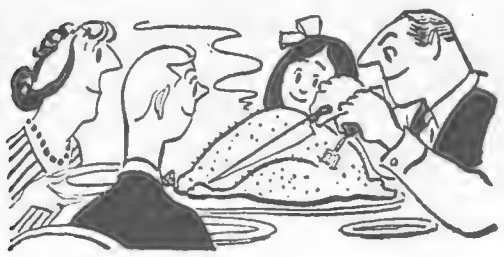
THE END

USO

Woman-Talk

BY
MARGARET FISHBACK

HAPPY THANKSGIVING!—And may we all sit down to the traditional overstuffed bird and fixings. Let's hope there will be enough for home consumption as well as the restaurant trade. It's been getting me down to hear chums who habitually dine out boast of the dandy roasts and chops and monumental gobblers available in restaurants when they can't be found in butcher shops. It doesn't matter so much to me personally, but I'd certainly like to do better by my carnivorous four-year-old boy.



Restaurant diners still eat lamb,
Swiss steak, roast beef, and even ham!
Housewives, searching in vain for meat,
Settle for fish and fowl to eat,
When in luck. And it makes me mad
That I can't produce for my lad
Meat, since he's too young to be able
To fight his way to a restaurant table.

I'm beginning to agree with a reader in Moores Hill, Indiana, Mrs. Estal Miller, who recently penned this protest: "We do like your column, but we do also like to disagree with you now and then. The following was inspired by your September, I Love You in the September 28 issue:

"Fishback is always lauding the city!
For her we countryfolk feel quite a pity.
She mentions a milk shortage—if she just knew how,
And lived in the country, she'd go milk a cow."

FASHIONS ON THE HOOF: A unique fall fashion show was presented in Madison Square Garden during the opening performance of the Texas Rodeo. Justin McCarty of Dallas was the designer, and his sixteen dramatic models reflected the color and pageantry of the old Southwest. Six of the young women wearing the McCarty clothes were riders with the rodeo, and raced around the ring on horseback, showing colorful slack suits in action. The trimly fitted slacks were inspired by Western frontier pants, with high front pockets set just below the waistline. Many of the rather tight trousers carried narrow piping in contrasting colors down the side seams. The shirts had very full sleeves and tight, buttoned cuffs. A cowboy's shirt inspired two evening dresses consisting of tiny boleros, voluminous skirts, and soft blouses with full sleeves ending in tight cuffs. The models wearing daytime and evening dresses made the rounds in horse-drawn buckboards. Most of the sportswear and daytime frocks were sandy beige with touches of vivid color. A slack suit designed for cocktailing or dining at home boasted slim chartreuse "frontier" pants in gabardine with fine gold piping down the sides, while the crepe blouse achieved a plaid effect with rows of shining multicolored beads.

WHY MEN PUT THEIR FEET ON DESKS: It has long been established office practice for men to relax by tilting back in their chairs and putting their feet on their desks. Doctors say this causes a switch in the direction of the circulation which is all to the good and really aids relaxation scientifically. Ann Delafield, famed beauty authority, carries this theory over into a new beauty treatment which involves a cradle plus frills. If you are of a waggish nature, this development in the field of beauty may be hard to take with a straight face, but this is how it

works: The cradle really rocks. You lie in it (at the Hudnut-Du Barry Salon) and "rock to the rhythm of your heartbeat." As you rock, blood flows to your face, easing tension and stimulating circulation. According to Miss Delafield, the creator of the treatment, the increased volume of blood to the upper regions of the body supplies the tissues with nourishment and oxygen, and conveys to them the building elements for growth and reconstruction. For the lazy woman the rock-a-bye treatment has the further advantage of offering exercise without effort.

THE DECISION

Continued from Page 13

gressional, and she was prostrated because she'd just realized her mistake, and she couldn't find a hotel room in all of New York, and it was so stupid of her to get the date wrong, but there she was at Penn Station, absolutely homeless unless Bess, whom she had been meaning to look up ever since she came back from Singapore anyway, could put her up for the night.

"I thought I heard someone at your door," Lacey Mead said.

"It was only the bellhop," Bess said. "But he knocked."

"Darling, you're so old-fashioned," said Lacey Mead, who had changed into a flowered organdy number with ruffles that would have been more appropriate for a girl of eighteen going to a high-school dance. "Surely you don't expect me to knock. We're old, old friends, darling. What did he want?"

"Dr. Campion sent him around to warn everybody to be in the main dining room for his opening address at six sharp," Bess said.

"I'll just die if I have to face the old poop's opening address without something fermented in my stomach," Lacey cried. "Let's investigate the bar, darling, shall we?"

"You go on ahead and I'll join you in a few minutes," Bess said. "I want to finish unpacking."

"Oh, to hell with the unpacking," Lacey shrilled, and then, as though she wanted for some reason to call back the unnecessarily savage words, smiled uneasily and said, "Well, all. right, then. I'll just sit here and wait until you finish, darling."

Bess gave the older woman a quick, surprised glance.

"On second thought, maybe you're right," Bess said casually, troubled by the awareness that she was not getting the most out of a puzzling moment of revelation. "I'm almost finished anyway, and the rest can wait," she said. "Let's investigate the bar."

THE bar, a vast beamed room hung with Japanese prints and suits of Spanish armor, was almost empty. Lacey Mead, with an awkwardness that Bess found oddly uncharacteristic, hesitated on the threshold. There was a loud joyous shout from a small marble table in the far corner of the dimly lighted room, and Lacey, her face suddenly bright and her step springy, led Bess across the tiled floor and introduced her to Mr. Tulcher, the chairman of the convention committee, and a Mr. Stratton who, while helping to write the name of Panjang high in the skies of the Far East, had apparently learned the only proper way to mix a *stengah*. He was now somewhat annoyed because the Tanagra's bartender seemed unwilling to acquire the knowledge from him.

"He keeps putting in the gin first,"

Mr. Stratton complained as he helped Mr. Tulcher settle Bess and Lacey at the small table. "And he won't strain the damned lime juice, so you get a mouthful of pulp every time you take a sip. "Hey!" he called to the bartender. "How about a couple more of these fruit salads for the girls?"

Mr. Tulcher explained cheerfully that Old Pete, the name by which Mr. Stratton was known to everybody from Kuala Lumpur to the Statue of Liberty, had been trying unsuccessfully for four years to get American bartenders to make a *stengah.*

"I keep telling him to wait until we get back to Singapore," Mr. Tulcher said. "But you know Old Pete."

It turned out that Bess didn't really know Old Pete, so Mr. Tulcher explained that Mr. Stratton had been the chief of the Panjang disbursement office for twelve years before the war and what he knew about making *stengahs* was nothing compared to what he knew about making a Straits dollar go all the way around the block and come back. Mr. Stratton, or Old Pete, gulped his drink and said you just wait, he'd show them all, a thing or two when they got back to Malaya; and how come a cute little trick like Bess, whose old man had been the great Dr. Hackett himself, hadn't heard of him before? Bess started to apologize, but Mr. Tulcher, signaling to the bartender for another round, assured Mr. Stratton vigorously that Bess was an old Malay hand, just like the rest of them, and if it weren't for the fact that her father had sent her back to the States in 1937 to go to college, why, she would probably have been caught in the Jap invasion along with everybody else, wouldn't she?

"Very probably," Bess said. "Don't you think we'd better be getting

"My wife wishes to enroll." LIBERTY

Are you in the know?

When you don't know the routine, would you—

- ☐ *Try it anyway*
- ☐ *Say your feet hurt*
- ☐ *'Fess up frankly*

Why lumber through a rumba—or spoil a jitt-bug's "shine?" If you aren't hep to the step, say so. 'Fess up frankly. Droons rush in where smoothies fear to tread. But at "certain" times, there's one fear a smooth girl can forget (with Kotex): the fear of telltale outlines. That's because Kotex has *flat tapered ends* that *prevent* revealing outlines. And you can dance the hours away in *comfort*, for Kotex is made to *stay soft while wearing.*

For camouflaging freckles, do you—

- ☐ *Take the cake*
- ☐ *Apply lemon juice*
- ☐ *Wear a dotted veil*

Freckle-heckled? To camouflage the summer's sun spots—take the cake (*makeup*, that is) and apply with wet sponge. Blot surplus with a Kleenex tissue; blend well with fingertips while damp. Then let dry—and you've got 'em covered! It's easy, when you know how. Like keeping dainty on problem days. You'll know how to stay dainty, charming, when you let Kotex help. Each Kotex napkin contains a *deodorant*—locked inside so it can't shake out!

How would you give your order?

- ☐ *To the waiter*
- ☐ *To your escort*
- ☐ *Let your date choose your dinner*

If you're a menu mumbler—speak up, sis! Choose what appeals to you (without blitzing his allowance), then tell it to your escort; he'll pass it on to the waiter. Be sure of how to order and be safe from embarrassment. That's one for your memory book. It's something to remember, too, when choosing sanitary protection. Choose Kotex, because Kotex has an exclusive *safety center* that gives you *plus* protection, keeps you *extra* safe—and confident!

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins*

*T.M.Reg.U.S.Pat.Off.

A DEODORANT IN EVERY KOTEX NAPKIN AT NO EXTRA COST

"See, it just isn't practical."

LIBERTY

along to the dining room for Dr. Campion's opening address?"

"Darling," Lacey Mead said, "it's not five thirty, and nobody would *dream* of going to hear the old poop without being properly oiled, would they, Pete?"

"Not if they can help it," Mr. Stratton said, shooting quick glances at the door through which the delegates were beginning to straggle into the Tanagra bar in small thirsty-looking groups. "And we can help it," Mr. Stratton said with a grin, as he waved four fingers at the bartender. "Hey, bub, how about dampening these glasses?"

THINGS became complicated during the next half hour because most of the delegates, who had come from various parts of the country where they had been marking time until they could get back to Malaya, had not seen one another for several years. There was a good deal of energetic backslapping. Mr. Tulcher, as chairman of the convention committee responsible for choosing the Tanagra, kept jumping up and down to answer in kind the many witty sallies about the decorations, the quality of the drinks, and the wonderful brass bolts fastened on the outside of the room doors, obviously placed there, they happily concluded, to make sure that once a guest was snagged, he could be locked in and held until he ran up a substantial bill. At the same time Mr. Stratton kept warning people archly to tell the old ball-and-chain, who was lying down with a bad headache but would be on tap for the opening address, that they had seen him busily at work in the writing room all afternoon. Get it?

Bess, who had got it the first time, soon grew bored with being introduced as Dr. Hackett's baby daughter who deserted us way back in 1937 but has now seen the error of her ways and is returning to the fold. She also tired of explaining that, after she graduated from Vassar in 1942, she had been unable to rejoin her father because of the war, so she had found a job in the newsroom of a radio network in New York.

At a few minutes before six Mr. Stratton's ball-and-chain, a shapeless woman with a weather-beaten face, appeared suddenly in a complicated dress made of gaudily painted batik. Before another round of introductions became necessary, a bellhop hurried into the bar and began to weave in and out among the tables, beating a Chinese gong and bawling that it was six o'clock and Dr. Campion was waiting for the delegates in the main dining room. In the midst of the sudden explosion of sound and activity, Bess noticed with some surprise that she and Lacey were the only unattended women in the room. Bess looked around quickly and saw Mr. Tulcher, who only a moment before had been seated at her side, guiding a stout woman, shaped somewhat like Mrs. Stratton, toward the door.

"That's *his* ball-and-chain," Lacey said, smiling much too brightly as she snapped her compact shut. "Well, darling, shall we?"

Bess nodded and stood up, stabbed by a quick wave of sympathy that annoyed her. Now she understood why Lacey Mead had come up from Washington one day early, why she had so eagerly renewed a friendship that had never existed, why she had fixed it with the Tanagra desk clerk to have the adjoining room, and why, after savagely saying to hell with the unpacking, she had meekly offered to wait until Bess was finished.

"Of course," Bess said, picking up her purse. "Let's not be late for Dr. Campion's opening address."

In the large dining room Bess found she had been placed at a round table with Lacey and three couples whose names she recalled vaguely from her childhood. The three women, for some curious reason, all seemed to resemble Mrs. Stratton and Mrs. Tulcher. As they picked elegantly at their fruit cups and politely traded details about their activities since leaving Malaya, Bess noticed that the men, who appeared pleased to be sitting at the same table with the glamorous Lacey Mead, seemed somewhat apprehensive too, as though their pleasure was diminished by the presence of their wives.

AS Dr. Campion struck his water glass with a spoon and rose at the speakers' table, Lacey waved her napkin gaily at Mr. Tulcher, across the room, and Mr. Tulcher attempted to wave back. Unfortunately he mistook a corner of the tablecloth for his napkin and the opening sentences of Dr. Campion's address were lost in a crash of splintering crockery.

Dr. Campion said, while the waiters swept up the broken dishes, that this was one of the happiest moments in his life. As he looked at the roomful of eager faces before him, he realized that his own anxiety to begin anew the good and important work of Panjang in the Far East was shared by so many willing fellow workers. He paid a short tribute to the memory of Dr. Hackett, during which Bess, with an ache in her heart that had nothing to do with her still unformulated reasons for wishing she had not come, kept her eyes fixed on her plate. Then Dr. Campion said he wanted everybody to go to bed early and get a good night's sleep because tomorrow morning at nine o'clock sharp in the Tanagra's main dining room, he would read the Panjang budget for the ensuing fiscal year prepared by the executive council in Washington.

As the delegates started wandering out of the dining room, Bess felt a tap on her shoulder. She turned to face Dr. Campion.

"My dear, how good it is to see you with us," he said. "Earlier this afternoon I sent a boy to ask if you would come and talk with me, but I dare say he couldn't find you.'"

"As a matter of fact, he did," Bess said, angry with herself because she could feel her face grow warm and she hated to blush as much as she hated to lie. "I told him I'd come, and I actually started, but I allowed myself to get side-tracked by some of the delegates I'm afraid."

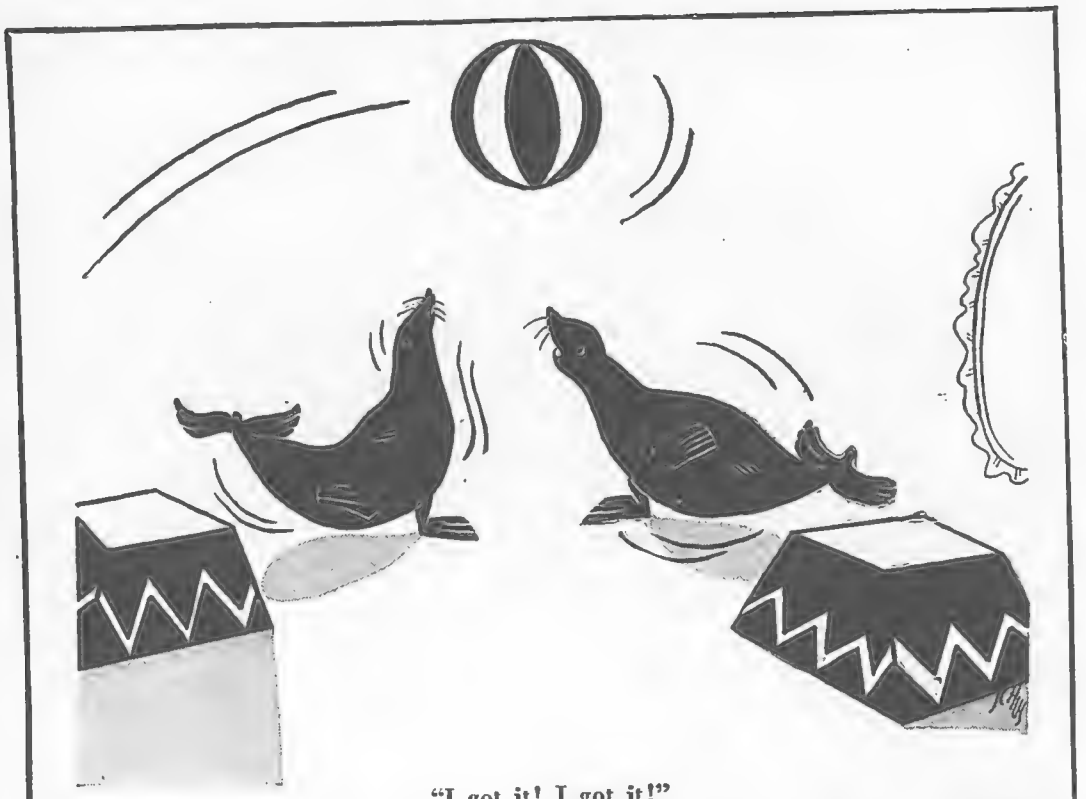
Dr. Campion dismissed this manifestation of human frailty with a tolerant smile.

"If you're free now, my dear, could you come to my suite for a few minutes?" he said. "We haven't had a talk since that unhappy day in 1942 when I came to your place in New York direct from the Gripsholm."

(*Continued on page 58*)

★ ★ ★

To Your Community Chest



"I got it! I got it!"

LIBERTY

(*Continued from page 56*)

Bess looked at Dr. Campion quickly. This casual reference to the visit his sense of duty had forced him to pay could have been perfectly innocent. On the other hand, it might have been designed shrewdly to nudge her sense of gratitude, to remind Bess that she was in his debt.

"Of course," she said, examining the slender old man with the white hair and the thin bloodless face with new respect and caution. "I'm free now, Dr. Campion."

They went up the stairs to the second floor and, in the sitting room of what was obviously an hysterical version of a bridal suite, Dr. Campion waved Bess to a chair with a courtly gesture that reminded her of her father. He sat down facing her and put his long, thin, almost transparent fingers together. For several minutes they chatted pleasantly about her years at Vassar, her job with the radio network, the wonderful rest Dr. Campion had enjoyed on his brother's farm in Ohio, the elaborate furnishings of his suite, and the odd habits of delegates at conventions.

"I suppose you've noticed how excited they are on the first day," Dr. Campion remarked with a smile. "Almost like children just returned to school."

"Yes," Bess said, "they do seem a little wild."

"It's perfectly understandable, especially in this case," Dr. Campion said. "They're so eager to get back to the work from which the war kept them for so long that they forget themselves a little. That incident of the broken dishes at dinner, for instance." Dr. Campion's smile grew more sympathetic. "Those things are unimportant. By the time the committees get to work tomorrow they will have shaken down and the boisterous atmosphere will disappear. I hope you're enjoying yourself, my dear?"

"Oh, yes," Bess said, "I'm having a fine time."

"I can't tell you, my dear, how delighted I am to see you with us again. When we have finished our work here in Buxton, some of us, a fortunate few, will sail almost at once. I wish we could all go together, but transportation is still a difficult problem and the others will have to wait a little longer, coming out in easy stages during the next few months. It will give me great pleasure—a pleasure I'm sure your father would have shared—to include you in the fortunate few who will sail right away."

"Oh!" Bess exclaimed, sitting up in her chair. In spite of the warning her alerted sense had signaled to her downstairs, she had been outmaneuvered. "That's very good of you, Dr. Campion." By his standards, of course, it was. "But I don't know," she went on uncomfortably. "I mean, it's such short notice, and I haven't made any plans."

"I've taken the liberty of making them for you," Dr. Campion said. "One of the things that will be settled at this convention will be a new administrative alignment for Panjang. The new budget provides for a confidential secretary for the president. I would be deeply flattered, my dear, to have you fill that post. I know it's the post your father would have wanted you to have," he added. "My deepest regret is that he is not alive to make the offer himself."

BESS looked at this wisp of a man whose passion for a job had carried him through forty years of self-imposed exile from his native land, had enabled him to survive a year of savage imprisonment, and was driving him back now to what would undoubtedly be, sooner or later, his death. And she wondered if he were right; would her father, if he had been alive, have made the offer himself?

"I'm very grateful to you, Dr. Campion," Bess said finally. He was right. Her father would have made the offer because, as she now saw, her father had been exactly like Dr. Campion. The only difference was that, because her father had loved her and she had loved him, Bess could have said to her father what she couldn't possibly say to Dr. Campion. Instead she murmured, "But I'm afraid I don't have the experience or the qualifications for so important a job."

"You're a Hackett," Dr. Campion said.

Unfortunately—no, fortunately—the nine years she had spent in her own country had made her something else, too.

"I wonder if that's enough," Bess said.

"It's more than enough," Dr. Campion said. "In our work, my dear, it's everything. All one needs is the desire—the call, if you will. I remember, for example, when Lacey Mead came to us in Malaya years ago, a young girl just out of college, a girl very much like you at this moment, my dear, just off the ship on which she had spent her last penny for passage, her purse empty but her heart full of the desire to serve. We gave her a job in the disbursement office. By the time the Japanese struck, Lacey was our chief librarian, an important post with an excellent salary in which she gave a first-rate account of herself, and to which, as you know, she will be returning soon with her ardor undiminished."

THERE was a thump on the ceiling and, as they both looked up quickly, Bess remembered that the bellhop had said her room was directly above Dr. Campion's suite.

"Do you have that much confidence in me, Dr. Campion?" she said, stalling for time.

"I have more, because you're a Hackett," the white-haired man said. "May I consider the matter as settled, then?"

"Well, I'd like to have until tomorrow morning to think it over," Bess answered. "There are a number of things—there's my job in New York, for one thing. I mean, I'd have to let them know. And there's my apartment to clear out."

"And there's a young man?" Dr. Campion said.

"There is," Bess said coolly. She was pleased that by this touch of misguided archness Dr. Campion had removed himself from his invisible pedestal. "But he won't have anything to do with my decision."

"I'm delighted to hear that." Dr. Campion pushed himself up out of his chair and, as the thump on the ceiling was repeated, he sent an annoyed glance overhead. "I'm certain that the daughter of Abraham Hac-

"I'm sorry dinner is late, dear, but I couldn't find the stove again!"
LIBERTY

kett will make the correct decision."

Out in the hall, Bess skirted the large green Buddha and hurried up the stairs. She twisted the knob of her door and pushed. The door did not move. Bess went down the hall to the door of the adjoining room. She listened for a moment and thought she heard sounds, footsteps moving cautiously and the voices whispering. Bess tried the knob. The door did not budge, but the sounds stopped at once. Bess rattled the large brass bolt on the door.

"Lacey?" she called sharply. "Are you in there?"

The sounds behind the door became audible again. The door opened an inch or so.

"It's a friend," Lacey hissed through her ecstatic gurgle to somebody behind her as she pulled the door open wide. "Advance, friend," she said to Bess, "but for Pete's sake keep quiet."

BESS stepped into Lacey's room, Lacey pushed the door closed, and Mr. Tulcher and Mr. Stratton, panting and grinning foolishly, shoved the heavy ebony dresser back across the doorway.

"What's the matter?" Bess said. "What's going on?"

Mr. Tulcher and Mr. Stratton tried to help Lacey explain, but the two bottles of gin, one already half empty, and the glasses on the floor in the middle of the room were far more eloquent. Through the criss-cross, Bess gathered that Mr. Stratton's ball-and-chain, having suffered a recurrence of her headache, had gone back to her room. And Mr. Tulcher's wife had also decided to act on Dr. Campion's advice about getting a good night's sleep. The chairman of the convention committee and Old Pete, both of whom frowned on sleep during convention sessions, were planning an expedition to New York with that great kid and grand sport, Lacey Mead, who also frowned on sleep. There was an eleven-twelve train from this one-horse burg that got you into town shortly after midnight—just the correct hour for some real fun on Fifty-second Street. They could all catch the milk train from Grand Central and be back in plenty of time for a quick shower and a good breakfast before they had to listen to that old poop sound off about the Panjang budget. The only threat to this beautifully laid plan was the bunch of deadheads who would undoubtedly try to tag along and louse up the party. Therefore, since it was only nine thirty, they had decided to barricade themselves in Lacey's room until a few minutes before eleven, when they would sneak quietly down to the station and then, oh boy, New York, here we come! Since Bess Hackett's room adjoined Lacey's, they had decided to barricade both; and since there was no point in sitting around and wasting good drinking time, why, here were the bottles and the glasses, so what were they waiting for? And what was preventing a cute little trick like Bess from joining them and making it a foursome?

"Nothing, except that I'm tired," Bess said. "I'd been planning to go to bed."

"But, darling," Lacey gurgled, "not on the first night!"

"What did I tell you?" Old Pete said. "I saw her go off with Campion. and I'll bet he made her sign the pledge. Come on, kid," he said, squatting down beside the bottles and glasses on the floor. "You don't want to listen to what the old poop says. Have a hunk of this."

"What did he say to you?" Lacey said, squatting down beside Mr. Stratton. "Go on, darling. Take it."

"Nothing very important," Bess said. "We just chatted. Well, all right, thanks. I'll have one."

Lacey squealed as Mr. Tulcher dropped to the floor beside her and gave her a lumbering hug. It seemed to Bess, as she sat down and adroitly kept the bottles between herself and the tentatively pawing Mr. Stratton, that Lacey Mead was a bit old for squatting on floors, even if it was the first night of the convention and, according to Dr. Campion, you could expect all the delegates to act like children. Mr. Stratton, renewing his clumsy attempts to hike himself closer to Bess, kept the group in stitches with a broad pantomime of Mr. Tulcher trying to wave to Lacey across the dining room and pulling the loaded tablecloth to the floor. At the climax, which Old Pete reproduced by slamming his glass against the empty gin bottle, Lacey collapsed into Mr. Tulcher's arms in a fit of helpless laughter. Bess, troubled by her session with Dr. Campion, tried to see in this drunken woman the young girl just out of college who, her purse empty but her heart full

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of the desire to serve, had stepped off the ship at Singapore so long ago.

It was not easy, because Bess had been a baby when Lacey Mead arrived in Malaya. But memories that nine years of living in America had almost erased now came circling up to the surface of her mind. In a sudden moment of vivid revelation, as Lacey Mead and Mr. Tulcher rolled across the floor in a desperate clinch, Bess saw so much more, so very much more, that she forgot to keep her eye on Mr. Stratton. He, taking advantage of this momentary lapse, came crawling through the cluster of gin bottles and glasses and seized Bess around the waist. She brought the heel of her glass down sharply on his knuckles and, as Old Pete released her and a bellow of pain at the same time, scrambled to her feet.

"DARLING," Lacey said across Mr. Tulcher's shoulder, "don't be a wet blanket."

"I just thought of something," Bess said. "Does that eleven-twelve leave for New York on Standard Time or Daylight Saving?"

"Holy hat," Mr. Tulcher said, rubbing smudges of Lacey's lipstick from his mouth, "we never thought of that!"

"Well, it's only a quarter to ten, so there's plenty of time even if we're an hour off," Bess said, picking up her coat and purse. "But one of us had better go down to the desk and find out. You all wait here and don't make any noise."

"You bet," Old Pete said, grinning as he licked his bruised knuckles and helped her pull the heavy ebony dresser away from the door. "But don't you tell any of those deadheads, or they'll try to tag along."

"And hurry, darling," Lacey Mead said, still managing in spite of her complicated position on the floor to pronounce the word to rhyme with Pawling. "We'll have loads of fun."

Bess hurried through the lobby.

"That eleven-twelve into New York," Bess said to the clerk at the desk. "Is that Standard Time or Daylight Saving?"

"Standard," the clerk said. "One hour slower than your watch, miss. It'll be pulling in soon. About twenty minutes. You leaving us, miss?"

"No, but I thought I'd walk down to meet it," Bess said. "I'm expecting a friend."

SHE went into the Moorish writing room, where she wrote a carefully worded note and sealed it. Then, moving swiftly but quietly, Bess went back up the stairs to the third floor. The muffled sounds of alcoholic merriment came faintly through the ebony dresser barricade, and Bess, listening, was stabbed again by the vivid revelation that had brought her to her feet a few minutes before.

She had been looking at Lacey Mead rolling about on the floor with Mr. Tulcher. But Bess Hackett, aged twenty-three, was seeing herself twenty years from now, an old Malay hand, worn and tired and faded, but still a great kid and a grand sport because there was nothing else to be. Now, in the gloomy silence of the Tanagra's third-floor corridor, Bess Hackett could see the two decades through which Lacey Mead had come and the two decades that stretched ahead for herself: the early years of popularity because she was young and unattached in an atmosphere where young unattached girls were rare; the excessive drinking and the frantic parties that were considered neither excessive nor frantic because everybody agreed that you had to live faster in the tropics; the few single men who shied away from the gossip they had helped create and preferred to go back to the States to find wives; the gradual awareness of the contempt and the hatred of the wives who had been married back in the States before they came out; the clandestine admiration of the husbands, who had nothing to lose; the illusion of continuous youth because there was no competition. And then the gradual awakening, the recurring moments of terror for years that had slipped by unnoticed; the further descent into alcohol to wash away the clear, unwelcome moments of comprehension; and finally the defiant acceptance of a situation from which there was no escape.

The twenty years rolled by in as many seconds, documented by the recollections imprinted on the mind of a child, forgotten, and now recalled with sickening clarity. Bess Hackett saw herself two decades hence, wearing clothes too young for her because youth was all she had to offer; forcing her friendship on someone she scarcely knew because she could not face going alone to a gathering of coworkers who were all safely married; speaking in a gurgling squeal to simulate youthful ardor; drinking too much because her stock in trade was the accolade of the good sport. Bess Hackett saw it all—what had happened to Lacey Mead and what would happen to her—and she understood at last why she had not wanted to come to Buxton.

WITH a shudder that was as much pity for Lacey Mead as it was for the narrowness of her own escape, Bess went first to the door of the room that had been reserved for her and then to the door of the room that adjoined it. With two deft, noiseless movements, she slid closed those wonderful brass bolts that everyone had had such fun about. And then, Bess went downstairs.

"I wonder if you'd do me a favor," she said, pushing a folded bill across the desk toward the clerk. "Miss Mead is taking a nap in her room because she has a headache, but she wants to be awakened to say hello to the friend I'm going down to the station to meet. Would you send a boy up to 3206 at about eleven thirty and have him rattle the big brass bolt on her door? Have him rattle it hard, because she'll be asleep."

"You bet," the clerk said, taking the folded bill. "Miss Mead in 3206 at eleven thirty. Will do."

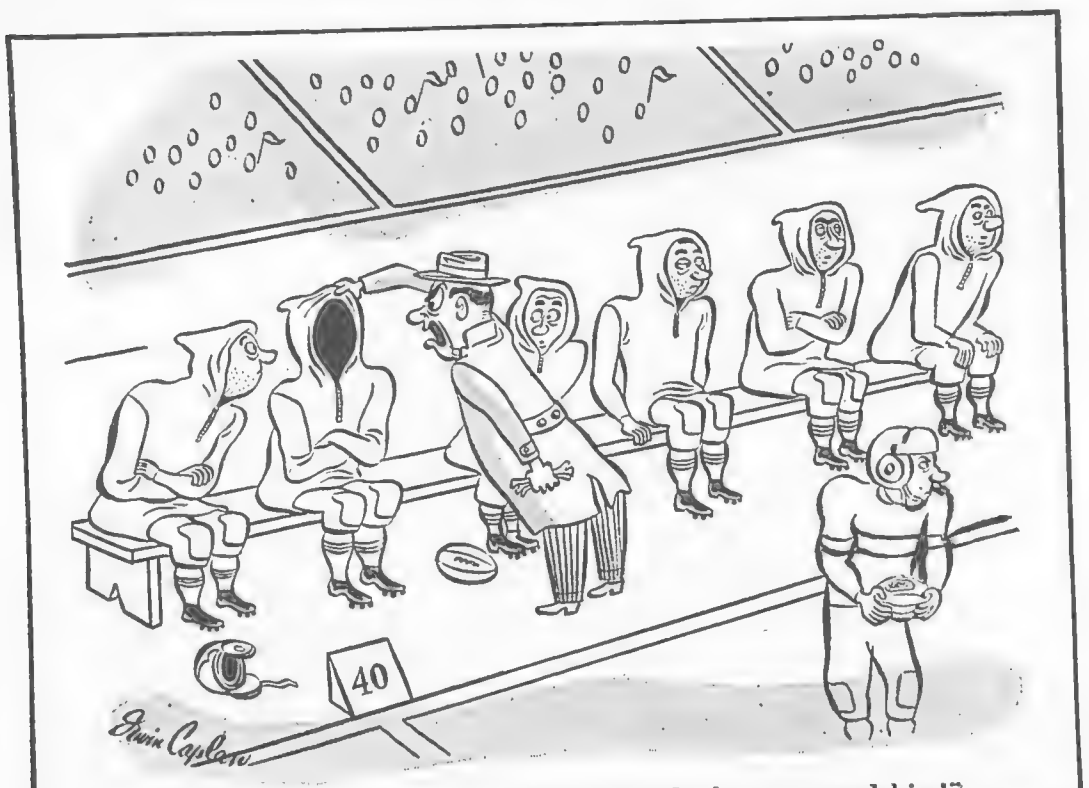
"Thanks," Bess said, glancing up at the clock. It was eleven sharp. She had twelve minutes. "And, by the way, would you put this in Dr. Campion's box?"

"You bet," the clerk said, taking the sealed envelope. "I could send it up to his suite now."

"No, that's all right," Bess said. "It'll keep until morning."

Dr. Campion would not like the note. But Bess was sure, at last, that the daughter of Abraham Hackett had made the correct decision. And that, after all, was what Dr. Campion had urged upon her.

THE END



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BEFORE **AFTER**

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Pick of THE PICTURES

BY
VIRGINIA SPIES

The

HERE'S a blunt and lusty tale which proves again that a woman with a past makes for a movie with a future.

The Strange Woman, taken from Ben Ames Williams' long-time lending-library favorite, offers Hedy Lamarr as a ruthless schemer who, in shifts, taunts, teases, and tricks George Sanders, Louis Hayward, and Gene Lockhart. It also offers, as a bustling backdrop for Hedy's sinning, Bangor, Maine, of the 1850s.

Hedy, daughter of the town drunkard, soon learns that her curves are the straightest line between rags and riches. By showing Lockhart, a wealthy old Yankee merchant, bruises from a beating by her father (and at the same time revealing a generous portion of the Lamarr back), she inveigles Lockhart into marrying her. She then showers her new stepson, Hayward, with strictly unmaternal kisses. Hedy talks him into causing his father's death, but finally throws him over for Sanders, a lumberjack.

After Hayward commits suicide, she marries Sanders and plans to live out her Sin-derella life in style. With the dead Lockhart's money, she is able to masquerade before the town as a pious philanthropist.

But things backfire on the spitfire when Sanders gets her number and returns to Hedy's best friend, from whom he was originally stolen. Hedy at last meets the inevitable fate demanded by the Johnston Office for all movie villainesses.

The role, which Lamarr handpicked for her first independent film venture, gives her a chance to be sexily beautiful in a succession of flattering costumes. Though some of the big scenes don't have the emotional pay-off they might have had, there's always Lamarr, and the unfailingly absorbing private life of a bad woman, to hold your eye.

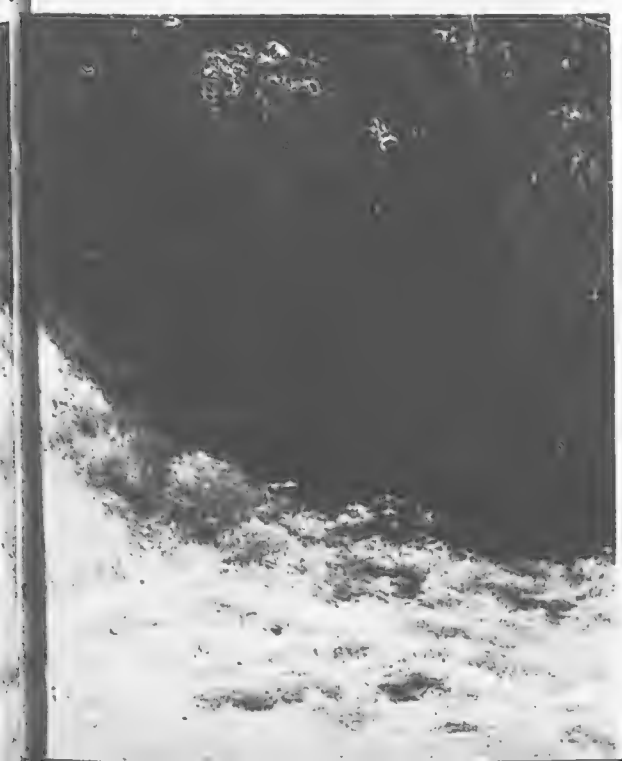
Strange Woman

Released by United Artists and adapted from Ben Ames Williams' best seller, The Strange Woman presents Hedy Lamarr as a kind of Yankee Scarlett O'Hara who ruins the lives of three men.

The ruthless schemer's drunken father knows the only effective way to handle her.

George Sanders, playing a lovesick lumberjack, leaves his fiancée for Lamarr.

Due to Hedy's finagling, the trip which Louis Hayward and Gene Lockhart start out on (below) is fatal to one of them.



OTHER PICTURES WORTH SEEING

DECEPTION (Warner Bros.). Bette Davis and Claude Rains vie for acting honors in an engrossing backstage drama of musical artists.

THE DARK MIRROR (International). This is an absorbing, supercharged thriller with Olivia De Havilland excelling at playing twins.

TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST (Paramount). Alan Ladd and Brian Donlevy are part of the crew in this tough and tangy version of a great sea classic.

ANGEL ON MY SHOULDER (United Artists). Here is a wonderful fantasy that features slick performances by Paul Muni, Claude Rains, and Anne Baxter.

THE JOLSON STORY (Columbia). A schmaltzy, spirited, and unforgettable tribute to one of our greatest entertainers, with Larry Parks playing Jolson.

HOME SWEET HOMICIDE (20th Century-Fox). Peggy Ann Garner and some other youngsters make this an amusing adaptation of Craig Rice's comedy-mystery.

SISTER KENNY (RKO). An excellent film biography of the Australian nurse in which Rosalind Russell gives a performance of Academy Award caliber.

THE KILLERS (Universal). Producer Mark Hellinger has expanded the famous Ernest Hemingway short story into one of the year's most exciting films.

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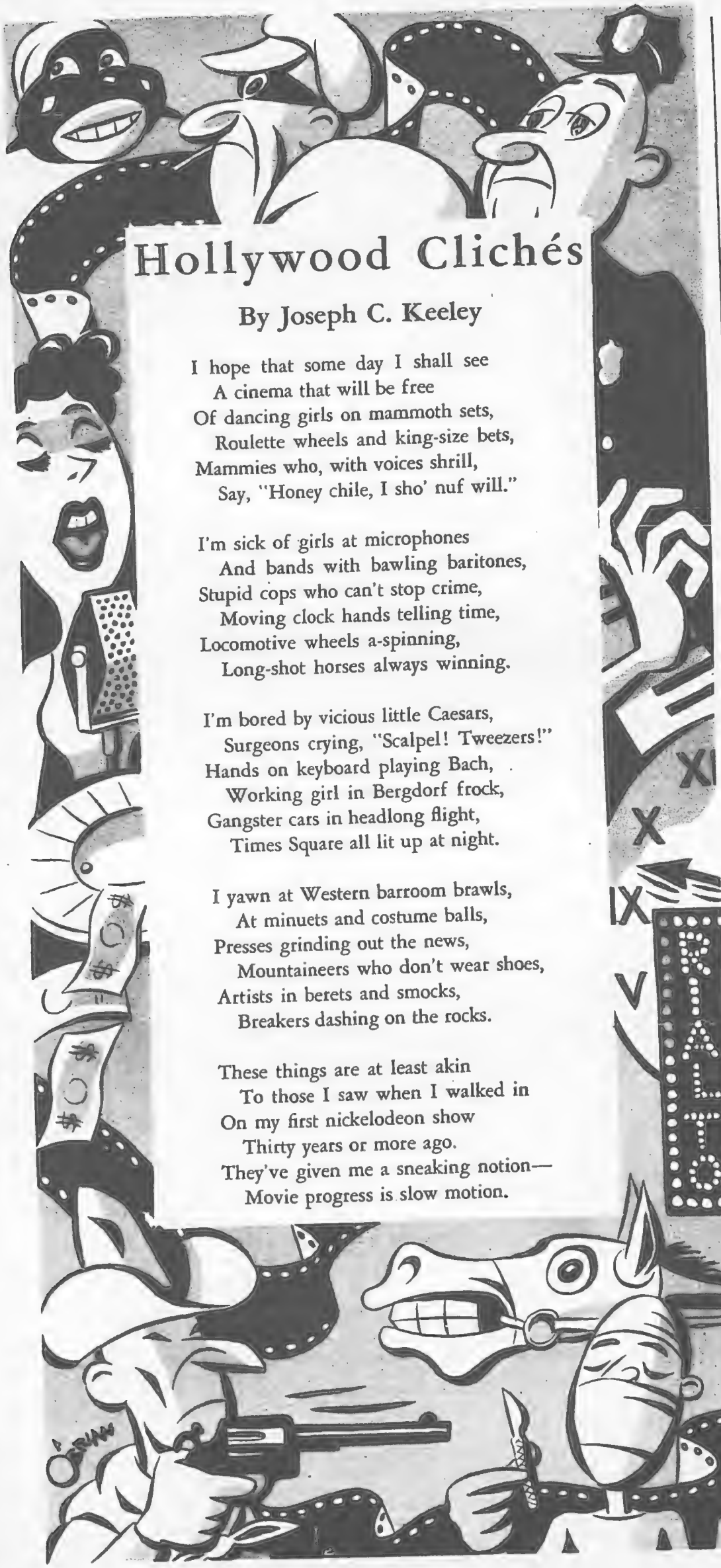

Hollywood Clichés

By Joseph C. Keeley

I hope that some day I shall see
A cinema that will be free
Of dancing girls on mammoth sets,
Roulette wheels and king-size bets,
Mammies who, with voices shrill,
Say, "Honey chile, I sho' nuf will."

I'm sick of girls at microphones
And bands with bawling baritones,
Stupid cops who can't stop crime,
Moving clock hands telling time,
Locomotive wheels a-spinning,
Long-shot horses always winning.

I'm bored by vicious little Caesars,
Surgeons crying, "Scalpel! Tweezers!"
Hands on keyboard playing Bach,
Working girl in Bergdorf frock,
Gangster cars in headlong flight,
Times Square all lit up at night.

I yawn at Western barroom brawls,
At minuets and costume balls,
Presses grinding out the news,
Mountaineers who don't wear shoes,
Artists in berets and smocks,
Breakers dashing on the rocks.

These things are at least akin
To those I saw when I walked in
On my first nickelodeon show
Thirty years or more ago.
They've given me a sneaking notion—
Movie progress is slow motion.

FOR LOVE OR MONEY

Continued from Page 29

wouldn't have stood up under scrutiny, and so I couldn't take an honest job in England. The black market would have led me to Bret Strain's gang, or them to me. Ordinary crime was something I considered and rejected; I just didn't have what it takes for that sort of thing. There remained two ways to get by. One was to live off some girl. I wasn't cut out for that; I'd never taken anything from Barbara. The other way was to become a bum.

But I was not a common bum. True, on occasion I could be found in a West End bottle club. I would strike up a friendship with a lonely American, build him up, and then touch him for a loan. But I always borrowed ten pounds, which is a good hunk of money. And I took the man's name and address and promised to return the loan. I still have that notebook with the names and addresses. Those men trusted me, and they wouldn't have given me ten pounds just to get rid of a bum. Ten shillings, yes. A pound maybe. But not ten pounds.

Between loans I lived carefully. What I was waiting for I didn't know. I had a hunch I would know when it happened. And one night in the Carlos Club it happened.

The Carlos Club, on Duke Street, had a cramped lounge where a girl with a big mouth played the piano and sang. I was down to my last six shillings, had spent it on a whisky-and-water, and was nursing it along carefully in the lounge, waiting for a prospect, when Nona walked in with a civilian escort.

She met my eye, hesitated for the briefest of moments, and then passed by without speaking and took the sofa near my chair. Her escort, a pasty-faced fellow, went out to the bar, and Nona said, looking straight ahead, "Ralph, can I see you later?" I said yes.

Her escort came back in, saying, "They'll bring it."

THE girl at the piano began singing You Are My Sunshine. That was the tune the juke box had played day in and day out at the Camp Shanks cafeteria when we were waiting to go overseas. An American major sat next to me, nodded, and said, "Cheers." I said, "Mud in your eye." He brightened at meeting an American. He was very homesick, and here was my next ten pounds. But when Nona left, I walked out on the major, picking up, as I went, a small card which remained on the table after Nona had taken her purse.

The card was engraved with the name, "Alice Crowthers," and an address in Maida Vale. The address proved to be a large apartment house of half-timbered brick, and as I rang Nona's bell I was primed with the thousand things I wanted

"Look, Gwen, the Gilhooleys are at it again!"

LIBERTY

to ask her. Yet when she answered the door I was tongue-tied. I felt like an ass. I had been a fool. This apartment would cost easily eight pounds a week. She made me a drink from Scotch that was five pounds a bottle. Her dress was certainly not a utility model, and she was wearing nylons. I had been clutching at the fact that somehow she was innocent, but I certainly had bucked the A.W.O.L. game long enough to know a person couldn't live honestly on a scale like this.

"I've been trying to find you for so long," she said, sitting down beside me.

"Need a little help on a deal?" I asked.

"Ralph, that's unkind."

"It's about time I was unkind. I've been a fool long enough."

She put a hand on my wrist and I hated myself for a weakling, because of the thrill the mere touch gave me. "I know how you must feel, Ralph. Can't you trust me a little more? Tell me about yourself. How have you been getting along."

"I'm getting by," I snapped.

"How?" Then she added, "No, I don't want to know that. But tell me just one thing. How deep are you in?"

"I owe a lot of money, if that's what you mean."

"Owe it? Do the people you took it from know you owe it?"

"Now, wait a minute!" I jumped up. "Let's get this straight. I never asked any part of what happened to me. And you're a fine one to needle me. Yes, I owe it!" I tossed my notebook into her lap. "Here's what I owe, and I'll pay it back some day!"

SHE thumbed through the notebook, then her eyes came up, shining. "Ralph, this is wonderful! It's marvelous!"

"Sure, it's great. And I can't earn a shilling to pay it back."

She hesitated, and then said, "I'm going to tell you something confidentially. I'm C.I.D."

"You're *what?*"

"Criminal Investigation Department."

"But they don't have Wacs in that."

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". . . And wherever did you get the idea that you should be paid any more than any other accompanist?"

LIBERTY

"They've got one Wac in it. Just believe me."

That, if true, explained everything. It accounted for her becoming involved with that gang, and for her being now in civilian clothes and set up in an apartment. "Well, when do the boys jump out at me?" I asked. "You've caught another A.W.O.L."

"Ralph, you silly dear," she said softly, rising. Next thing we were in each other's arms, and I didn't care about anything else. She was safe. She was clear. I had clutched at this so long, despite all the evidence that seemed against it. She was clear and she was close to me, and nothing else mattered.

"I'd better tell you everything," she said after awhile, pushing me gently onto the sofa. "We've made so many mistakes from misunderstanding. Will you listen to a story?"

"I could listen to it all night."

"I'LL start at the beginning. My father's a pretty big shot and I was coddled all my life, so I joined the WAC for excitement—and landed in a dreary office typing forms. And then I began to see something odd about the forms, and I began being nice to people. And because I was just a pretty little flitterbrained Wac I got a little here and there and found out money was being made off government supplies. I gathered the evidence and arranged a trap, and then I went to the C.I.D., and Major Smith hit the ceiling. Wacs just don't do such things. I got bawled out through channels, and finally a general had me on the carpet and really tore into me and then gave me his private, unofficial congratulations. And—well, one thing led to another. Officially I'm nothing but an A.W.O.L. Wac who skipped a prison sentence, because they can't have a Wac running around loose officially on this job. But all that can be ironed out officially—if it turns out O.K. Of course, if it doesn't, it's too bad."

"You're a silly little fool," I said, kissing her fiercely. "And that fatheaded general ought to have his head fixed!"

"You're just like all men! That's the reason I phoned you that night from Paris. I knew if I contacted Major Smith he'd take the case out of my hands. Why do men think a girl is so helpless?"

"Major Smith's your boss?"

She nodded. "My unofficial official contact—and he heartily doesn't approve. So I phoned you at St. Germain that night, because I needed some help and you'd been a good egg and I liked you a lot, even if you didn't know it. Well, you didn't show up quick enough, so I left a note for you with Tucker—"

"Lieutenant Tucker? But he was in with Slocum and Bret Strain!"

"Yes, darling," Nona admitted wryly. "I found that out later.

"Anyhow, next thing I knew, you drove into the garage and began helping to load the trucks while your jeep number was being changed. Mister, that was a bad night for little Nona. I thought you were with them, but I slipped you that note hoping you'd at least keep your mouth shut. And then Slocum and I went out in the jeep and I knew he was wise. I got a horrible feeling that he was taking me somewhere to get rid of me. And then a Frenchman popped out from behind a truck on a bicycle and I screamed and grabbed the wheel and ran the jeep into a tree. Slocum didn't want to be found in that jeep, and as people began running toward us he disappeared. So I nobly took the rap for the stolen jeep, and the court-martial pretty well put me in solid with the boys again. Of course it was arranged for me to escape.

"And the next thing I saw of you," she concluded, "you walked into that Bayswater apartment with a briefcase of diamonds and went noble on me. I could have wrung your neck."

"But I thought you were in with them—"

"I know; and it was sweet of you, Ralph, but it sure gummed the play. I had men planted for the catch, and you went noble!"

"Then there were diamonds in that briefcase?"

"Plenty of diamonds, darling. The gang had got them with a phony M.P. act from a family of prominent refugees, and they were hotter than a firecracker. That's why Bret Strain got you to take them from Paris to London. Luckily he ditched the briefcase in the toilet tank before we went out the window. A little bird told where to find them."

"I don't know whether to sock you or kiss you," I said, and compromised on the latter. "Why didn't you give me a hint?"

"And just what chance have I had?"

"What have you been doing since that night?"

"There's plenty of work. But I kept hoping for the big shots. And it's a personal matter. After all, I got you into this. I just couldn't quit and go home, with you over here A.W.O.L. I wanted to help you somehow."

"You're playing with fire. I can take care of myself. The gang must have split up by now anyhow, and most of them gone home."

"They're still around; a lot of the boys are A.W.O.L. and can't get home, and the big shots stayed over. Bret Strain is still a foreign correspondent, and Slocum and Tucker have civilian jobs with the army now. Ralph, where's your uniform?" she asked.

"Why?"

"It would look better to give yourself up in uniform."

"I can't give myself up. They'd throw the book at me."

"You did everything on my account."

"That hardly matters. I did it. Major Smith gave me a chance and I double-crossed him."

"But what else can we do? We can't hide out all our lives."

"We? This is my affair."

"No, darling. I think the best thing is give yourself up and take your medicine. But whatever you do, I'll stick by you."

WHEN I kissed Nona good night, I knew I'd never see her again. I'd send her a note: "I am married to an English girl. I didn't have the heart to tell you. . . ." That would do it. I'd had the idea all along of helping her. She didn't need me, and I couldn't drag her into the mess I'd made of my life.

I went outside. A voice said, "Have a good time, Ralph?"

A man's figure, vague in the darkness, was leaning against the gatepost. He was in civilian clothes, and with a hat covering his bald head it was a moment or so before I recognized Slocum, the ex-captain. Another man stepped from behind the wall. He was the pasty-faced civilian I'd seen with Nona in the Carlos Club. "Is it him?"

"It's him," Slocum said.

"When she left the card on the table I was pretty sure."

"Oh, excuse me, Ralph," Slocum said to me. "This is Art. You saw each other once before, a long time ago. Art's the boy who changed the numbers on your jeep that night. How about a drink, Ralph? Let's catch up on old times." Slocum's right hand was in his overcoat pocket and I didn't argue. Art drove us to a house near Sloane Square. We went up to an apartment. Slocum indicated chairs, and mixed drinks.

"Ralph, it's lucky we ran into you. Have you still got your uniform? Though we could dig one up for you, I suppose."

I accepted the drink. "What is it to you?"

"WELL, there's an army plane going to Frankfurt tomorrow morning and we've arranged for a G.I. to catch a ride back. And I thought maybe you'd like to take the trip on his papers."

"Why should I be interested?"

Slocum sat on the edge of a table which creaked under his weight. "You know, Ralph, we've had bad luck with some of our boys, and if a man starts thinking back he keeps running into Nona. Coincidental, isn't it? I did a lot of thinking, while you were up seeing her. A man figures around, fitting things together. And you know what I think? I think both you and Nona are C.I.D. It's the only way it fits."

I laughed. "You're crazy. C.I.D.!"

"Maybe, but it's a hunch we had back in Paris, when she left that note for you with Tucker. She explained that away and there was the court-martial and all, but still a first hunch is pretty reliable."

HE sipped his drink, watching me closely. Art said nothing.

"If I was C.I.D., why would I tell you the M.P.s were coming that night I brought up the diamonds?"

"Love is a wonderful thing, Ralph. And often the right hand of the C.I.D. doesn't know what the left is doing. You saw Nona there, and did it for her. I'll bet Major Smith really reamed you for that boner, eh?"

"Who's Major Smith?"

"Cut it out, Ralph. Just how did you know there were diamonds in that briefcase?"

"Nona just told me."

"She wasn't supposed to know. She just knew something was coming. Let's quit beating around the bush. You're C.I.D., and I think it would be classic justice if one of Major Smith's little boys ran an errand for us. Very good, eh? And safe. Perfect."

Slocum went into another room and came back lugging a flight bag that obviously was heavy. He opened it flat on the floor, unzipped the flap and disclosed English pound notes in bundles stacked like bricks. He tossed me a bundle. "Pretty fair job, Ralph. You can see the wire's in it, and the engraving's not bad. Hold it to the light and you'll see the watermark. It might not get by here, but it's plenty good enough for the Continent. They do love those English pound notes over there."

I said, "If you think I'll carry this counterfeit to the Continent for you, you're plain crazy."

"Harsh words, Ralph." Slocum closed the bag. There was a knock

"You're in business for yourself, I presume."

LIBERTY

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"Who got the axe this time?"

LIBERTY

and Art unlocked the door. Nona came in with the Englishmen who'd been on deck the night I delivered the diamonds. The wheel seemed to have made a complete turn.

"Well, Slocum," Nona said easily, "you got him."

I admired her self-control. That girl was all right.

"Found him coming out of your apartment, sweetheart."

"Yes; he barged in on me. As soon as he left I tried to phone you, but you were out."

SLOCUM chuckled. "Nice try, Nona, but let's cut out the routine, shall we? You'll be glad to know your pal is taking the stuff to the Continent for us."

"What stuff?" Nona asked.

"I'm sorry; we haven't been keeping you up to date lately." Slocum indicated the flight bag. "A rare bargain in pound notes."

"I thought we were all in this together?" Nona said sharply. She didn't give up.

"Drop it," Slocum advised, an edge to his voice. "We know you're C.I.D., the both of you. And let's quit arguing, huh?"

"Have your little joke, Slocum. But you're certainly not going to be dumb enough to let Ralph loose with the stuff, after what happened last time he ran an errand?"

"What lack of faith!" Slocum reproved "We can trust Ralph. You see, we're going to have a little party while he's away. We've got a nice spot for a party where nobody would ever think of intruding. And when we get word that he's made delivery, why, maybe you can go home from the party. I know Ralph wouldn't think of doing anything so that maybe you never would go home from the party."

I said, "How do I know Nona will be all right if I do it?"

"Well, Ralph, that's life," Slocum said. "A man just has to do his best and hold faith."

I LANDED in Frankfurt before noon next day. I didn't know if I was being watched, but I had to risk it. I went into the terminal building and borrowed a phone. I remembered the instructions Major Smith had written on the pad if I ever wanted to contact him in a hurry. He answered almost immediately.

"Sir, this is Sergeant Ralph Todd."

"Oh, yes, Todd." I might have called him five minutes ago, from his tone. "And what can I do for you?"

"I am in Frankfurt with a flight bag crammed with counterfeit English pound notes, sir. I am to take a bus to Wiesbaden and a jeep will meet me there at the billeting office. Nona Bird is being held by Slocum somewhere in London pending safe delivery."

"I see, sergeant. And just why are you calling me?"

"Tucker and Bret Strain are waiting for me in Wiesbaden. They will know how to contact Slocum when I make delivery. Slocum will have to be at some designated place in London to get that message. If Tucker and Strain can be apprehended and made to talk, Nona can be rescued."

"I see, sergeant. And what about yourself?"

"You told me to report for court-martial, sir, when the case was finished."

"So I did, sergeant," he said dryly and hung up.

When I got out of the bus at Wiesbaden billeting office there was no jeep to meet me. I put the flight bag by the wall and smoked a cigarette, waiting. I was in uniform again, and there was something warm and com-

forting about it, and about being once more in a town full of American G.I.'s. As the minutes dragged on I wondered if there had been a hitch. It could mean the end of Nona. And then a jeep swung around the corner driven by Pete Butler, in civilian clothes and wearing a German infantry cap. I tossed the flight bag into the back and climbed in beside him.

"You kept me waiting long enough."

"Taking no chances this time. Maybe I should of finished you off in the garage that night. Nothing funny this time, Ralph."

"You'll be recognized in this town. Some of the boys of the old squadron must still be around."

"And don't I know it? But I'm just here for the deal, and then it's home for Pete."

"Home? How, Pete?"

"Brother, you'd like to know, wouldn't you!"

I'd never been in Wiesbaden before. I was trying to keep track of where I was, but obviously Pete was making dead sure I wouldn't do just that. He twisted this way and that for half an hour. I was hopelessly lost. And hopeless. Nobody was following us.

On the outskirts of town Pete turned through a high iron gateway and stopped before a massive house of pebbled stucco with a red tile roof. He took the flight bag and I followed him inside. We went through a hallway hung thickly with hunting trophies, and into a room dominated by a big blue tile stove.

Waiting for us were Bret Strain, Tucker, two M.P.s, and Major Smith. Pete stopped, whirled, and decided to stay when an M.P. walked in the door we'd just come through. Bret Strain was looking stolidly at the floor. Tucker was biting his lower lip nervously.

"You can't pin nothing on me!" Pete cried wildly.

"Oh, shut up," Bret Strain said. "This is it."

"Yes, I suppose this ends it," Major Smith murmured. "Of course we've kept track of you all along, waiting the right moment."

"And I was going home!" Pete groaned. "I was going home!"

An M.P. took me out. I was held in custody three days, during which time I could learn no word about Nona or anything else. Then I was asked if I wanted to make a statement. This is it. I have made this statement of my own free will and with full knowledge that anything I may say may be used against me.

/s/ Ralph Bingham Todd
/t/ S/Sgt Ralph Bingham Todd
ASN 39129063

MAJOR SMITH reported to the general with a snappy highball. "Great work, Smith!" the general said, beaming. "Got to hand it to you. Caught the gang with the goods, rescued the beautiful Wac, and got confessions to nail it shut. Good work!"

"Thank you, sir," Major Smith said modestly.

The general's expression changed to a scowl. "But this statement of Sergeant Todd's—it's dynamite, Smith!"

"Yes, sir," the major agreed.

"Checks all around with the Wac's story, the confessions, and the statements you got from the States, from Barbara, and the boy he knew as Leo—the one in Leavenworth."

"Yes, sir; I feel Tod's statement is true."

"Of course it is, Smith. And what have we got on him? He sold a little French perfume and cognac in London and a little English coffee in Paris. We'd have half the army in the guardhouse if we went after petty stuff like that."

"I was going to suggest sir, the charge be simple A.W.O.L."

"Have you gone crazy, Smith?" the general roared.

"Yes, sir. I mean, no, sir. But he did set the trap which caught the gang. We might show consideration for that."

"Exactly, Smith! And take Barbara—colonel's wife. Regular Army; West Point man. Terrible stink. Thing like that get out—colonel's wife mixed up with A.W.O.L.—enlisted man, at that. And where's the Wac? Do you realize who her father is?"

THE major gulped. "Yes, sir. I looked it up after reading Todd's statement. I didn't realize—"

"It's your business to realize, before we get in such a jam! Her running around loose all over Europe! An enlisted Wac, at that. How would that look if it got out? Her father would blow the lid off! It's a fine mess!"

"If you remember, sir," the major said delicately, "I protested when you O.K.'d her part in things. Strictly irregular, sir. I made the point."

"Don't try to fob it off on me, Smith!"

"No, sir. There's no reason why any of it has to come out, sir. Our records are secret."

"Smith, sometimes I wonder if you're bright. If we court-martialed that sergeant, he's got to have the right to tell his story. Even an enlisted man is entitled to a fair trial. And if he tells his story, the whole thing comes out. The correspondents will eat it up. With Bret Strain involved, it's going to be a big case for the papers. A fine mess! Colonel's wife involved. Wac running around loose. If we try the sergeant, it all will come out."

"WELL, sir," the major said, "we can't just let Todd go. After all, sir, he was A.W.O.L. for two years."

"I never said let him go!"

"No, sir."

"I don't think you see the case, Smith.

"Let's start at the beginning. The night it all began, you ordered Todd to scout around and report to you. Right?"

"Yes, sir; but he didn't report."

"Don't contradict me, Smith. Actually, he *did* report. He kept working on the case—it's all there in the statement—and when they contacted him about taking the briefcase to London, he came to you for further instructions. You put him under

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technical arrest and told him to go ahead."

"But, sir, he gummed up the deal and went A.W.O.L. again."

"Gummed up the deal? What can you expect? I'm surprised, Major Smith, that you put an enlisted man on such an important assignment. And we got the diamonds back, didn't we? Pretty good for a G.I. eh?"

"But, sir—"

"Don't interrupt me, Smith. After that, he kept right on working on the case, according to your orders, and finally he nabbed the gang—which *you* couldn't do. If we look at it that way, Todd was working under your orders all the time. You never gave him different orders, did you?"

"I didn't have the chance, sir. We couldn't find him."

"Exactly, Smith!" the general cried. "He didn't keep in touch with you! He jumped into the case with both feet on his own initiative, and we've got to admit he did a bang-up job—but we can't have an enlisted man take matters into his own hands like that! After all, this is the army!"

"Yes, sir!" Major Smith agreed firmly.

"SO you give that G.I. holy hell, Smith. Eat his pants out. Then you send him to me and I'll straighten him out! He'll find out this is the army when I'm done with him! No enlisted man under my command is going to take matters into his own hands like that! Not while I'm in charge! No, sir!"

"Er—*your* command, sir?" the major asked delicately.

"Certainly *my* command. He was working for you, wasn't he? What do you want to do, throw a man in prison for doing good work? Fix the papers up so as to straighten him out. Have him assigned to you all along."

The major blinked at the impending mountain of paper work. "Yes, sir."

"Bury this statement of his in the secret files. Dynamite! And remember, eat that sergeant's pants out thoroughly! That's all."

"Yes, sir."

The major saluted, and turned on his heel.

"One more thing, Smith. We can't be too careful about this mess leaking out. I want you to put the heat on that sergeant and Wac to get married. Right away. Then they can do all the talking they want—to each other.

"And you tell them for me if they open their big yaps outside of the family about their secret work for this department, it's just too bad! We run things according to regulation around here, and it's high time that both of those people understand it!"

"Yes, sir," Major Smith said. "I'll get to work on it right away, sir."

THE END

THE THROPP
A STRANGER ARRIVES IN TUBVILLE
WHERE'S THE THROPP DRUG STORE?
FOLLOW THAT POSTMAN—HE'S DELIVERING ANOTHER LOAD TO OZZIE THROPP!
POST OFFICE
JUST HOW MUCH MAIL HAS THE THROPP BOY RECEIVED?
HUMPH! THIS IS THE THIRD SACK TODAY!
HMM--I'M INTERESTED IN BUYING SOME, TOO!
NOT A CHANCE, MISTER! OZZIE SAYS NOT YET!
BUT I'M J.C. BARKER OF THE CANINE CUTLET COMPANY WE'RE WILLING TO PAY---
THE CANINE CUT---WHERE'S OZZIE, CAL? I WANT TO SEE HIM!
HE'S AT THE LIBRARY, BUT---
THERE HE IS, DAD!
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346,212 X8640
$ $?
$3,000,000X4?
$ $
THIS IS MR. BARKER, OZZIE, THE HEAD OF THE CANINE CUTLET COMPANY!
MY COMPANY OFFERS YOU--
I'VE GOT IT, PATER! THERE ARE EXACTLY 14,566,676 DOGS IN THE U.S. TODAY!

FAMILY

Written by **LAWRENCE LARIAR**
Illustrated by **DONLOU**

I'D LIKE TO TALK TO OZZIE THROPP!
SO WOULD I! LOOK WHAT THAT BRAT'S DONE TO MY STORE! 2,000 LETTERS!
2,768 TO BE EXACT!
AND ALMOST ALL OF THEM WANT TO BUY HIS DOG MEDICINE!
U.S. MAIL

NOT ENOUGH?
ARE YOU CRAZY, BOY?
CRAZY LIKE A FOX! THERE ARE TEN TIMES AS MANY PEOPLE! AS A SOFT DRINK, OUR FORMULA WILL MAKE US MILLIONS!

Continued next week

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"Let me know when it's safe to hit him again."

LIBERTY

BLACK MARKET IN HOUSES

Continued from Page 11

"Tell me some more about the black market."

"You want me to talk all day? Let's take up plumbing fixtures. I've got a pretty big business, been established a long time. But I'll have to confess to you I don't even know the OPA prices on plumbing fixtures! What's the use knowing them when there isn't a single item on the market at the government price? You couldn't possibly buy piping, or fittings, or any other plumbing supply without going to the black market. Look here."

WE went into the little bathroom. There were, of course, the three basic fittings: the tub and the basin and the toilet. They were unpretentiously designed — purely functional.

"In 1942," he said—"*I mean 1942,* after we had been in the war a year —I could buy these three items as a unit for $55. And they were of much better quality than these fittings. Know what I paid for these three? Just $325."

We examined the bathtub. Even an unpracticed eye could see that it was made of inferior material. The enamel had been chipped away in great flakes, leaving black scars.

The building contractor explained that he has to buy all of "this stuff 'as is.' There are no guarantees on it in the black market."

"How does this black market operate? How does a man like you go about buying from it?"

"Well, you sort of have to begin at the beginning — and naturally the beginning is OPA. Let's take something simple such as ordinary building nails. The OPA ceiling on a keg of tenpenny nails is $6.50. There isn't a manufacturer in the business who can make a profit under that ceiling. The manufacturers would have to get at least $8.50 to make even a small profit. At that figure there would be a steady flow of nails into the market. But it isn't $8.50. Consequently, most of the manufacturers have turned their machinery to making something else—toys and gadgets and junk that they can sell at a profit. They turn out a few nails, just to keep their hands in and to keep unconvertible machinery from lying idle.

"I don't believe any of the manufacturers of building materials actually profit from the black market. It is too easy for the government to check up on the prices they charge, even if they wanted to take the chance. But the government can't keep tabs on thousands of jobbers and wholesalers and dealers. The slow trickle of nails—or bathtubs, or asbestos and side-wall shingles, or a dozen other items—flows from the manufacturers to these people. And they charge whatever they please for it, with no guarantees whatever."

"Do they come around to builders like you, peddling the stuff?"

"Hell, no. We practically have to be detectives to find what we need. I know about a dozen people, for instance, that get a shipment of nails from the factories once in a while. When I need nails (or any other item) I just get out my list and begin calling. I finally locate a fellow that's got a few kegs—at terrific prices, of course. I have to send my own truck, my own handlers, to get them. And I have to pay cash. No checks. Not even a bill of sale or an invoice. No record of the transaction at all. You can figure what a sweet time my bookkeepers have of it. Some months two thirds of my purchases are off the record. Can you imagine running a business in that fashion?"

He shook his head dolefully as he went on to describe other black-market items.

"Take building paper and building felt—two very important items in house building—they're almost impossible to get at any price. When you can find them, you pay anywhere from three to five times the ceiling price. Also asbestos shingles —$7.25 on the OPA list for 100 square feet—but you pay $11 in the black market. Hardware such as locks and hinges and door fittings is nearly off the market altogether. Even if you find enough hardware, it isn't uniform—three or four types of doorknobs in each house, and even hinges that don't match. And you pay about six times the ceiling price for such stuff.

"Steam radiation, same thing. The normal price is about 17 cents a foot. For this house it cost me 90 cents a foot on the black market."

"Is there anything that is *not* on the black market?"

"Yes. Electrical fittings are in fair supply, and the price is not unreasonable. I bought the wiring and switches and wall fixtures for this house for about $200. That is a fair price. Window frames and door frames are in the legitimate market, because for some reason OPA set ceiling prices that allow the manufacturers a little margin of profit.

"But even with goods that are not on the black market there is scarcity enough to cause a lot of trouble and confusion. All of us in this business are getting desperate.

"Let me tell you something. Building contracts that I signed in the spring are now costing me from 10 to 25 per cent more than my original estimates."

I said, "Let me get it straight. In your opinion, the whole black market in building materials is due to OPA?"

"That's what I've been telling you all the time! Here, look at this flooring again. There are enormous quantities of lumber in surplus in this country. But OPA says the finishing mills can't charge more than $110 a thousand feet for flooring. Suppose OPA raised that ceiling to $150 a thousand. The mills could make at least a minimum profit, enough inducement to produce the stuff, anyway. Flooring would come into supply on the open market, and the black market would fold up. Same with everything else."

ON the way back to his office he said, "Look. We need ten million new homes in this country. Since the end of the war we could have built 1,500,000 easy. What have we built? About 500,000! And that's because practically nobody but the guys in the black market can make any money out of building construction these days."

This man was a cool-headed, well-bred fellow of Scandinavian extraction. But for all his native instinct

for self-control he was feeling pretty bitter.

"Even this Federal Housing Expediter, Wilson Wyatt, admits that the whole program for G.I. homes is a failure. He said, 'It's a flop.' I'll say it's a flop! They haven't even built flophouses.

"Do you think I enjoy dealing with black markets, making illegal deals nearly every day of my life? Well, I don't. But you can't criticize the black market; it's the fault of a policy that makes the black market necessary."

BY now he was burnt up enough to make a wrong turn in the traffic, but he managed to get out of it all right.

"Put it down this way: The building dollar of today is just about one third the building dollar of 1940. That is way out of line with other price increases. I call it a shame that the greatest productive nation in the world can't build enough houses to put a roof over the heads of its people —that the only way you can build a house for a man is to creep around back of the barn and buy the materials for it at double or three times the amount they're worth."

By this time we had reached his office. There was a phone number for him to call. He talked on the telephone with a woman who wanted an estimate on turning the large attic of her home into an apartment—bedliving room, bath, kitchenette. Not having seen the place, he could give her only rough figures: something between $3,000 and $3,500—perhaps. He would come look at it tomorrow. When he hung up he said:

"In 1943—1943, mind you—I did a job like that for a woman for $1,500. Made a beautiful little flat. She had it rented to a navy lieutenant before I'd even finished my work. He's been paying her $75 a month ever since. There are a million attics in this country that could be turned into nice little flats. But where are you going to get the insulation material to keep out heat and cold? The plumbing and kitchen fixtures? The tile for the bathroom? I forgot to tell you that ordinary white glazed tiling is about as hard to find, even on the black market, as a dime in a barrel of rice."

HE did not have to fumble for an answer when I asked him for a solution to our present house-building problems.

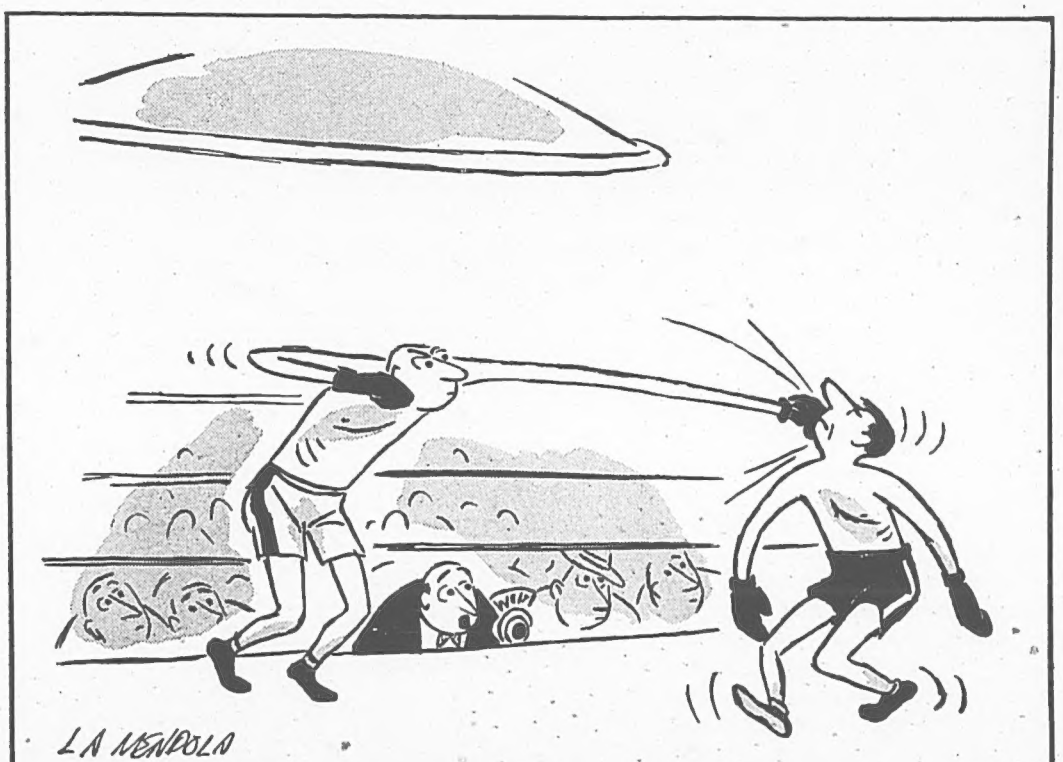
"The first thing is to get rid of OPA. If you can't do that, set OPA ceiling prices so that the manufacturers of building materials can make at least a small profit on their business—and remember that I am not a manufacturer. I'm only looking for a way to get materials so that I can return to legitimate business, stop dealing with the black market, and build houses for people that need them.

"After you've done that, set up a board in Washington. Nobody should be on this board except men experienced in building and in building materials, raw materials, and finished products. Let them figure out how much is available for the whole country. Let them figure which parts of the country need the most and need it quickest. Allocate the materials accordingly, and put them on the open market everywhere—no price ceilings, no regulations.

"That would put me, a building contractor, into competition again. I believe in competition, not this thing we have now. With good honest competition, I could sell that house you just saw for $6,000 instead of $10,000.

"And I would have a reasonable profit out of it, too."

THE END



"... and a long left jab to the mouth!"

LIBERTY

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NOV. 30, 1946

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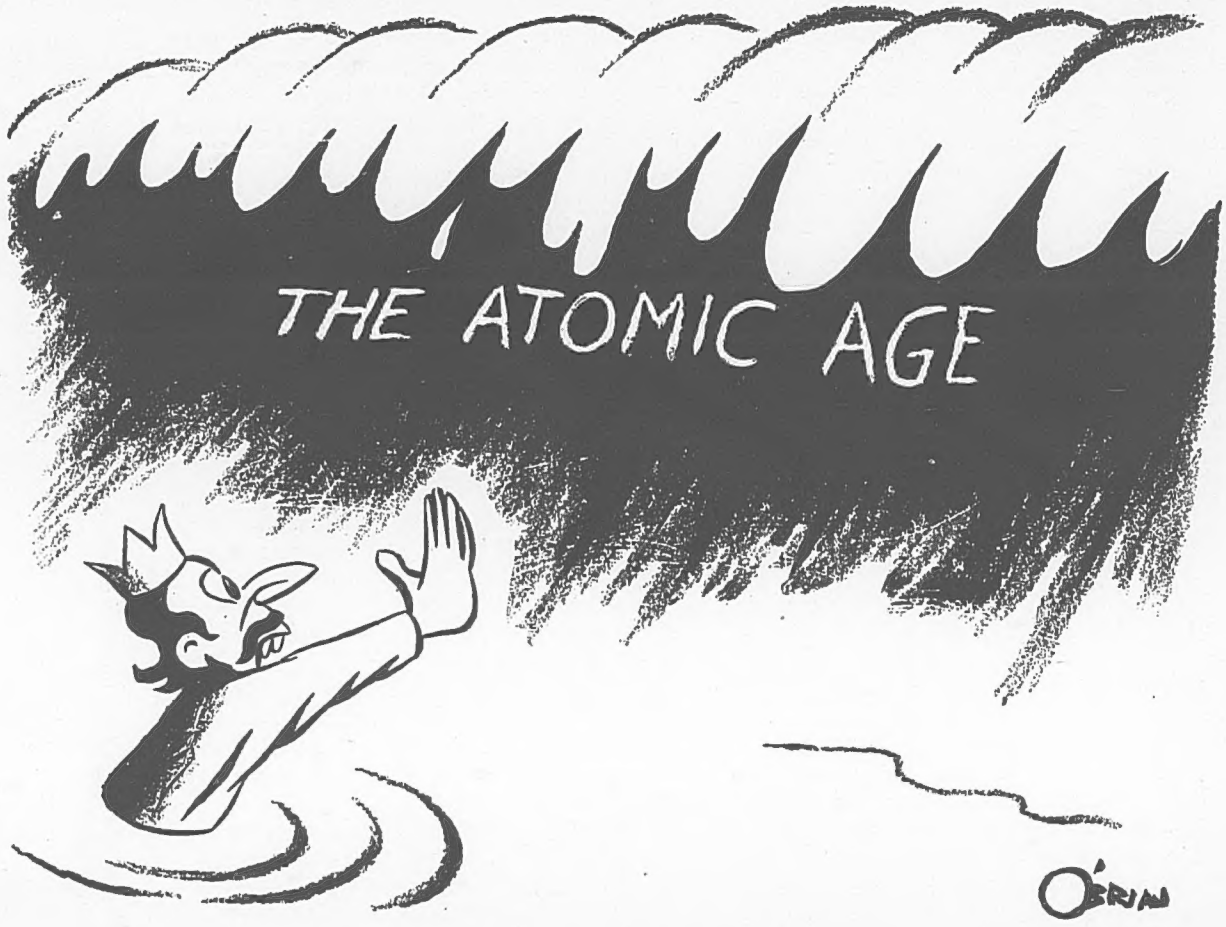


The tide that won't be turned.

HOW MANY ATOM BOMBS HAVE WE?

MANY, if not most, Americans habitually seize upon a slogan or phrase coined by their favorite commentator, statesman, or bureaucrat and repeat it with great emphasis without analyzing its meaning or whether or not it makes sense.

A while ago somebody, somewhere, conceived the bright thought that it would be a most mollifying and encouraging gesture to the rest of the world, especially the Soviet Union, if we "stopped making atom bombs and destroyed our present stock pile of them." The original authorship of this idea is lost in the welter of words that have since been said on the subject. Perhaps it was one of our triple-ply thinkers; perhaps one of our self-styled liberals; or the idea may have been hatched abroad and "planted" in current American discussion. At any rate, it soon became a sort of battle cry of the left-wing intellectuals, Communists, and fellow travelers. To many noncerebral citizens it sounds like logic. How does it analyze?

In the first place, whether or not we are making atom bombs and whether or not we have any stock pile of them is known to very few people, probably only to the President and high military authority. Logic would indicate that we are not now making bombs and that if any stock pile exists, it contains very few indeed. The atom bomb is a mechanical device in the first crude stages of development. Like all inventions, it is undergoing rapid and extensive evolution. With no immediate need for the weapon, we would be foolish to spend money making the Nagasaki-type bomb when scientists are discovering every day how to improve upon it. Besides, the making of actual bombs is of relatively little significance. Of more importance is the refining of uranium and the production of plutonium. With these substances on hand, the making of the bombs is a minor step.

No doubt we are continuing to refine uranium and produce plutonium. To stop doing so would be to deny the advent of the atomic age. These substances, in addition to being the scourge of war, are also the hope of peace. Put to useful work, as they will be ere long, they open up new vistas for all mankind. We cannot turn our hand from the development of atomic energy to appease anybody.

Uranium and plutonium are the most precious substances in the world, far more valuable than gold or platinum. As long as these exist, the making of an atom bomb is a relatively simple task for any nation which knows how. And we must continue to produce these elements in as great quantities as possible.

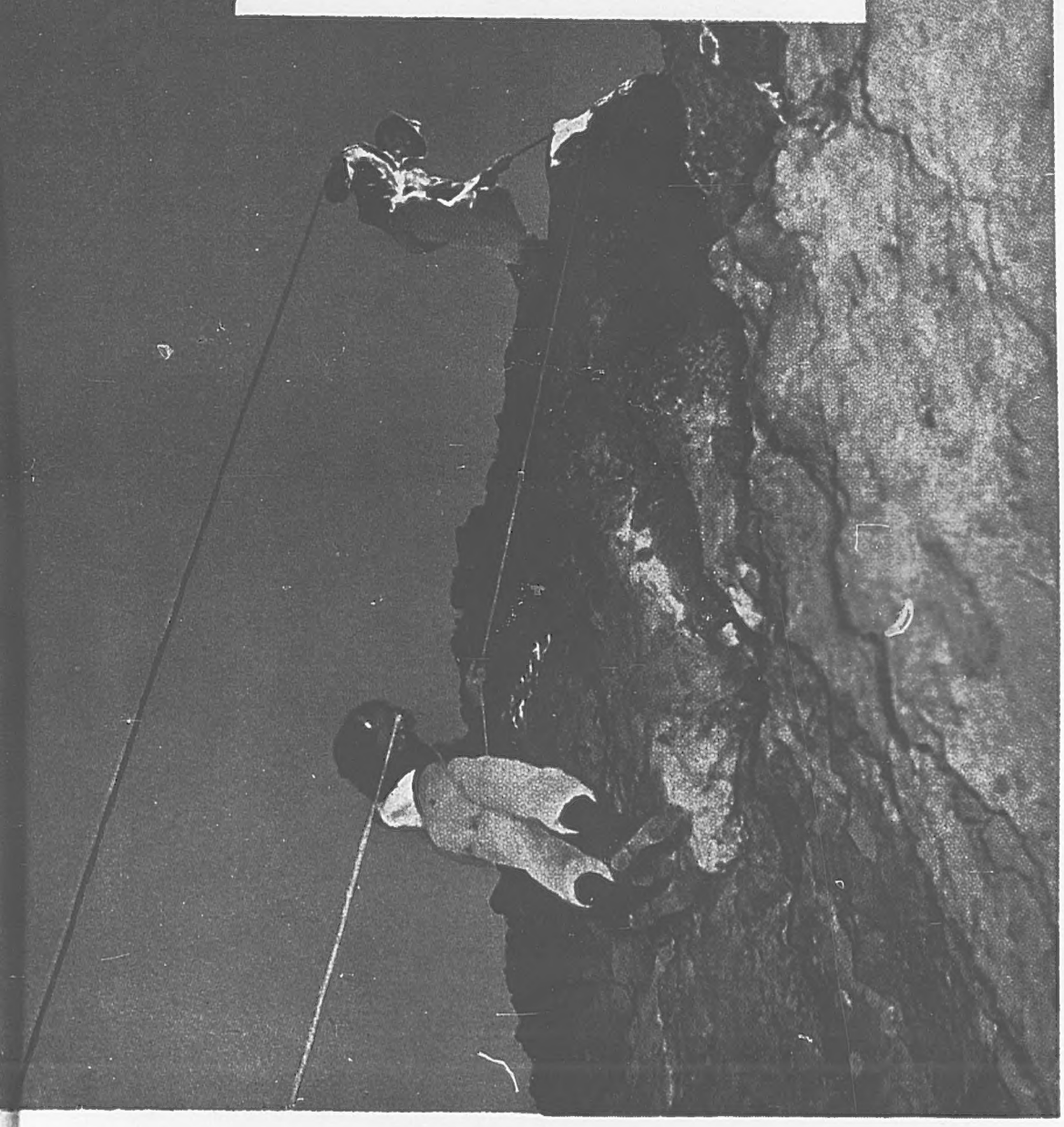
Those who whip themselves into a lather about destroying our bomb stock pile are getting excited about something which is probably nonexistent. We'd do better to use our energies to persuade doubters and cynics to join with us in creating the kind of world in which fissionable material may be used only for the benefit of all humanity instead of for its destruction.

Paul Hunter

Liberty
...THE PRESERVATION OF FREEDOM IS THIS MAGAZINE'S PURPOSE

Melodrama on POPOCATÉPETL

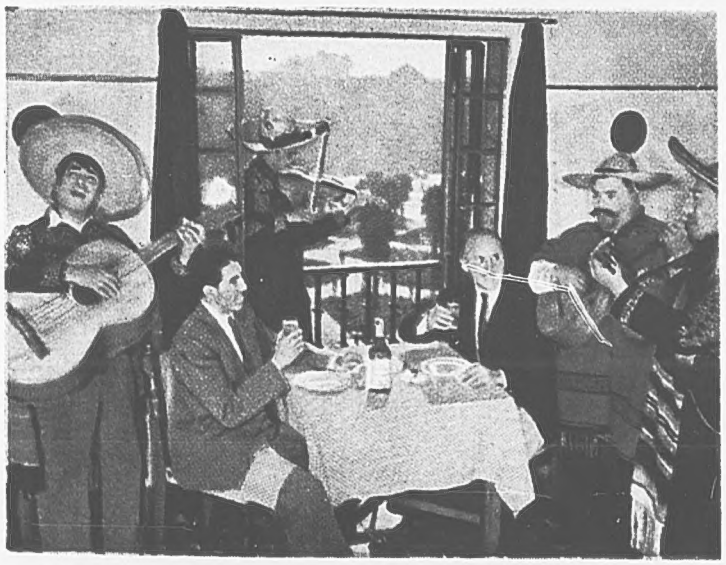
1 **"When two friends** on Mexico's international mountain-climbing team invited me to make a practice climb up Popocatépetl," writes William Hunter from Mexico City, "I expressed doubt that I could carry my own weight up, let alone a packful of gear. 'You just bring the Canadian Club,' they said, 'we'll tote the rest.' That made the project look easy . . . until I found that these experts climb the human-fly way.



2 **"For hours** I panted and froze. Then I saw a sight that blotted discomfort from my mind. The indescribable beauty of Popo's neighbor volcano—Ixtaccihuatl, called 'Sleeping Woman' because of its profile.

3 **"Somewhere above** snowline, where we changed to warmer gear, I had a brilliant idea—a Canadian Club hot toddy. But at that altitude the water boiled before it was really hot. So we settled for a cold toddy.

4 **"The downtrip** was nearly my undoing. A slip, and I was body-sledding down an almost perpendicular 2,000-foot slope. For endless seconds terror paralyzed me . . . then I shot into a volcanic ash deposit, soft as soot.



5 **"After all that**—man, what a relief to be back in Mexico City . . . with a leisurely Canadian Club and soda. For, even in these days of shortage, this whisky with the unmistakable flavor is often to be found at Mexico's smart spots."

Even these days, travelers tell of being offered Canadian Club all over the earth—often from a cherished pre-war supply. And why this whisky's worldwide popularity? Canadian Club is *light* as scotch, *rich* as rye, *satisfying* as bourbon—yet there is no other whisky in all the world that tastes like Canadian Club. You can stay with Canadian Club all evening long—in cocktails before dinner and tall ones after.

That's what made Canadian Club the largest-selling imported whisky in the United States.

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GML stands for Gold Medal Label, another group of grand Italian Swiss Colony Wines. Try these delicious dessert and dinner wines.